

THE
VISITOR.

By SEVERAL HANDS.

Published by

WILLIAM DODD, M. A.

Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

DUBLIN:

Printed for JAMES WILLIAMS, in Skinner-Row.

MDCCLXVIII

THE

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OF SEVERAL HANDBOOKS

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WILLIAM DODD, M.A.

CHIEF CLERK IN ORDINARY TO HIS MAJESTY

TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

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Printed for James Williams, in King's Row.

M.DCCCXXXIII.



THE
VISITOR.
NUMBER XLIII.

————— *In religion*
What damned Error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding its grossness with fair ornament!

SHAKESPEARE.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

AS you appear to be a gentleman of humanity, as well as to have a regard for the honour of religion; I have not the least doubt, but you will give a place to my melancholy tale, in your excellent paper; which, I hope, may prove of great service to mankind. At least it will tend to display the pernicious tendency of some religious principles, which are daily propagated with the utmost zeal and assiduity; propa-

VOL. II.

B

gated

gated amongst the lower class of the people, where they are certainly most dangerous and destructive; and where the more they prevail, the more must licentiousness prevail; and every social and moral duty be neglected. Sir, I speak, by woeful experience. I speak with an aching heart, a weeping eye, and a trembling hand. And I speak truth, which is not to be controverted, and which I am ready at any time to attest in the most solemn manner. Not long since, strong in health, and sound in mind, I was able to fulfil the business of my station, and to get my bread with cheerfulness and peace: I had a wife, very dear to me; beloved children around me; a comfortable house to receive me, and content to soften my pillow. But now, alas! afflicted even beyond the affliction of *Job*.—I am deprived of each, of all these! My body is distracted with an intolerable nervous disorder; and I have no rest night or day: my mind is in torments infinitely more dreadful than those I endure in body, though they are intense, and without intermission; I am no longer able to get my bread, but languish in poverty and distress: I have no wife to comfort me, she has abandoned me in my sore calamity; and with her my children are gone: I have no where to hide my head; my goods have been seized by the cruelty of her, who ought to have been my comforter; and as I am not a native of this kingdom, (where the poor may remain unnoticed, in the most exquisite sufferings for ever,)—I have neither friend nor counsellor; nor any to alleviate; though I have many to aggravate my dreadful sufferings. Sufferings of which *religion*—no, let me not wrong the name—of which *antinomianism*, have been the fatal



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It is scarce to be conceived, and many perhaps who read this, will not believe that rational creatures should by any means be brought to fancy themselves in the highest degree of the divine favour, while they are neglecting, nay, trampling upon, the most sacred of God's laws, that any should apprehend, they are peculiarly interested in the blessed Redeemer's blood, while they live in that *sin*, and condemn that *holiness*; the former of which his blood was shed to expiate, the latter of which it was given to promote. But sorry am I to say, there are numbers; sorry I am to say, I have myself conversed with numbers,—but most sorry am I to say, that their *ministers of Satan*, have made my wife one of that number, and taught her to despise the duties of the wife, of the mother, of the friend, of the woman, for the superlative happiness, as they esteem it of a spiritual union with that dear Jesus, upon whom she now *rolls* herself, and in whom she now *wraps herself, as in a garment*. Pardon me, good Sir, for using these expressions; I almost shudder while I use them; but blasphemy of them will be excused me when I declare that they are such as are most familiar in the mouths of this deluded people.

One of these enthusiasts, with her religious prating, first enveigled my wife, to attend her to the *tabernacle*, and she quickly caught the fatal and contagious fire. A change in my family affairs was soon discernible. When I used to return from my office to dinner, weary with writing, and expecting a little comfortable refreshment at home, disappointment generally chagrin'd me; my wife was abroad; my two poor little infants were dirty, ragged, neglected; no preparations were making for dinner; and I had nothing to feed upon, but discontent and uneasiness. If I remon-

strated, as my poor wife was rather of a warm temper, the consequences were always displeasing: she would tell me, "that the care of the soul was the one thing needful: that this was more precious than all things beside: that she must and would go, where she could hear about her sweet Saviour; and that she wished, I was as mindful of this grand concern as she." I would tell her in return, "that I had no less a regard for my soul than herself, and was as well convinced of its superlative value: that I had an esteem and love for the ever-adorable redeemer, equal to any thing she could pretend to; and that she was well convinced I had ever lived, as one that looked for a better world. That I conceived an attendance upon our parish church, where we had excellent ministers, twice every Sunday, was sufficient, especially as we took care to have family devotion in our house twice a day, and frequently read approved books of piety. I hinted, that hearing *seven or eight* sermons every day (which was very commonly her case) could not in my judgment, produce any good effect: it was overcharging the head. And I used to conclude, with telling her, that St. *Paul*, against whose advice she could have no objection, enjoins it upon *wives and mothers*, to do the duties of those relations."

But alas, Sir, all my remonstrances were vain: For my wife had imbibed principles, which utterly superseded all these considerations. She had deserted her first friends, at the *Tabernacle*, &c. as too *legal* for her—though, God knows, they had set her loose enough to duty!—And was now admitted, as a member, into a congregation of *Antinomians*, the head of which is as subtle and sophisticated, as his doctrine is diabolical and pestiferous. Their grand principle is, that Christ,
being

being the representative of mankind, or rather the aggregate of all mankind in his own person, took upon him all the sins, and suffered for them, as well as performed all the obedience necessary for all men. Infomuch that every *man* as much obeyed in him, as if he had himself personally done what Christ did. So that now no man has any thing more to do than to believe, that Christ, as his representative, lived, obeyed and died; and, in consequence of that, he is entitled to all he hath done. “What should we pray for,” say they? Christ prays for us, and he is always heard? What should we obey for? Christ obeyed, and his obedience is complete. We are in him, our sins are his, done away by him; they are no sins in us: our life is hid with him in heaven. Here below we are incumbered with flesh, it is true; but that flesh is nothing to us. We believe, and are entered into rest.”

These, Sir, are the precious tenets my wife imbibed; and to teach me these, she brought to my house, and dragged me to the meetings of R—y and C—th: And these worthies applied all their jesuitical arts to convert me. I remember one day, when I told R—y, “Sir, Christ as plainly delivers precepts, and enjoins duties, in his divine word, as the sun shines in the heavens.” “Yes, replied he, with a smile of contempt, he does so; but do you consider to whom he delivers them, not to you or to me, but to HIMSELF! To his own glorious self! He preached to himself, as our *representative*, and as only capable to fulfil those precepts for us, which we could never fulfil. This is a point universally mistaken.” “In truth, said I, well it might, and it had been good for mankind, if they had

never been set right in it by such gentlemen as you." Sir, I could fill twenty news-papers, with their horrid doctrines and vile perversions of scripture. But I hasten to a conclusion, as a proof of the malignant tendency of their principles.

My disorder, the consequence, in some measure, of a sedentary life, encreased upon me, which my domestic vexations, without controversy, augmented. My wife saw me lying in the greatest torments, unpitied; and when I wanted comfort, would only preach and tell me, that it was the punishment of my sins, and especially of my hardness of heart; that I deserved it, and much more; and that I should die in my iniquities, unconvinced, and more callous than the nether mill-stone. At length, by the advice of a physician, I went to a village near town, where I gained a little strength; but guess at my horror and surprize, to find, at my return, my doors locked, my goods seized, and sold; my wife removed, and gone I knew not whither, and my helpless children exposed to distress! Few minds could support this. I have been ever since in a state of most unutterable anguish, both of body and mind: my corporal sufferings have affected my soul, and the strange religious disputes I have heard, have so disturbed my reason, that I am on the brink of the blackest despair. I have no comfort to alleviate my exceeding uneasiness; and though I have earnestly requested my wife to return and assuage my bitter woe in this sad hour, she heareth not, nor regardeth! I am ready to forgive all the past—but, alas! though the injured are forward to pardon, those who injure are always backward. It matters little what becomes of such a wretched worm as I am; but if you think my sad case may be serviceable to others, I shall rejoice

rejoice in seeing it made public.—You see the effects of Antinomian principles; and surely it deserves serious consideration, whether the propagators of such tenets, so palpably destructive of the interests of society, ought to be suffered—suffered in the *halls* of this city—or, what is worse, in the churches; for I am sorry to say, there are *churches*, where these doctrines have been heard by

Your afflicted humble servant,

T.

NUMBER XLIV.

High gaming is an immorality, a sordid vice, the child of avarice, and a direct breach of that commandment, which forbids us to covet what is our neighbour's

RICHARDSON.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

IF you think the following Remarks on Gaming in any respect worthy the attention of the public, I may expect you will give them a place in your paper.

1st. Mr. Sale (who by the way is extremely favourable to Mahomed and his tenets) in his large preliminary discourse prefixed to his translation of the Koran, observes, p. 124. that ‘gaming is there prohibited for the same reasons, and in the same passages of the Koran, as wine.’ The reasons why wine is prohibited, are because ‘the ill qualities of that liquor surpass its good ones; the common effects thereof bring quarrels and disturbances

in

‘ in company ; neglect of, or at least, indecencies in the performance of religious worship.’ Some good qualities of wine might perhaps without much difficulty be enumerated ; but it may be hard to say, where any good qualities of gaming, properly so called, are to be found. And if Mahomedans forbid it because it promotes quarrels and disturbances ; how much stronger obligation lies upon Christians to forbid it, to abstain wholly from it, whose religion is a religion of love, not of the sword, and whose master hath said, that, ‘ Whoever is angry with his brother, and calls ‘ him opprobrious names, Raca, fool, &c. is in ‘ danger of eternal death.’ *St. Matt. v. 22.* And I would be glad to know where that gaming-table, and those gamesters are found, who do not continually transgress these Precepts.

It is an absurdity to suppose that a gamester should love God ; and therefore why go to church ?

It is still more absurd to suppose that a gamester should love his neighbour as himself ; for every man that plays desires to win, and so to distress his neighbour. Now on these two precepts depends all religion ; therefore a gamester can have no religion ; and of consequence no moral obligation ; and can be hindered by nothing but penal laws ; and often not by them, from committing the most flagrant enormities.

By the practice of gaming therefore we open a door for every iniquity, like so many wild beasts to run out upon us and devour us. For where gaming reigns, the love of God and of man ceases, and religion ceases.

2d. But when we consider the sort of gaming which Mahomed forbade, for the reasons above given, we shall see how much more cogent they are against the sort of gaming used amongst us.

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The game most in use, and most pleasing to the Arabs was something of this kind, ‘ A young camel being bought and killed, and divided into ten or twenty eight parts, the persons, who cast lots for them, to the number of seven, met for that purpose, and eleven arrows were provided without heads or feathers ; seven of which were marked, the first with one notch, the second with two, and so on ; and the other four had no mark at all : These arrows were put promiscuously into a bag, and then drawn by an indifferent person, who had another near him to receive them, and to see that he acted fairly : Those to whom the marked arrows fell, won shares in proportion to their lot, and those to whom the blanks fell, were entitled to no part of the camel at all, but were obliged to pay the full price of it. The winners however tasted not of the flesh any more than the losers ; but the whole was distributed among the poor, and this they did out of pride and ostentation, it being reckoned a shame for a man to stand out, and not venture his money on such an occasion, (as by the way it is now esteemed amongst our polite and fashionable gentry, who cannot be so mean as to stand out and not play.) This custom however, tho’ it was of some use to the poor, and diversion to the rich, was forbidden by Mahomed, as the source of greater inconveniencies, by occasioning quarrels and heart-burnings, which arose from the winner’s insulting those who lost.’ So Mr. Sale.

Mahomed’s words in the Koran (c. 5. p. 94. of Sale’s translation) are these, ‘ O true believers, surely wine, and lots, and images, and divining arrows are an abomination of the works of Satan : Therefore avoid them, that ye may prosper :

‘ per : Satan seeketh to sow dissention and hatred
 ‘ among you by means of wine and lots, and to
 ‘ divert you from remembering God, and from
 ‘ prayer : Will ye not therefore abstain ?”

Oh, shame to christians ! shall a wicked, loose, and impious impostor forbid his followers that which brought some good to the poor, and diverted the rich, merely because it produced hatred and dissention ? and shall christians indulge themselves in that which brings ruin to themselves and families ; injures their servants, their tradesmen, their dependants, and robs the poor of their due ? At the same time that it ruins the mind, kindles all the irascible and odious passions, and renders man unfit for social, far more unfit for religious duties !

It is commonly urged by those who are fond of games of chance, as cards, dice, &c. and who play only for amusement, as they call it, that this is an innocent practice so long as they hazard no great sum, nor play for any thing that can affect their circumstances. But, not to insist on the argument which hath been so forcibly and frequently urged, concerning the impropriety of christians engaging in games of chance, who hold the doctrine of a particular providence, which certainly can never interfere, and therefore the evil spirit must, in such entertainments ; for chance, and luck, and the like, are names only. Not, I say, to insist upon this, Mahomed’s reasons for prohibiting the game of arrows, may, with sufficient force, be urged in reply to these : few sit down to play, for how small a sum soever, without the desire to win ; this is the very thing which constitutes the diversion : without it the whole becomes a matter of such insipid indifference, that it loses its name, and is no diversion
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at all. Now this desire naturally produces anxiety. Anxiety is always attended with pain: The desire gratified fills the mind with insulting pleasure; the desire disappointed fills it with chagrin, moroseness, peevishness, discontent and wrath. And what but quarrels and dissensions can arise from such jarring elements: what but thunder and lightning from such black, sulphureous clouds? This we find to be the case in fact: no unconcerned observer need long stand, and *tent them to the quick*, in Shakespear's phrase, and want conviction of it; let him attend only those tables, where the most innocent gaming (as it is called) is practised: There the bickerings and tempers of the persons engaged will too fully prove the truth of Mahomed's declaration, that 'lots and gaming are the great means which the devil uses to sow dissension amongst men: Therefore abstain from them.'

But if this be case, where interest doth not deeply engage the mind, nor the strong passion for gain take up the whole soul, desire and thoughts; how much more is it so when gamblers with these intentions, eagerly shuffle the cards, and shake the money-loaden dice! The cards on which perhaps the half of a man's possessions depends; the dice, whose fortunate or unfortunate cast may perhaps make the noble a beggar, and send him sneaking to foot it silent home to his superb mansion, while the lucky gamester drives his dice-gain'd gilt chariot to his petty lodging and exulting strumpet! Have you not noted the tempestuous passions and stormy fury which toss such souls amidst their gaming? Have you not heard the dire oaths and horrid blasphemies which pour forth red hot from their lips, oaths of diabolic joy when success attends them: blasphemies

blasphemies of cursed indignation, when their devil (as they are pleased to express themselves) forsakes them, and for which the great God of holiness must be insulted, reviled, and abused.

Should a loser of this sort happen to be a man entrusted with power; what horrid consequences threaten his king and country? Every business—, but I forbear enlarging on this nice point.

Should he be a man of fortune; justice, honour, generosity, and benevolence, are soon supplanted by meanness, rapine, falsehood, and Catiline's covetousness, *alieni appetens, sui profusus*. Duns, ruined tradesmen, starved servants, loss of reputation, contempt, and an arrant gamester conclude the scene. Should this dreadful disease seize on a tradesman, adulteration of commodities, exorbitant prices, false bills, artificial credit, bankruptcy, total loss of peace of mind, separation from his family and friends, and lastly a professed gambler is the consequence.

When artificers, journeymen, apprentices, servants, or labourers sink into this vice (as their want of education generally disqualifies them from making much progress by fraud) acts of violence seem to be their only resource. The wife and children soon become a prey to poverty and distress, and the workhouse their asylum; while the abandoned husband habituated to extravagance, debauched by drunkenness, disused to labour, sleeps all day in the infectious arms of some direful street-walker, and rambles throughout the streets all night, like a hungry lion seeking whom he can devour; robs, plunders, and destroys to furnish himself and strumpet with gin. Who can behold these scenes and not tremble at the sight of a pack of cards, or a box and dice?

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And shall I add once more, should the gamester be a female, who can tell, nay, who cannot tell the shameful fruits of such a profession? Farewel beauty, farewel modesty, farewel honour! Of all the curses that can befall a man, the very worst that malice can wish to its greatest enemy, is a wife addicted to gaming.

I could easily enlarge on these topics, but they are so self-evident, that they do not require it. It would be easy also to shew, that perjury, drinking, whoring, murder, follow in natural order; and are the direct and direful fruits of this one single vice of gaming: A vice big with every evil, and which teems forth from its fruitful womb every enormity; a crew of Hell-hounds, more fierce and fatal than those describ'd by Milton, and which were begot by the devil upon sin,

—— About whose middle round
A cry of hell-hounds, never-ceasing, bark'd,
With wide cerberian mouths, full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet when they list, would creep,
If ought disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there; yet there still bark'd and howl'd,
Within, unseen. *Par. Lost. B. ii. 653.*

A lively emblem of that destable, pernicious fatal vice of gaming.

3d. How can we wonder then that the Mahomedans, yea and many other wise people held this vice in such abhorrence, that they would not even admit the testimony of those who were guilty of it, in a court of justice, of those who play'd at any game which was subject to hazard, or chance, as dice, cards, tables, &c.

How much rather may we wonder, that this is not the case, in every christian country, but

more especially in a Protestant realm, purged and enlightened as ours; where surely the testimony of a gamester ought to be deem'd invalid much sooner than among the disciples of a Mahomed!

‘Gaming, at least to excess, observes Mr. Sale very well, has been forbidden in all well ordered states. Gaming houses were reckon’d scandalous places among the Greeks; and a gamester is declared by Aristotle (in his *Nicomahics*) to be no better than a thief; at least one may say, that gamesters are the materials of which gamblers, cheats and thieves are made. The Roman senate made very severe laws against playing at games of hazard, except only during the Saturnalia: The civil law forbad all pernicious playing; and tho’ the Laity were in some cases permitted to play for money, provided they kept within reasonable bounds; yet the Clergy were forbidden to play at tables (which is a game of hazard) or even to look on while others play’d.’

I must here do justice to the Church of England, which hath absolutely forbidden all her Clergy, gaming of every sort; so that if there be such a thing to be found as a card-playing, gaming Clergyman, (which I should be glad it were possible to hope there is not) the church is not to be charged with him; his offence falls on his own head; let him and his superiors see to that. The words of the canon are very remarkable, and much deserve our notice. Canon 75. ‘No Ecclesiastical person shall at any time, other than for their honest necessities, resort to any taverns or alehouses; neither shall they board or lodge in any such places. Furthermore, they shall not give themselves to
‘any

‘ any base or servile labour; or to drinking or
 ‘ riot; spending their time idly by day or by
 ‘ night; playing at cards, dice, or tables, or any
 ‘ other unlawful game. But [thus it is shewn
 ‘ not only what they shall not do, but what they
 ‘ shall do] at all Times convenient they shall hear
 ‘ or read somewhat of the holy Scriptures, or shall
 ‘ occupy themselves with some other honest study,
 ‘ or exercise, always doing the things which shall
 ‘ appertain to honesty: and endeavouring to pro-
 ‘ fit the Church of God. Having always in mind
 ‘ that they ought to excel all others in purity of
 ‘ life, and should be examples to the people, to
 ‘ live well and christianly, under pain of ecclesi-
 ‘ astical censures, to be inflicted with severity,
 ‘ according to the qualities of their offence.’

Happy would it be, if every Clergyman would strictly and exactly conform to the excellent rules laid down in this canon, more especially in regard to gaming; which it is certainly their bounden duty to do, who are expected to lead the way in every reformation.

But if any such Clergymen are found, as do really game, or spend their time idly at cards, dice, &c. frequenting assemblies, and other meetings of that kind, ill besuited to their sacred characters; how can they possibly from their pulpits declaim against the mischiefs of a vice, which their own example recommends? truth it is, every reformation must begin at the house of God; and if the Clergy, in the present situation of things, will not bestir themselves, we can have but little hopes. Would to God they would seriously consider this. Would to God they would all seriously consider of how very ill tendency their example is, in the above respect particularly, and how much a tri-

fling, idle, useless life (to say the least) discredits and dishonours their holy function.

Mr. Sale goes on to observe, ‘ as to the Jews, Mahomed’s chief guides, they also highly disapproved gaming: Gamesters being severely centured in the Talmud, and their testimony declared invalid. Also Mascardus thought common gamesters were not to be admitted as witnesses, being infamous persons.’

And, I think, enough hath been said above to shew the wisdom of such a determination; since it may be laid down as an absolute certainty, that the mind of a gamester is open to every vice. And if this brand were once fixed upon all such, of whatever rank or quality, amongst us, it surely would tend to stop the increasing progress of this dangerous evil, which like a gangrene will speedily, unless prevented, over-run and corrupt the whole body politic.—And would every gamester consider in how infamous a rank he stands, according to the sentence of all wise nations and men, so infamous, as not to be esteemed, for his practice, a valid evidence in a court of justice,—the case only of the most abandoned, the vilest of the vile—surely the reflection would cause him to alter and forsake a vice, which renders him destructive to his family, odious and pernicious to society, and a deadly enemy to himself, his best self, both in time and eternity.

PHILANTHROPOS.

NUMBER

NUMBER XLV.

——— *How great
To mingle int'rests, converse, amities,
With all the sons of reason, scatter'd wide,
Thro' habitable space, wherever born,
Howe'er endow'd*———

YOUNG.

UPON visiting my friend, Mr. Stephens, the other morning, I found him deeply afflicted for the loss of a near and valuable relation; "I was reflecting, says he, my dear friend, (after the usual compliments had passed) upon a subject highly pleasing, I wish I could add satisfactorily clear, to the afflicted minds of men. I know your high veneration for the revealed religion, and I have the comfort to say, that I am thankful and sensible of so superlative a blessing vouchsafed to us by the benevolence of God: but so limited is the human understanding, that, even with this splendid light in our hands, we are wretchedly in darkness, respecting many points which our anxious researches much wish to discover. Perhaps it is wisest—for I am convinced that every ordination of the supreme is wisest and best,—that the human mind should continue in its present state with this dark veil before it. But would it not be pleasing, would it not be consolatory beyond expression to be ascertained of the certainty of our mutual knowledge in a future state; would it not make death itself less dreadful; would it not render the loss of our dearest relatives, our tenderer selves less afflictive, were we assured by unerring veracity, that we should not only meet, but know and par-

take of each other's felicities in those blissful abodes, *where there shall be no more death?*"

"There can be no doubt, replied I, but the comfort would be as great as the satisfaction, from so important and desirable an information: and as *reason* seems strongly to plead in behalf of this delightful truth; as *revelation* seems rather to countenance than controvert it; and as the *Pagan* notions seem to corroborate their evidence, one would be inclined by all means to espouse the opinion, or at least, not to use any arguments which might deprive mankind of so delectable an hope." "How far, said my friend, and in what respect do you imagine the notion, supported by reason and revelation?" We rationally conclude, replied I, that the future state of bliss will be consummate; there will not be any deficiency in it: but without mutual knowledge it will be very defective; and therefore we suppose that this addition to its perfection will not be wanting. But not to lay more weight upon this argument than it will bear, I observe that the point seems self-evident: *consciousness* constitutes *identity*; now, as I, the same individual who live at present in this vale of trial, am hereafter to enjoy, (if by God's mercy I may enjoy) the blessings of futurity; it follows, that I must be conscious of myself; which I cannot be without being conscious of the several relations I bore upon earth; and therefore it is impossible to suppose, but that I must know several persons and connections who shall make up the assembly of the saints, at least such of them as were *known* to me upon earth. I cannot lose my *consciousness*, for if I lose that, I lose my *identity*.

The scriptures too constantly represent the future state as a state of mutual knowledge; for they tell us, that we shall converse with,
that

that we shall sit down with, and in consequence shall know *Abraham*, *Isaac*, and *Jacob*, and the rest of the patriarchs and apostles. Now, if we shall know these, is it not more than probable that we shall also know those with whom we have been united in the dearest bonds of friendship and concord upon earth? There is a very fine remark of *David's*, which is universally admired, because it is universally felt; which he made when he lost the son of his guilt by *Bathsheba*, *I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.* Cold and poor comfort is this, if the royal mourner meant only that he should follow the child to the grave, and there intermingle his neglected ashes with him. It certainly must have a sublimer, a nobler import; the sense of mankind is a comment upon it; every thinking man that hears or repeats it, receives it as a cordial to his soul, informing him that friends are not lost, but separated a while; and that we shall go to them, to see them, to know them, to enjoy their friendship improved by all the purity of heaven.

I grant it is a rule laid down by divines, to found no doctrines upon parabolic texts; but methinks they may be properly introduced, and tend very greatly to confirm opinions which have strong reasons and much probability to urge.

Dives, in misery, is represented as perfectly knowing not *Lazarus* only, but *Abraham* also. And it has been concluded, from the scene of this parable, that it is likely not only that the happiness of the blessed will be increased by their social intercourse with each other; but also, that the misery of the condemned will be fearfully augmented, from their sight and knowledge of those happy realms and happy beings, from each of which they are eternally secluded.

And

And is not this, said my friend, an invincible objection to the doctrine of mutual knowledge ; can it be possible, oh, can it be possible, that you or I should rest in consummate joy ; while peradventure those who were dearer to us than ourselves, our most affectionate parents, our tenderly beloved wives, our dearest children, our much valued friends are suffering unrespited, unpitied, unrelieved in the dolorous regions of uttermost woe !” “ There is, I grant you, said I, a difficult knot to unloose in what you have objected ; but I think the objection may be, in some measure, obviated, by remarking, in the first place, that it is an infallible truth, heaven will be a place of perfect and uninterrupted fruition ; *all tears shall there be wiped away from all eyes for ever*, and of necessity there will not be found any thing there to damp the full enjoyment of our pleasures. In the next place, as all corporeal passions, so all the ties and relations which are necessary not only to the well-being, but to the continuance of a mortal society will cease and be dissolved. *We shall be as the angels of God*, our souls filled with the unutterable love of the supreme, and our highest affections engaged by the adorable perfections of the ever-blessed Three.— And so completely satisfied shall we be in the fruition of God’s love, that we shall thankfully confess the justice of all his decisions ; and feel those utterly unworthy our love, who are found unworthy of his.” “ You spoke something of the *Pagans*, said Mr. *Stephens* ; had they any idea of this opinion ?” It is certain, replied I, that whatever conceptions they had of a future state, the belief of mutual knowledge ever make a part of it. This is too well known to be denied, read *Cicero’s Treatise de senectute*, and you will find, that

that one of the strongest consolations, which the good old man derives to himself, is from the hope of shortly conversing again in the shades of *Elysium*, with those friends, whom he so much valued and esteemed upon earth." "Well, said Mr. *Stephens*, I think we may sum up the matter in Dr. *Young*'s words,

"Be good — and let heaven answer for the rest."

One step farther, my dear friend, said I, this opinion should certainly carry us. Is there a probability that we shall meet and know each other again in the future world, which certainly will improve our bliss? Then, let it be our zealous endeavours to love that religion, and to practice that virtue, which will bring us to God, and unite us, inseparably unite us, to those happy and perfected souls; with whom we have been united in the tenderest bonds of the best affection below.

N U M B E R XLVI.

Quot homines, tot sententiæ!

F E W men are satisfied with their destinations in life; they discern inconveniences and evils in their own stations and employments, to which they conceive no other is subject, and, in the inquietude of their hearts, prefer every attachment to their own.

*The soldier worn with toil, with grief oppress'd,
Laments his lot, and calls the merchant blest;
When*

*When billows roar, and stormy winds arise,
 The soldier's life is blest, the merchant cries.
 Wak'd by his client, ere the dawn appears,
 A peasant's life, the barrister prefers.
 Fully to prove how all mankind admire,
 Lots differing from their own, would W— tire.*

But how much soever this may be the case, with the occupations to which men are necessarily and often involuntarily bound, we find it very different with the diversions and pursuits which they follow from choice. A sound philosophical reason, might possibly, with much ease be assigned for this; but as we are little disposed ourselves to philosophize, after the entertainment we have received, so we fancy it will rather please the reader to relate our adventure, than to amuse him with the dry disquisitions of sober speculation.

I frequently make it my choice to dine at a certain ordinary in this city, as I seldom fail to meet with characters, and to find matter for future lucubration. At the close of the winter, I took my seat there one day, with about a dozen companions, seated at the same table. When the rage of hunger was tolerably subdued, we began to grow acquainted, and I quickly found, that almost every individual differed from the other, as well in inclination as in employment.

Tom Sweepstakes opened very obstreperously, with some sage remarks on the mischiefs of the militia, and the cursed cross accident of a late Lord's trial; for by means of these, quoth he, our last meeting at New-Market was so plagueously thin, that a man might almost split his windpipe with shouting, before he could make another hear on the heath. He then began to ask
 his

his next neighbour, what he thought of the match between *Babraham* and the *Godolphin Arabian*, and offered, with a tremendous oath, five to four on the former, which he swore, would beat the other all hollow off the turf. For *Babraham*, says he, had *Silver Shoulders* for his sire, who was gotten out of the Duke's famous mare *Jenny Diver*, whose sire was the *Ancafter's Stirling*, whose dam, &c.

"Pox upon your *Babrahams* and *Jenny Divers*, on Dukes and Lords, and New-Markets; some folks had better be fighting than gambling away their money so foolishly amongst a parcel of knaves and jockies," replied his next neighbour, Jonas Crop-cram'd, whose sleek appearance indicated his near relationship to the common-council.

"For my part, continued he, I have always thought gaming a more destructive evil, prejudicial to the interests of a trading city, and destructive of its upright and antient polity; and of all gaming, your same horse-racing I judge to be the most wicked and mischievous. Can't a man divert himself in a more reasonable manner now, as I do, for example, who love to walk a mile or two into the country, and amuse myself with an innocent hour's pastime at a skittle-ground or nine-pin alley, where one is always sure to meet with some good company, and never fail to hear public matters discussed in a sober and understanding way.—That was a noble stroke, Sir, said he, turning from Sweep-stakes to his left-hand neighbour;—that knocking of the head that *there Tburot*; a pestilent fellow, he, I can assure you: Well, nobody shall persuade me, but that this same Elliot must be a *Pitt's* man, do you see—Or—you understand me, Sir?"

"What

“What was you saying, Sir, said *Harry Guittar*, carelessly humming a tune, and playing with his fingers upon the table; you spoke to me, I believe, Sir, but in good truth you mistook your man; I concern myself little about your Pitts or your Elliots, or any of this sort of people; I have not the honour, and faith, Sir, I don’t court it, of knowing any of them, and I have been very credibly informed, that your very famous Mr. Pitt has no kind of ear for music. Indeed, very few of our great people, as they are called, have the least smack of the *bon gout*, the polite relish in that way. One cannot deny, that they will pretend to have taste; they will sit, it is true, to hear our best performers; but one may easily discover with what little attention they hear, from the idle chit-chat whispering amongst them. Heavens! the rustling of the smallest leaf is intolerable on these occasions. I must own it is some pleasure to find that there are already several hundred subscriptions of five guineas made to the most delicate and inimitable Miss F——. But for the elegant touches of *Pinto*, for the sweet, soft, and enrapturing strains of *Mattei*! O frightful! they have no more ears than that abominable monster, commonly called, an Ass.”

Pleased with what he had said, *Harry*’s risible faculties were strongly moved; and self-satisfied he hummed with triumph the last new Italian air. While with a deep and plaintive voice, old *Solomon Tomeswell* cried out, lifting up his hands and shaking his peruke, which had long been unconscious of a curl, “A hundred with their guineas to Miss F——! Shame on them! Shame on them! I am grieved to death with the depravity of the age, so many guineas for mere tickling of the ear, for one dirty girl that has no merit to plead,

plead, but the fortunate accident of a tolerably good pipe. When now, mark me, if a man of genius and education goes to solicit a subscription to a work of profound erudition, which, by the way, would reflect more honour than all their titles on the very noblest of them to support and patronize;—One may beat one's heels in their halls long enough, God knows, before one can get a six-pence from them. You must know, gentlemen (and then he pulled a packet of papers out of his pocket, and mounted a pair of spectacles on the large bridge of his very prominent-nose) you must know, I have just published proposals for printing, in two volumes folio, the learned works of the laborious *Duns Scotus*, a most profound and elaborate divine, whose writings are mouldring on the dusty shelves of neglected libraries, and whose superlative worth, believe me, is not known amongst us, otherwise no man living would be without these volumes. Now as I proposed to decorate the work with cuts, and to print it on a fine paper, and new letter, I offer it at the moderate price of six guineas; three on subscribing, and three on receipt of the book. And would you believe it, gentlemen, *O tempora, O mores!* Not one of our bishops, nay, scarce one clergyman, can I prevail upon to subscribe! So that I fear, this most divine and exquisite work will never see the light, to the unspeakable loss of the erudite part of mankind."

I must defer the answer of my friend *Equation*, as well as an account of my other companions, to some future paper.

NUMBER XLVII.

*And thou majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupenduous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.*

THOMPSON.

THE elegant poet, quoted above, calls the Ocean, with much propriety, *a secret world of wonders*! No man can contemplate this great and glorious object, unconvinced of the justness of his expression: for surely, while we stand upon the shore, and behold the vast billows of the boundless main, with impetuous and ever restless tumult, proudly rolling along; while we stretch our wondering sight over the immense world of waters; survey the chalky and rising cliffs, which surround the shore, or the firm and level sand, which gives limits to this seemingly uncontrollable element: while we reflect upon the animal as well as vegetable productions of the ocean, infinite in number, endless in variety: and when we consider the prodigious advantages arising from this *connector* of the universe—advantages, in which we of this nation are peculiarly interested;—we cannot fail to admire the *wisdom* of him, who separated the waters from the dry land; and who, superlative in power, ruleth this roaring monster with all the facility of command; saying, *Hither: to shalt thou come, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.*

And as the ocean, hath lately obtained an accession of honour, and is become, if I may so say, the grand and universal physician; and on that account

count is not only *visited* more generally, but more highly esteemed,—for what so worthy our esteem, as that which is the means of imparting *health*, the choicest of human blessings, and without which, no other can be a blessing?—I do not doubt but it will be agreeable to many of my readers, to trace with me the wonders of the great deep; which I propose to do in this, and some following papers; the great deep, of which *Euripides* hath said long ago, “*That it is the purifier of all human ills.*”

Ἡ θάλασσα κλυζὶ παντα τ' ἀνθρώπων κακὰ.

A line which from the present practice, one would imagine almost prophetic: For what *disease* or *evil* is supposed unconquerable by this universal *medicine*? None, we hope, who have tried it this *Summer*, have found it inefficacious: we would indulge a beneficent wish, that it may have been the *secondary* cause, at least, of kindling up the glow of roseate beauty in many a pale and lovely cheek; of restoring many a languid nerve to its vigour; and of blessing many a family, by the return of the parent, the friend, in all the liveliness of health, to the anxious and alarmed relatives.

The *saltiness* of its waters is the first thing, which we may imagine, will strike every observer of the *ocean*. This is so peculiar a circumstance, that no man can pass it over unheeded; cursory remarks are apt, in the haste of their thoughts, to conceive that this particular is an objection to the wisdom of the creator, since a supply of fresh waters so near at hand would preserve, they suppose, the lives of numbers who cross the perilous main. But so far is this from the truth, that the possibility of sailing would be removed were not

the waters salt : It is well known that no colds or illnesses arise from a total immersion in salt water, and a total neglect of yourself in consequence. Hence the honest seaman so oft dashed and covered with the briny waves, feels no inconveniences, and receives no damage. Besides so immense a body of waters, the common sewers of nature, would putrify and corrupt, if they were not strongly impregnated with *saline* particles ; and at the same time in that *perpetual motion*, and restless agitation, which the waters of the sea continually experience. They never are still, never at rest ; and thus by their *saline* quality, they are secured from any *internal* principle of corruption ; by their incessant perturbation they work themselves clear from every *adventitious* defilement.

“ A directory this, and a pattern for me, says a writer.—Thus may divine *Grace*, like the penetrating power of salt, cure the depravity of my heart, and rectify the disorders of my temper ! Season my words, and make all my conversation savoury.—Thus may a continual course of *activity* in every vocation, prevent the pernicious effects of indolence ; let me daily exercise, or be attempting to exercise the graces of Christianity. Lest faith become feeble : Lest hope contract dimness ; and charity wax cold.”

When all other *waters* are fresh, but these of the ocean, all other *waters*, which owe their rise to the ocean, and are conveyed from its boundless treasury, through the bowels of the earth ;—No reasonable man can suppose, that those of the ocean were, without design, impregnated with salts ; and especially, when he beholds the utility, the necessity of this provision, which various other particulars might prove, he will acknowledge that *this also bath God done !*

But

But see the waters come rolling in upon us! *Wave* dashes over wave, curling its foamy skirt; billow rises over billow, and rolls with regular and irresistible impetuosity to the shore. The *tide* is coming in, and the tide furnishes us with a fresh source of admiration. Every day this immense collection of waters for the space of five or six hours, flows towards the land: and, as it were unsatisfied with its station, no sooner reaches its destined height, but it *begins* again, almost instantly, to *retire* to its inmost caverns: taking up nearly the same in its retreat as it required for its access. We refer our readers to the *philosophers*, for a solution of this extraordinary phenomenon, which they tell us is owing to the gravitation of the earth, and the attractive influence of the *moon*. So says the poet:

*'Tis thine bright Cynthia to dispense,
Those laws the floods obey;
The hoary deep (untract'd immense)
Obedient owns thy sway!*

We will rather observe, how “ *great* is the power, and how excellent the wisdom, which sets the whole fluid world in motion! Which protrudes to the shores, such an inconceivable weight of waters, without any concurrence from the winds, frequently in direct opposition to all their force. How gracious also is the providence which bids the mighty element perform its revolutions with the most exact punctuality! Was it suffered to advance with a lawless and unlimited swell; it might sweep over kingdoms, and deluge whole continents. Was it irregular and uncertain in its approaches, navigation would be at a stand, and trade become precarious.—But being

constant at its *stated periods*, and never exceeding its *appointed bounds*, it creates no alarm to the country, and affords very considerable aids to *traffic*.

Many and great are the advantages derived from this regular flux and reflux of the ocean. For the present I only just observe; that at its *flow*, rushing up our rivers, it clears and deepens the passage; in many places spreads a copious flood, where a dry and empty waste lay before.—Is the sailor returned from his voyage, and waiting at the mouth of the channels? The *flux* is ready to convey his vessel to the very doors of the owner; without any hazard of striking on the rocks, or being fastened in the sands.—Has the merchant freighted his ship; would he have it transferred to the ocean? the *reflux* tenders its service; and bears away the load, with the utmost expedition and with equal safety!—Behold, oh man, how greatly thou art beloved, how *highly favoured* by thy Maker! in what part of his works hath he forgotten, or overlooked thy welfare? Shew me a creature; point out a spot, in the formation or disposition of which he has not been mindful of thy interests! “He has made thee to have dominion over the works of his hands, and has put all things in subjection under thy feet:—All sheep and oxen, the fowls of the air, and the fishes,—yea the *surges* of the sea,” are subservient to thy benefit. Even these, wild and impetuous as they are, yield their willing backs to receive thy load, and like an indefatigable beast of burden, carry it to the place, which thou shalt nominate!—Indeed rich and precious are the treasures borne on the back of the *ocean*, and wafted by the gales of *commerce*, which would be useless without this liquid conveyance, this encourager
of

of industry, and source of wealth!—But of this hereafter.—A proper *supplement* to my present paper, is supplied by a *Kentish* correspondent, who in his packet of *Margate* verses, sends the following, written, as he informs me, by a promising young gentleman of our city.

M A R I. S A C R U M.

TH O' doctors long have try'd their skill in
vain,

The languid patient's vigour to regain :

Tho' med'cines fail, and ineffectual prove,

Nor aught the latent evil can remove :

In nature's store, a grand resource we find,

To raise the body, and to cheer the mind.

The S E A a nostrum in itself contains ;

The patient tries it, and no more complains !

Let not in vain the *briny waters* flow ;

You there descry the grave of human woe.

Drown'd in the waves *rheumatic tortures* cease,

The spirits brighten, and the soul's at ease ;

The nerves relax'd, and limbs so weak before,

With vigour brac'd, resume their native pow'r !

The wan complexion, and the *jaundic'd eye*,

Their pristine colour gain, and all's at liberty.

The penetrating salts refine the blood,

And undisturb'd flows the rich crimson flood !

The stubborn *palsy's* self its hold foregoes ;

And warm life, tinkling, in the dead limbs *glows*.

The *weakned eye* receives its former sight,

And ev'ry object views with fresh delight.

Emblem of passion, see the billows roar,

And loudly foaming, dash from shore to shore !

Tho' thus the *scurvy* unoppos'd may rage,

The WAVES shall soon the tyrant disengage :

At

At length the SEA the lurking foe subdues,
 And (routed from his haunts) a calm ensues :
 Nature reviv'd and chear'd in ev'ry part,
 Proclaims the cure above the doctor's art !
 No more despondency, with gloomy shade,
 Dares or the spirits or the thoughts invade.
 Freed from the gloom of *vapours* and of *spleen* :
 The dull grow lively, and the sad serene :
 The thoughts no more a sullen aspect wear ;
 But fraught with mirth and chearfulness appear !
 Be wise, nor nature's gen'rous gifts refuse,
 Use the kind offer,—but discreetly use.
 And with returning *health*, your off'rings pay,
 To *him*, whom stern *disease*, and the wild *waves*
 obey.

NUMBER XLVIII.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

MISS *Selima Seeker* sends compliments to Mr. *Visitor*, and acknowledges his civility : she has the pleasure to inform him, that the favour done her has gained him much approbation and many friends ; and if he continues to be so obliging, she assures him she will more and more use her influence to introduce his paper into all the families in the *city*. Poo—hang that little word, it slips out of one's lips, whether one will or not.—In the *town* I meant to say ; and one would think I should have been more accurate ; for *entre nous*, good Mr. *Newsmaker*, I have been immensely mortified. I am almost ready to burst. So I will out with it. And be sure you write
 about

about it; and do, dear creature, do find some way or other to avenge me: you have a scheming head, and I can help you.

You must know then, that tho' I am city-born and bred, yet I have many relations at t'other end of the town. The family of the *Seekers* is a very antient, noble, and large family: we can trace our pedigree much higher than William the Conqueror, and we have now in the family a multitude of great *Lords*, and a greater multitude of fine *Ladies*: I assure you our house makes no small figure at court, and at most other places the name of *Seeker* is very well known.—Now I must acquaint you, that yesterday I went to pay a visit to a celebrated c——s of our family in *** street; and as I rattled over the stones with my long-tail'd bays, my heart exulted within me to think what a figure I should make at her ladyship's, by the significant airs I designed to assume, and the importance I intended to claim to myself in our same *city-ball*.

Well, rap — rap — rap went my footman; round me throws I my long-tail'd negligee: up stairs I tript into my lady's dressing-room; and happily, as I thought, found it almost full of company, and several of my relations too were there. The conversation was very brilliant—But I, who was impatient to tell of the figure I made in our assembly, imagined every moment an hour till the subject was introduced. At length finding it not likely soon to come upon the tapis, I was obliged to yawn and rub my face. Lord *Billy Seeker*, who sat next me, took the hint, and with a very significant grin, “So, my dear, said he, “I suppose you staid late last night at *high life* “*below stairs*!”——A great horse-laugh rung through the room, and I, who for my part, had

no

no conception what he meant, blushed to the ears, and replied very innocently, "*High Life below Stairs*, my lord—indeed, not I, I was better engaged!" — "Better engaged, Miss," said he, why I conceived you thought no engagement superior to that." Still I was at a loss, and the laugh continued at my perplexity; while his lordship affected a silly stupor, and my lady cried out to him, "For goodness sake, my lord, don't kill me: I profess, my lord, your lordship will make me die with laughing. Poor *Selima* don't understand you; he means, child, your *city-ball*."—Then a louder peal of unmeaning laughter re-echoed, and to conceal my disorder, I grin'd a ghastly smile; for ghastly, I am sure it must be, as my features were distorted with anger, vexation and disappointment.

To think, Mr. *Visitor*, of calling such a grand, such a respectable, worthy, wealthy, every-thing assembly, "*High Life below Stairs*!"—Fie fie, upon him. But between ourselves, lord *Billy* was never one of the wisest!

He was not satisfied however with this triumph of his *Wit*, as he term'd it!—"And so, Miss, he said presently, you're an honourable member of the *city-ball*—" "The *merchants assembly*, Sir, said I (for I would not call him, my *Lord*) that's the name by which it is known." You are ashamed then of the *city*, Miss, I find, said her ladyship, —And truly, we, at this end of the town, can't much wonder—your *cits* look like another species. Ea! how they throw on their fine cloaths—Monstrous, what appearances!" "Indeed, my lady, said I, I believe your ladyship would change your opinion, if you were to be at the *merchants assembly*—" "*Merchants assembly*—good la! said lord *Billy*, what nobleman, with high blood in his veins,

veins, can mix with your common tradesmen.—The men are useful enough in their way: but when they would tread upon our heels in politeness—It makes one sick, *Selima*, perfectly sick! The *merchants assembly*!” An elderly maiden-lady, who sat near my relation, the lady of the house, and who had testified her applause only by *frown-like* smiles; for her forehead was covered with wrinkles, and sour malevolence lived in her eye-balls; “You see, cousin, said she (for she was an ancient *Seeker*) that the name of your assembly gives high disgust to these noble personages: permit me to *christen* your *polite* meeting, and then, perhaps, there may be a coalition of parties; stile, it, child, the *Metropolitan-ball*; and give the nobles your good leave to attend it; and there will be more amity amongst you, peradventure.”—The *Metropolitan-ball* now was repeated by every tongue; and, though there was nothing to laugh at in my opinion, nothing but laughter, and *Metropolitan-ball* was heard at every interval. ‘Till at last, “perdition seize my existence, said lord *Billy*, pulling out his watch, if I have not an assignation; and have overstaid my time. Adieu, dear ladies: Mils *Selima*, my respects to our friends, the *Metropolitans*.” And I assure you, when delivered from his impertinence, the ladies heard me with much attention, and we had a very entertaining and instructive chat about the company, and the dresses at the last assembly.

But as I can't write you an account of that now, I send to desire you will chastise these insolent ones, who so affect to despise us. And tho' I am persuaded lady *Anna Rugosa Seeker*, threw out that name by way of sneer, yet I think it a very valuable hint, and do by these presents en-

join

join and direct, that in our meeting, the offensive and disgusting words (which I will never utter from my lips again) be wholly dropt and absolutely forgotten: that it never more be stiled — The C— ball, or M——s assembly: but throughout the whole world, be known and called, *the Metropolitan ball* — A name highly approved by the members: and particularly pleasing to

Yours eternally,

SELIMA SEEKER.

NUMBER XLIX.

Trabit sua quemque voluptas.

VIRG.

MR. TOMESWELL had scarcely concluded that mournful lamentation, recorded in our paper of last Thursday, (N^o 46) before Mr. *Equation*, who sat opposite to him, reddening into warmth, rejoined, with a good deal of ardour; “Sir, I profess, the *Bishops* and *Clergy* will henceforward be judged by me, men of more sense and penetration than I ever imagined them before. The world, Sir, is sick of divinity: folio’s of divinity! Good Angels; when nobody thinks of giving themselves the trouble of reading a six-penny sermon! and folio’s of casuistical, controversial, school divinity; why you might as well suppose, that the voluminous, tiresome works of those old *Spin-texts*, the *Puritans*, would be encouraged, as what you offer to the public. Take my advice, good Sir; turn the

the course of your studies another way, and you'll soon find it answer. There is a branch of science, I don't pretend to say I am an *adapt* in it,—but they who know me, will allow me the credit of some *little knowledge* in that way.—It is *algebra*, I mean, the most useful and excellent of all the sciences: the key, the mistress, the queen of the *mathematics*. Now if you would intensely apply to this most necessary and delightful study, you might probably not only make many new discoveries, but gain great advantages to yourself. For as nothing is more wanted, so nothing would be more encouraged than a good algebraist: indeed, this charming science is by my vexatious and multifarious business in life, permitted only to indulge my vacant hours: or, perhaps I should have made no inconsiderable figure in it myself. Let me hint to you, Sir, that if you would undertake an *algebraical magazine* (as *magazines* are so much in fashion) it might sell in a very extraordinary manner, and would diffuse the knowledge of this wonderful art, which to be sure we owe to the ingenuity of the *Arabs*: for *algebra* is certainly derived from the Arabic words *al*, and *gabbera*—but this by the bye.—As to the *magazine*, pray think of it; and perhaps you may procure the assistance of the most industrious and worthy gentleman, superior to all praise, who hath lately refreshed our spirits with a charming book in *quarto*, on the *negative sign* in *algebra*.—Now if he would assist your *magazine*.”——

“ Better assist the public in this time of extreme danger and peril, said a gentleman with a remarkably long face, and a dismal black wig, whose countenance I observed, betrayed strong marks of discontent, while Mr. *Equation* was ha-

ranguing,—I am amazed and astonished, he went on, that at such an *important* period as the present, men's thoughts should be employed upon such trivial things, as *algebra* and *magazines*, contemptible and insignificant! When the interest of all Europe is concerned; and the belligerent powers are using every effort to give success to their schemes: no man who loves his country, should think or talk of any thing but its *political* concerns; every private satisfaction should be given up; and in the cause of liberty, of virtue, of protestantism, and the present glorious establishment, we should unite our utmost, our most sagacious and thoughtful considerations. And if men will write, and will have *magazines*, surely a *political* one would be the only proper, and the only useful magazine in the present state of things. In this might be delineated the true system of *polity* in the general, the law of nature, of nations, and of distinct communities: great helps for which would be drawn from *Grotius* and *Puffendorf*, and from *Vatell* in particular, more excellent than either. Then the interest of Great-Britain, and the utility of continental connections, the necessity of supporting *Prussia*, the glory of the present war, and the like, might be set forth: And, what strikes me most of all, and I believe will persuade me to undertake a thing of this kind, thus might the lies of that arch-falsifier *Maubert*, that wretch of wretches, that disgrace of politicians, be clearly developed and exposed, to the unspeakable utility of the world in general."

"You have got the right rope by the end, my boy, yare, yare, my lad, said a rough gentleman, who sat near the politician, and clapped him heartily on the back when he had finished

ed his speech. Not accustomed to such rude familiarity, he received the gratulations of Mr. *Lovestorm* in a look of disdain, and expressed his disapprobation with a tone of anger. "Nay, and you be for brewing a storm, d'ye see, quoth the sailor, I can weather it out, I believe, as well as yourself. But I lik'd your lingo, and was going to strike sail with you, my master, and hove my cargo of opinions aboard the vessel of your piloting. For, tho' I say it, no man loves his country better than I, and especially the shipping: I don't use the sea indeed only now and then, as it may be for my own pleasure; but the glory of Old England is her *wooden walls*, and I am proud to be in the belly of a good tight vessel. I'll venture a wager, my *Lively Peggy*, will sail with any ship in the navy, I could go to sleep on her top-mast; but, as I said, our wooden walls are, as a body may call them, the *anchor* and *cable* of Old England, we must stand by them. I am sure that's good politics; or we shall presently ride in a storm, and it will be God's mercy, if we don't go to the bottom."

I observed, while this lover of the ocean was delivering his sentiments, two gentlemen, who seemed to express a sovereign contempt for all that had been said, were conversing; the one, with much energy, on the *beauties* of *painting*, the other on the superlative excellence of *dramatic poetry*. The merits of the pieces presented to the *Society for arts, &c.* were very nicely and critically examined by the former; and I perceived that he could not be brought to acknowledge any peculiar merit in modern productions. The art of painting, he assured us, was perfectly lost (as indeed there was no encouragement for it in England) and nothing short of

a *Rubens*, or a *Titian*, a *Raphael* or a *Rembrandt*, I found, could suit his sublimated taste.—The admirer of the drama seemed to estimate the painter at a very low rate, as a mechanic genius; no way comparable to the poet, *whose eye in a fine pbrenzy rolling, doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, &c.* He seemed very desirous to discuss the merits of the ancient and modern dramatic writers; and by a natural transition was led to characterize our actors; large were his commendations of the British *Roscious*, to give which their weight, he was so obliging as to attempt to speak two or three favourite passages in Mr. Garrick's manner; which he assured us he had studied with some accuracy; but an unfortunate slip or two, and an unpleasing provincial and monotonous accent, occasioning a burst of laughter, this lover of the theatre was obliged to take his hat and withdraw in some confusion.

“What simple men are all these, said a gentleman, who sat at my elbow, and whispered into my ear—to prosecute such idle amusements! For my part, I am for real knowledge, and on that account have made *antiquity* my study, for many years: I should be glad, Sir, to show you my *medals*, they are very perfect and fine, I assure you; I have very nearly compleated my series.”—I thanked the gentleman very cordially, and my time being expired, was obliged to withdraw; which Mr. Flosculus doing at the same time, I was favoured with his company down the street, when he made precisely the same remark, with my friend the Antiquarian; and proceeded to recommend in the strongest terms, his own delightful, healthful, rational amusement, “The cultivation of flowers,” “For I am, said he, a perfect

perfect *Florist*; I dedicate all my leisure time to this noble employment, and I believe my stage of *Auriculas* is inferior to few; I christened two new flowers last season, the *Prince Imperial* and the *Duke of Brunswic*, and I have no doubt of equal honour and success in the same way, next season. I won the prize at the *Carnation Feast*,—and I would not exchange *tulips* with any *Burgo-Master* in Holland." I promised to avail myself of his friendship, and to decorate my garden, with the *outcasts* of his flowery family.

Such were my associates at Mrs. C——'s; I leave my readers to make their own reflections. Permit me only to remark, that as each man hath his favourite amusement, he may, he ought to be allowed quietly to enjoy it, (we suppose it innocent). No man has a right to molest him, while he rides his *bobby-horse*; but in return, let him not molest any man, but suffer him as quietly, *equitare in arundine longâ*. In short, we may in perfect good-nature smile one at the other; but let us not by any means be angry, or dispute, because we do not approve the same entertainments; because we have not all the same tastes;—contentedly rest in your own; leave me, with the same content, to relax my mind in such a manner, as pleases me. You love *turtle*, I love a plain *leg of mutton*; eat your *turtle* in peace, and go to bed! why should you esteem me a man of folly, because I prefer honest homely *mutton* to it?

a *Rubens*, or a *Titian*, a *Raphael* or a *Rembrandt*, I found, could suit his sublimated taste.—The admirer of the drama seemed to estimate the painter at a very low rate, as a mechanic genius; no way comparable to the poet, *whose eye in a fine pbrenzy rolling, doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, &c.* He seemed very desirous to discuss the merits of the ancient and modern dramatic writers; and by a natural transition was led to characterize our actors; large were his commendations of the British *Roscius*, to give which their weight, he was so obliging as to attempt to speak two or three favourite passages in Mr. Garrick's manner; which he assured us he had studied with some accuracy; but an unfortunate slip or two, and an unpleasing provincial and monotonous accent, occasioning a burst of laughter, this lover of the theatre was obliged to take his hat and withdraw in some confusion.

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THE VISITOR. No. 50.

NUMBER L.

*Who sings the source
Of wealth and force?
Vast field of commerce and big war!
Where wonders dwell;
Where terrors swell;
And Neptune thunders from his car!*

YOUNG.

WHEN we behold the great deep, without track, and without limit, we may well stand amazed, at the courage of those who first dared to commit themselves to its unknown bosom, and to pierce into its pathless regions. Horace (who was not indeed a man of very great courage himself) is of opinion, that the first adventurers must have had hearts of *oak*, or rather of *triple brass*; their attempts were judged no less presumptuous than dangerous: since the ocean was esteemed by the ancients as the insuperable barrier, and grand separator of different nations, formed by the Deity * on purpose to secure

* Thus runs the whole passage, which is in the 3d ode of Horace's first book, and begins *Ille robur, &c.*

Sure he who first the passage try'd,
In harden'd *oak* his heart did hide;
Or with firm *brass* of triple fold,
His breast courageously enroll'd!
His hardy breast, in hollow wood,
Who tempted first the briny flood;
Nor fear'd the winds contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the shore,

Not

cure kingdoms from the attacks and insults of each other. A notion so very far from the truth, that the *sea* is the sole *connector* of distant nations: and to it we owe, at once, all the advantages of commerce, much of the improvements of science, nay, and the knowledge of the glorious Gospel.

By means of this liquid vehicle, vessels of the largest burden, are borne along with the utmost ease from clime to clime, from sun to sun; thus the rich produce of the East is poured into the storehouses of the North; and the inhabitants of every quarter of the globe, not only hold intelligence, but mutually exchange their commodities, and gain a supply of *more* than every want in life.—Hence, what abundance of wealth rewards the anxious and industrious merchant! what a happy provision is afforded for the thousands and ten thousands whom the demands of commerce continually employ! Thus our inferior brethren are engaged in useful labour; and become the strength

Nor *Hyades* portending rain,
Nor all the tyrants of the main.
What form of death could him affright,
Who unconcern'd with steadfast fight,
Could view the surges mounting steep,
And monsters rolling in the deep;
Could thro' the ranks of ruin go,
With storms above, and rocks below,
In vain did nature's wise command
Divide the waters from the land,
If daring ships, and men prophane,
Invade th' inviolable main;
Th' eternal fences over leap,
And pass at will the boundless deep.

DRYDEN.]

strength, the sinews of the community; who, if relaxed from the honest engagements of industry, most probably would corrupt in indolence, and be either the perpetual annoyance, or the speedy destruction of the public welfare and peace!—How graciously hath the wise Creator of all things provided for the well-being of his people:—And let me add, for his people of our favourite kingdom in particular. Where not only plenty crowns our peaceful plains, but the golden wings of commerce waft blessings on every gale! Happy, thrice happy Britain! May the tender mercies of him, who is omnipotent, still preserve thy invaluable privileges to thee! And while amidst the horrid din of distant arms, and the melancholy cries of ravaging desolation, thou hearest only the pleasing voice of firmest union, fullest glory and complete prosperity,—mayst thou be wise, gratefully to acknowledge the bounty of the giver; and may thy sons, by every worthy and laudable virtue, by the work of humanity, and the love of religion, engage to themselves a continuance of thy protection!

When we visit the Dock-yards, and survey the wooden-towers, rising there, beneath the artificers hands; their amazing bulk fills us with wonder to think, that they shall not only when freighted to the full, and immense in burden, be buoyed up, and float like the light cork, on the waves of the mighty main; but that they shall travel through its roaring surges, with a velocity perfectly incredible: And what is most amazing of all, be directed unerringly through a wild of waters, where there is neither path nor land-mark, to direct the bewildered traveller; directed with a facility that is inconceivable, and turned—unwieldy machines, turned as the directing hand of the master pleases. *Behold also the ships, saith the apostle, which though*

though they be so great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm, whithersoever the governor listeth.

To what we have said concerning the *saltness* of the waters, in our last paper, we must add; that this saltness serves greatly to the use of navigation, in assisting to buoy up the vessels; for it is specifically heavier than fresh; and it has been said, that vessels which have sailed safely on the salt, have sunk when they come up fresh water rivers. But not the saltness of the water; not the management of the helm; not the nice conduct of the bellying *sails*; not the wondrous power of the *air*, which, though invisible, fills them with such force, and drives on the vessel with such impetuosity through the dashing flood; none of these, though admirable in themselves, strike us with such pleasing surprize, as the reflection on that *fossil*, which, though mean and contemptible in appearance, is invaluable to the sailor; for it unerringly directs him through the trackless regions of the boundless ocean. And when neither sun nor star; when neither land nor land-mark are to be seen; when all is sea and all is sky: Nay, when neither sea nor sky are to be discerned, when all is darkness and tempest; then this infallible guide holds out its kindly assistance, and the *loadstone* informs the sailor where to steer his course: The *loadstone*, which has given to navigation its perfection, and enabled the undaunted sailor to traverse the globe.

From how small and inconsiderable causes doth the omniscient Creator produce the most important effects! Who would conceive that a mineral of this sort should tend to such extensive utility! But we may observe, that in nature, as well as in grace, the mighty master,—as it were to teach men humility, and to deride the vast efforts

forts of human power—thus constantly acteth; using the mean and apparently contemptible things of the earth, to confound, we are told, the strong and the wise. Let not then the low and servile appearance, which his only begotten Son put on among us; let not the shameful and accursed death he deigned to die: let not the obscurity of his Apostles, the lowness of their births, the servility of their occupations, their ignorance of human learning, at all disgust or offend us: Nay, rather let it confirm our faith, and satisfy us, that this is most agreeable to the Sovereign Ruler's manner, and the strongest proof of his intervening power, to whom *easy* and *arduous* are the same; who can work as effectually by the weak as by the strong: And who from the meanness of the instrument more abundantly confutes the arrogance of mortals, and establishes his own unparalleled glory.

Great and many are the advantages derived from the sea, considered as the grand vehicle of *commerce*, the source of national wealth and industry, but let us not omit to observe, that thus not only the riches of nations are communicated; thus also the riches of the gospel of Christ may be, have been conveyed to us; are conveyed to distant climes, and they who sat in darkness and the shadow of death, are revived with the light of his heaven-descended truth. *America* can witness this; whose realms ere while, were obscured with a darkness, not less black, than that which invests the tawny inhabitants: but now the day-spring hath arisen to enlighten—and would to God, we could add,—hath perfectly enlightened those benighted climes!—

But alas! how slow is the progress, how imperfect the spread of the religion of Jesus! how destructive,

destructive, how pernicious, in every view are the ravages of war! how fearful is the account which those potentates will have to make hereafter, whose desolating swords the fury of *ambition* hath drawn; whose instruments of war, the lust of sway, and the desire of conquest, have brought into the ensanguined field! Religion, liberty, and every social virtue demand their just vengeance! Wretched Princes, what can be more deplorable than your circumstances!—But not by war only; the propagation of religion is prevented by other causes; as other men may propagate it no less than princes. Yet though the blessings of the christian religion are everlasting, and its rewards inestimable, we must observe with regret, that its professors are not so solicitous, if in any degree solicitous, to diffuse its comforts, as they are to amass the perishing wealth of this world: which they will seek at the fearful peril of all things dear to them, seek in the frail bark, amidst all the extremities of heat and cold, hunger and thirst; though it will avail them nothing, when death demands his due, and the soul shall depart to an unbiaſſed tribunal!

How happy would it be, and how truly praiseworthy; if the *vessel* that traversed the deep, in search of temporal wealth, would permit a small *freight* of the eternal truth to sail with it; would not only by the dispersion of useful books, but by the exemplary demeanor of its mariners, and the seasonable hints of its commanders, endeavour to promote that *religion*, the knowledge of which is *life eternal*! How pleasing a confidence in the midst of dangers, would such a conduct infuse into the breasts of all who filled so happy a vessel; and surely, if any men, those who are so constantly exposed to imminent peril, should labour

to

to procure that confidence: since it is terrible indeed, to hear the threatening tempests roar; to see the blue lightnings glare; to behold the mountainous surges beat uncontrouled; to view the shattered crashing mast, with horrible confusion, torn away: to see death entering at the fatal leak; to sink—irrecoverably sink into the fathomless abyfs—emblem of that *eternity*, whence there is no return!—How dreadful thus to sink, —without one reasonable hope of acceptance with him, who is to determine our condition, irreversibly in that eternal state!—One moment's reflection certainly must be sufficient to awaken in every man's mind an attention to this most interesting of all concerns to human beings:—must be sufficient surely to engage our naval commanders, and all those *who go down to the sea in ships, and see the wonders of the Lord in the great deep*, to act in so consistent a manner that *christianity* may derive some advantage from their voyages; or at least not be *reproached* and *reviled* amongst the *beatben*; to whom we sincerely wish, no real cause had ever been given; to whom we earnestly pray, that no future cause may ever be given, to say,—“Why should we become *christians*? are they better than we? they lie, they swear, they steal, they cheat, they indulge their lust, they are drunken:—Tell us then, why should *we* become *christians*? wherein doth their *purity* or *morality* excel our own?”

NUMBER II.

*Fountains, and ye, that warble as ye flow
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
 —Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
 From bill or steaming lake; dusky or grey
 'Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the world's great author rise,
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling still advance his praise!*

MILTON.

MANY and great are the advantages derived from the Ocean, as the vehicle of commerce. Some of these have been considered in our paper of last Saturday. But when we reflect, that it is the grand source of all the moisture of the earth, and consequently, of all its fertility: that it supplies our tables with such elegance, and the tables of the poor with such plenty, we shall confess that the advantages of commerce, are scarce comparable to these eminent blessings, which spring from the Ocean.—“How soon (says a writer * on this subject) would the earth be as inactive and barren as it was, before the divine benediction on the third day of creation, if it were not for the waters of the sea? In vain would it call upon the heavens to distil a necessary humidity. Those floating watering pots, the clouds, would soon be exhausted if not supplied from this great reservoir. It is true, it is God that *calletb for the waters of the sea, and*

VOL. II. F *poureth*

poureth them forth upon the face of the earth. Under the direction of his providence and according to the laws of nature, the sun-beams attract, and the ocean readily yields from its stores: the watery exhalations are rarefied into innumerable fine bubbles, specifically lighter than the air, and by this means they naturally ascend with ease, leaving their salts behind them. The clouds are formed, wafted abroad, distilled gently in insensible dews, or poured forth in plentiful showers. Thus also *fountains* are formed, break forth into streams, and are swelled into rivers, till at length they fall into the ocean again, and make a grateful return of benefits received.—May this be an emblem of myself, and all around me! O thou uncreated ocean of all being and blessedness, it is from thy overflowing fulness, that I receive all my supplies! I am protected, cloathed, and fed from thy free and rich bounty: within thy all-circling arms I live and move: constantly art thou giving forth and I am receiving: may I learn from the stream of every brook I pass by, to turn my thoughts, to direct my motions towards thee, and carry my tribute of homage thither, whence I derive *my all*! May I practise benevolence to all around me: let my waters refresh the weary; support the fainting; heal the wounded; and give a verdure and fruitfulness to the barren soul! let me, like the flowing brook, take a transient gentle salute of the flowry banks as I pass; but never, oh never let this soul, which thou hast created for thyself, O Father of Spirits, think itself at rest, till it finds itself in thy bosom—

“ Still pressing to my wish’d abode,
Nor fix’d, till at my centre—God.”

It is very remarkable, that this immense world of *salt* water, which is not only nauseous beyond expression to the human taste, but void of the power of refreshing our thirst, should be the grand cistern, and source of all the fresh and enlivening streams, which flow through the earth. It is much to be questioned (after all the efforts of human art, and all the declarations which have been made) whether the united endeavours of mankind could produce a *cup of water*, perfectly sweet from the salt streams of the ocean. Yet what inexhaustible quantities are daily drawn from thence, wholly sweetened and perfectly refined from every disagreeable and brackish taste, by the action of the *solar* heat, and delivered to the safe conveyance of the clouds; which administer them, in wise proportion to the supply of every want; which distil them in dews, or fertilizing rains; enriching the rills, and enlarging the overflowing streams; giving life and verdure to the earth; and affording all those innumerable commodities, which mankind enjoys from that liquid element: of which the famous *Pindar* said so long since *αἴψα μὴ ὕδαρ*——“Nothing is comparable to *water*.”

“How amiable is the goodness, and how amazing the power of the world’s adorable *Maker*!——How amiable his goodness in distributing so largely, what is so absolutely necessary, and so extensively beneficial! That water, without which we can scarce perform any business, or enjoy any *comfort*, should be every one’s property; should stream by our houses; should start up from the soil; should drop down from the clouds; should take a journey from the ends of the earth, and the extremities of the ocean on purpose to serve us!——How amazing his power——That this

boundless mass of fluid salt, so intolerably nauseous to the human taste, should be the original spring, which deals out every palatable draught to mankind, and quenches the thirst of every animal! which supplies the country with its fertility, and the parterre with its beauty! Doubtless the power, by whom *this* is effected, can extract comfort from our afflictions, advantage from our calamities, and *make all things work* together for our good."

But see from every clime, and from every land, the rivers are all hastening in the same course, and with perpetual lapse rolling their silver currents to the main. If from thence they receive, thither they return their waters: All flow into the ocean; and there is a reciprocation of favours: a speculation, which indeed might be carried through nature, in which, properly speaking, nothing perishes, but by a constant rotation all things are circulating, and mutually supplying each other. A fine lesson to us, elegantly and forcibly teaching us the pleasing duties of mutual good will; as well as the necessity of all proper returns of gratitude and obedience to him, from whom, the great *ocean* of all blessings, all good things are derived, and to whom, as the Lord of *eternity*, all our streams are tending, and must flow. But of the *ocean* as the emblem of *eternity*, we may speak hereafter.

At present it may be necessary to observe, that the *ocean* hath been supposed to be the parent of *fountains*, and in consequence of rivers, not only by means of the clouds, which convey the liquid element, in abundance, to the tops of mountains, ever cloathed in fogs and mists, but also, as directing its waters, percolated

lated through the earth, to the hills and rocks, whence the fountains spring; and thus supplying them with moisture, sweetened in its passage through the bowels of the earth, which they repay in rivers and streams that flow upon and beautify the external surface of the earth. This latter opinion our moral and philosophical poet *Thomson*, has endeavoured to confute, as well as to establish the more received notion — we shall give his excellent lines, which will preclude any further remarks of our own at present, as they will take up the room assigned us.

Some sages say that where the numerous wave
For ever lashes the resounding shore,
Drill'd through the sandy *stratum*, every way,
The waters with the sandy *stratum* rise:
Amidst whose angles infinitely strain'd,
They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
And clear and sweeten as they soak along.
Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
Tho' oft amid th' irriguous vale it springs;
But to the mountain courted by the sand
'That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent main, it boils again
Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill
Is bright with spouting rills. — But hence this
vain

Amusive dream! Why should the waters love
To take so far a journey to the hills,
When the sweet vallies offer to their toil
Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?
Or, if by blind ambition led astray,
They must aspire; why should they sudden stop
Among the broken mountains rushy dells,
And ere they gain its highest peak desert

'Th' attractive sand, that charm'd their course so long ?

Besides, the hard agglomerating salts
 'The spoil of ages wou'd impervious choak
 'Their secret channels ; or by slow degrees,
 High as the hills protrude the swelling vales :
 Old ocean too, suck'd thro' the porous globe,
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
 And brought *Deucalion's* watry times again.

The poet then proceeds to a more philosophical account ; and after a fine description of the most remarkable mountains, whose inward structure he wishes to survey, he adds,

Amazing scene ! Behold ! The glooms disclose ;
 I see the rivers in their infant beds !
 Deep, deep, I hear them lab'ring to get free !
 I see the leaning *Strata*, artful rang'd ;
 The gaping fissures, to receive the rains,
 The melting snows, and ever dripping fogs !
 Strow'd bibulous above I see the sands,
 The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
 Of mingled moulds ; of more retentive earths,
 The gutter'd rocks, and mazy-running clefts ;
 That while the stealing moisture they transmit
 Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.
 Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains,
 I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,
 The mighty reservoirs of harden'd chalk,
 Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd.
 O'er-flowing thence the congregated stores
 The chrystal treasures of the liquid world,
 Thro' the stir'd sands a bubbling passage burst ;
 And welling out around the middle steep,
 Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,
 In pure effusion flow——United thus,
 Th' exhaling

Th' exhaling fun, the vapour-burden'd air,
 The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
 These vapours in continual current draw,
 And send them, o'er the fair divided earth,
 In bounteous rivers to the deep again;
 A social commerce hold, and firm support,
 The full adjusted *harmony* of things.

Seasons, Autumn V. 751, &c.

An *harmony*, let us not fail to remark, which
 manifests in the fairest light, the *wisdom* and *good-*
ness of that *omnipotent maker*, all whose works
 praise him! for all his works declare

“ His goodness beyond thought, and pow'r
 divine !”

N U M B E R LII.

To the VISITOR.

*He says; — be calm; the sea obeys his will;
 The storm is silent, and the waves are still.*

WHEATLAND'S Psalms.

S I R,

I HAVE been greatly pleased and instructed
 with your contemplations on the *Ocean*, and
 expect, with much satisfaction, a continuance of
 your remarks. Permit me to express my appro-
 bation of this method of writing, which so happi-
 ly blends instruction with entertainment; and
 suffer me to hope, that other parts of *nature* will
 hereafter furnish you with the opportunities you
 desire of elevating your readers hearts to a grateful
 acknowledgment

acknowledgment of the Creator's wisdom and bounty. Indeed I must be allowed to speak with particular pleasure of your *Saturdays* papers in general: not only as they afford me delight, but as I find them universally well received, which is no bad proof, in my humble opinion, that our taste is neither so depraved or vicious as some would represent it; which is no bad sign, that true and serious religion hath yet its votaries amongst us.—Go on and prosper.

Your reflections on the *Ocean*, occasioned me to read over with attention, that inimitable description of a storm, which the royal poet of Israel gives us in his cviith *Psalms*; than which I know nothing more great and more finished in any compositions. Indeed the sacred writings abound with the most striking instances of the *sublime*: and it would be a labour well worthy your pen, as it could not fail to give the greatest delight to your readers, if you would occasionally mark out some of these passages, and shew us their excellencies, from a comparison with similar passages in profane writers: this might serve not only to enhance the value of the divine oracles in their opinion, who prize them already, but also to draw the attention, and conciliate the favour of those, who may be caught by a lofty sentiment; tho' they despise a plain and humble truth; and who may thus be honestly ensnared to their own felicity. Pardon my freedom in proposing this hint.—I return to the passage which gave birth to the thought.

“ They who go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters; these men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For *at his word* the stormy wind *arise*th, which *lifteth* up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heavens; they go down again to the depths

depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distress. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad, because they are at rest; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven. O that, &c."

Nothing can be more grand and picturesque than this description. We see the most unruly elements subject to the immediate controul of the Almighty; and winds and waves, like duteous servants, ready to obey his voice. For *at his word*, the stormy wind *arisseth*. He speaks, and the *tempest* issues forth instantly to perform his commandment: the *stormy wind*, which hath force enough to *lift up*, even the rude and unwieldy waves of that most unruly element, the ocean! You see them *rise*, soon as the tempest, "pleased the Almighty's order to perform," breathes with its irresistible breath, and carries them now up to the clouds; now sinks a fearful valley below, while the *vessel* shoots down the horrid precipice, and expects, every moment expects to be swallowed up by the mountainous billows!—The omission of the connecting particles, in the next verses, *they mount up; they go down, &c.* finely expresses the haste and terror. You see the distress of the sailors, who are tossed from one side to the other of the vessel, amidst this terrible commotion,—their fears, their anxiety, their hopeless distraction is beautifully represented! While prayer, the natural resource of men in necessity, is introduced as gloriously efficacious; and you are filled with an awful astonishment, while you contemplate that tremendous power, who hears, relieves, and in a moment

moment speaks a *calm* to the lawless tempest, and the roaring wave. *He maketh the storm a calm.* He speaks, and the most unruly elements instantly obey him: not a murmur is heard, not a gale whispers: all is hushed into the profoundest calm! — If *Longinus* commends so much the sublime *brevity* of the description in *Genesis*, would he not be equally large in his applauses here? — The conclusion too, I apprehend, would meet with no small praise from that critic; wherein that “fervency of devotion so naturally glows, which such grand occurrences are apt to kindle in the minds of the thoughtful — *Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and declare the wonders that he doth for the children of men!*”

No man can deny that a description of this kind, can be applicable only to the sovereign ruler of heaven and earth, the Lord God omnipotent. What an irrefragable proof then have we of the true divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, from his real performance of *that*, which the psalmist here so nobly describes? When there was a great tempest in the sea, in-somuch, that the ship was covered with waves, and in danger of sinking; when his disciples cried to him in their distress, and all seemed lost and hopeless; *He made the storm a calm.* — He arose and rebuked the winds and the sea, and there *was a great calm!* who, less than Jehovah, could have done this? Well might the men remark, “what manner of person is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him!” Matth. viii. 24 We know too when, upon another occasion, he exerted his divine authority, and caused that element, as it were, to change its nature, and bear him, as a ready servant, upon its liquid surface, safe as on the solid marble! Could this be any other than God?

God? For my own part I confess, that these acts of omnipotence convince me, beyond any other argument, of that important truth, which some affect to deny, the true and proper divinity of our God and Saviour.—And may I be allowed to remark, Good Sir, though it is in some sort assuming your province, and going out of my own way; that a serious reflection on this uncontrollable power of the Supreme, must diffuse the most gladsome acquiescence in his fatherly protection through every pious breast. For well may that man say, who confides in his God, and reposes his steady hope in him; “shall I doubt *his* ability to accomplish my welfare, shall I fear *his* ability to deliver me from danger, when I see, that the storm trembles at his word, and the ocean’s vast billows rise or fall at his command! He is Almighty, and I will rest my eternal concerns with perfect satisfaction in his hands; he is all good, and I commit the disposal of all my present condition with chearfulness to his unerring love.”

But as I intend rather a *critique* on the Psalmist’s description, than any moral remarks, you must allow me to bring a passage or two, from the poets, which however sublime, will serve to shew the superiority of *David*. *Virgil’s* description is not more famous than excellent; and I should not hesitate to place it next to this, from the sacred scriptures. It is not I think to be doubted, that *Virgil* had read the sacred books; and it is well known that he was like a *bee*, cul-ling *sweets* from every flower; his manifest and frequent imitations of *Theocritus*, *Homer*, &c. are undoubted proofs. Why then may we not suppose him to have improved his own description from this of *David’s*; whose Psalms he
would

would certainly be led, even from curiosity to read?—And whoever will consider the manner in which he introduces *Neptune*, arising and stilling the storm, and commanding the *winds* to retreat, will observe a strong imitation of the *intervention* of *Jehovah*, at the cries of the distressed sailors. Such is *Virgil's* description, in Mr. *Dryden's* translation.

The raging winds rush through the hollow
wound,
And dance aloft in air, and skim along the
ground.
Then settling on the sea, the surges sweep;
Raise liquid mountains, and disclose the deep;
South, East, and West, with mix'd confusion
roar,
And roll the foaming billows to the shore.
The cables crack; the sailors fearful cries
Ascend; and sable night involves the skies;
And heav'n itself is ravished from their eyes.
Loud peals of thunder from the poles ensue,
Then flashing fires the transient light renew;
The face of things a frightful image bears,
And present death in various forms appears.

I am the rather apt to believe, that *Virgil* had read *David's* description, since I do not recollect any passages in *Homer*, where these ideas are to be found; * and because I remember that *Ovid*,
(who

* This gentleman is, I believe, right upon the whole as to this point. There is no description in *Homer* parallel to this. But there is a simile taken from a storm, which *Longinus* greatly commends for the poet's judicious choice of circumstances

— He

(who had doubtless read the sacred writings) has almost a translation of our Psalm, and frequent allusions to it——Speaking of a *ship*, he says, in the 11th book of his Metam.

*Et modo sublimis veluti de vertice montis
Despicere in Valles, imumque Acheronta videtur.
Nunc ubi demissam curvum circumstetit æquor;
Suspiciere inferno summum de gurgite cælum, &c.*

As on a mountain's top she rides on high,
And from the clouds beholds the *nether* sky:
Then sinking with the wave on which she rose
Down to the *bottom* of the *deep* she goes.
Whence as from *hell's* abyss they lift their sight,
And distant far see *heaven's* superior light.

DRYDEN.

He also speaks of the sailors distresses, so finely painted in the Psalm —

Non tenet hic lachrymas; stupet hic, &c.

One weeps and wails—despairing of relief,
One stupid stands, his fears congeal his grief;

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G

This

—— He burst upon them all,
Bursts as a wave, that from the cloud impends,
And swell'd with tempests on the ship descends;
White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the masts, and sing thro' every shroud;
Pale trembling, tir'd, the sailors freeze with fears,
And instant death on every wave appears.

Pope's Iliad, B. xv. ver. 752.

This wretch with prayers and vows the Gods
 adores,
 Uplifts his useless hands ———
 And aid from heav'n, from heav'n unseen
 implores,

DRYDEN.

I cannot be allowed to take up your time, and to produce any more passages; these are sufficient to shew the superiority of the divine poet, but I must not conclude without remarking, that the best poets, in our language, have borrowed from his description. *Shakespear* evidently has it in view, when he makes *Othello* say,

—— O my soul's joy,
 If after every tempest, come such calms
 May the winds blow, till they have weaken'd
 death;
 And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus high: and duck again as low,
 As bell's from *beav'n*. ———

And *Milton*, in *Paradise Lost*, Book VII. ver. 210. draws from the same sublime original:

Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
 Up from the bottom torn by furious winds
 And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
Heaven's height, and with the center mix the pole.

If these remarks shall be agreeable to you, and serve at all to recommend the sacred writings, it will be a pleasure to

S I R,

Your constant reader and admirer,

T. S.

NUMBER LIII.

History of a MAGDALEN.

In a Letter to the VISITOR.

*If all her former woes were not enough,
Look on her now; behold her, where she wanders,
Hunted to death, distress'd on ev'ry side,
With no one hand to help: and tell me then,
If ever misery were known like hers! —*

ROWE.

*Let my tears thank you, for I cannot speak; —
And if I cou'd —
Words were not made to vent such thoughts as
mine.*

DRYDEN.

S I R,

THOUGH an unhappy person, like myself, (who, by my wilful transgressions have forfeited all right to the regard and protection of society) can have no reason to expect the least favourable attention: yet, as I perceive, in some former papers, you have admitted the narratives of women involved in the same miserable guilt with myself; I am emboldened to write, though with a trembling hand, and to request you to make public what I write; not on my own account: no, alas, I am too worthless and inconsiderable to trouble the world with any concerns of mine; and indeed the world is nothing to me: for delivered as I am from its pollutions,

and safely landed in this happy harbour, my utmost wish, my most fervent desire is never more to enter upon its dangerous billows, but to end my life in this blessed mansion, dedicated to God, and to the best duties I am able to perform. But, gratitude, Sir, and the most tender sense of the inestimable blessings I enjoy, engage me to wish, that you will not pass over this my weak essay. I earnestly desire to declare my obligations, greater indeed than tongue can tell, or heart can conceive; and to give the world some faint idea, from my particular case, of the excellence of the *Magdalen Charity*, and of the inexpressible, the more than fatherly beneficence of its humane and generous conductors.

I have been, Sir, by the goodness of a preserving God, an happy member of this society, an inhabitant of this house, almost from the day;—the day ever to be blessed, when the angels of mercy, by the hands of the worthy governors, first opened these doors to the daughters of penitence and distress! They had not been opened a month, before they received me; an object certainly of their proper compassion, if distress and anguish of body and mind have any claim to compassion: and greater distress, more afflictive anguish can scarce be imagined than mine: distress duly merited, the just reward of my crimes; anguish, though great, by no means equal to the extremity of my guilt, by no means answerable to the aggravated horror of my transgressions.

For I will freely confess, that I had not been a *prostitute* only, but to enhance my offence, a *prostitute adultress*! Oh Sir, while I write, the sharp stings of upbraiding conscience wound me to the quick, and the tears of shame fall from my eyes. For *adultery*—sure it is the blackest crime,

crime, or at least so it appears to me,—an offence against God, whose holy command forbids it,—an offence against the blessed Redeemer, who confirms that command—an offence against the divine spirit—against yourself—against your husband—a double guilt, in which you partake of another's sin—how complicated a crime, and justly held such (as I am told) in all ages and nations!—Yet of this have I been guilty: and had it not been for the comfortable promises of the inestimable Gospel, which offers pardon to the most heinous sins, on our sincere repentance,—promises applied to the alleviation of my sorrow, with so much zeal and tenderness, by a worthy clergyman,—I am sure my mind would have been utterly lost in despair! But now, through the grace of him, who accepted to pardon the *denying Peter*, who dismissed the *adulteress* wife with a *go, and sin no more*; I, who am not less guilty than either, have hopes, that the abundance of his goodness will be shewed also unto me a *sinner*!

But, Sir, for this unspeakable blessing, how am I bound to return thanks for the kind provision of this *house*, to which I owe, under God, my preservation from immediate and inevitable destruction. For, surely, the hand of a good providence cannot be more visible in any thing, than in my rescue. May I never be so unwise as to forget; may I always think of it, with thankfulness and joy!

My parents left me early to the care of an aunt, and to the difficulties of the world: And very young was I introduced to an acquaintance with the greatest difficulties, as well as the vilest crimes, of this world. For old though I am in sorrow and in sin, I am but young in years: I

had but just seen my seventeenth year, when I was admitted into the *Magdalen-House*! I was scarcely *fifteen*, when won by the addresses of a neighbouring young man with whom I had been acquainted from my childhood, I gave him my hand and commenced *wife*. And as my love for him was passionate, so my conduct was blameless. We lived fifteen months in much content; though we found it hard enough to get bread. We had few relations and fewer acquaintance: The former pretended total disgust at our marriage, and forsook us; the latter were unable to assist us. My husband had been brought up to the sea; and finding it impracticable to get a livelihood for us, on shore, determined to try his fortune, and take another voyage. This you may imagine was painful to me: but necessity required it: and we were to part.—To part, never, never more to meet!

O thou faithful and dear youth—hadst thou *lived* to return; couldst *thou* have received, or could I have brought a polluted adultress to thy arms! Good God, the dreadful thought stabs me to the heart! That thus I should reward, thus treat an affection tender and honest as was thine! Yet, oh dearest shade, yet oh my departed husband (for I will now call you such) yet if souls deceased know any thing of the affairs of this world, it must be some satisfaction to behold this anguish of my mind, this unfeigned sorrow for my execrable offence; and to see me in the road to that pardon and forgiveness, which thro' the Redeemer, will minister an entrance to me into those realms, where I shall see thee again, and shall never more offend.

Pardon, Sir, this digression: but when the heart is full we cannot easily forbear — We parted;
ed;

ed; and when I bid *adieu* to the best of youths, I bid *adieu* to all terrestrial happiness! He recommended me at his departure, and often before, to the particular care and regard of a young man, his most intimate and esteemed friend. "For God's sake (said he, to him, the night before he left me) dear *Harry*, be a friend to my poor wife: you know that when I leave her, I leave all that is valuable to me upon earth. Nothing but extreme necessity could drag me from a woman, in whom I have treasured up my soul, and whose virtues deserve more affection, if possible, than I feel for her. Don't see her want, lend her all the assistance you are able; I will joyfully repay it, when (please God) I return: my dear friend, I commit all I love to your tenderest protection—be a father and a guardian to the wife of my bosom—and her and my prayers shall ever ascend for you."—Grief and shame incite me to conceal the rest, grief for the ingratitude of the friend, shame for the perfidy and infidelity of the detestable wife! But believe me, Sir, and I deliver it with the most solemn truth—it was want, the importunate calls of hunger and thirst, which prevailed more than any other persuasive! you and those, who have never known the extremity of want, the pressing solicitations of hunger, are less able to judge of their effects: but I who have felt them, in their utmost misery, well know, that they are superior to almost all arguments.

Remorse and shame instantly possessed my mind: but not sufficiently to preserve me from a repetition of my crime: I can truly say, that no wanton pleasure incited me to it: I was plunged into guilt; I grew heedless of myself, and constant disquietude blackened every moment of my existence.

I did

I did not continue long however in this wretched state : for in less than a month I found myself abandoned by the cruel and false friend of my dear husband ; and, what was worse, polluted with a disease, of which I knew neither the name nor the nature !

I clearly saw, and confessed that this was but the due reward of my crime, and with a despairing heart, I acknowledged the justice of God ! In this state I courted nothing but death : I longed for nothing but dissolution, which I had no doubt was approaching with hasty steps towards me ; and I beheld it with a horrible and afflicting hope ! But, alas ! the tyrant loves to keep the children of affliction long under their load, and to hasten to those who least wish for his approach. I had determined, however, to use no means either for the recovery of health, or the preservation of life. I gave myself up to despair. I had no friends to apply to, and I was ordered, by the master of the house, to leave the lodgings I had with him. In consequence of this terrible notice (which was like a thunder-clap to me—for while I had a place to hide my head in, and to weep, it was some comfort to me) I went in the evening into the fields adjoining to *London*, and there I passed the melancholy night—the most melancholy, I believe, poor young creature ever passed : but the prelude to a day the most joyful, that ever rose upon me, and which, I hope, I shall remember with everlasting gratitude.—For, in the morning, as I wandered homewards, scarce knowing where I went, and as little caring ; lost in the reflection on my insurmountable distresses ; *I happened*—no, I was guided by some invisible Angel, some benevolent minister of that God, who suffereth not a sparrow

LOW

row to perish unnoticed by him,—I was guided down that *street*, which will for ever be celebrated for having blessed so many young creatures in the divine *Magdalen-House*. The *particular* appearance of the house struck me; and I stood still to look at it, and to read the inscription upon it. When an humane gentleman came up to me, and with much kindness said, “Do you know, child, for whom that place is designed?” Upon my replying, no: For unhappy young women, said he; for those who have transgressed the bounds of virtue, but are sorry for it, and desirous to retrieve their characters.”—Upon this I burst into tears; and he desiring me to walk over with him to the house, where the ever-to-be-valued Treasurer happened to be; I told them my pitiable tale, in the general; acknowledged myself an unhappy *prostitute*, who wished to be penitent—and began to intreat them to have mercy—but indeed there was no need of intreating. I found them so compassionate and benevolent, that I conceived good hopes; and having received their directions, I applied that evening to the committee; was received into the house, and was saved!

Here, Sir, have I been ever since; and all I wish is, that I had it in my power to set forth the comforts of the place, the kind treatment we meet with, and the care that is taken to make us happy both in body and soul; I have experienced it in the highest degree: in sickness, the most gentle humanity: in health, the most friendly encouragement: our apartments agreeable; our provisions excellent: every thing that can contribute to our peace: more, infinitely more, than we can deserve even by the best behaviour, do we here receive from the never-enough to be applauded
beneficence

beneficence of the generous promoters of this greatest of charities.

Pray, Sir, print this, if it be but to undeceive some poor wretched girls, who imagine the *Magdalen-House*, a place of confinement and misery; and therefore rather continue in their vile and destructive courses, than fly to this house of comfort. Sir, believe me, parental attention cannot exceed that of our worthy managers. In my sad illnesses, which the distress of my mind have brought upon me, I have had full proof—and it is but my duty to speak: especially as I owe my present being in this life, and all my future hopes of salvation to the *Magdalen*. May God of his rich mercy shower down every blessing upon all those, and all that belong to them, who assist in this good undertaking: may it prosper in the preservation of many miserable young creatures, from perdition: and may I never forget to adore the good Lord of heaven, who put it into the hearts of his servants to provide such a house, and who brought my wandering feet into its ever blessed doors!

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

W.

Another Grateful Magdalen.

NUMBER

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——— *You are a God above us :
 Be as a God then full of saving mercy.
 Mercy, oh mercy, Sir ! for his sake mercy,
 Who, when your stout heart weeps, shall give you
 pity.*

Beaumont and Fletcher.

GREAT conquests, and universal victory, may gain to a man the appellation of hero, and the *eclat* of an undistinguishing multitude : but acts of humanity, demonstrations of clemency and mildness, will ever recommend to the esteem of the virtuous and discerning, far beyond the most splendid successes of undaunted courage. Nor doth any thing serve so much to enhance our veneration for the heroes of war, as the occasions they have taken to shew themselves *men*, and to manifest that mercy and compassion, which is so honourable to our nature. Indeed, imagination can scarcely form to itself, a more despicable character, than that of the *man* (if such a man can be supposed to exist) who takes pleasure in the dire trade of war, and rejoices to spread amidst his fellow-creatures, confusion, desolation, and woe.

It is melancholy to reflect, that amidst the ample provision, which Providence hath made for all the human race, there should burn in the breasts of any so devouring a flame as that of ambition, which still calls for a supply to its insatiable fury; and thirsting for more, permits not to others the quiet enjoyment of their own. Hence is the sword of war drawn; the instruments of destruction sent forth; and the peace of multitudes disturbed.

to gratify the folly of ruinous pride. If conscience ever is awakened in such breasts, how great must be its terrors; and how fearful the representation of the wide and horrible waste, which the guilty mind must have before it, and which it must, with trembling, confess to be the consequence of its own infernal and unlimited passions?

However, if in the present disordered state of things wars are necessary, and men will not be contented to live in mutual harmony and peace; doubtless, it greatly behoves those, who are concerned in the conduct of them, to act with all possible humanity, and to alleviate, as much as they may, the many necessary and unavoidable evils of war. Clemency and compassion in all cases becomes, and in all cases will redound as much to their honour, as the brightest feats of heroism:

*No ceremony that to great ones 'longs
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does.*

Indeed the best idea we have of the deity, or at least the most pleasing, and the most endearing, is taken from that mercy and compassion, which affects us all so delightfully, when displayed amongst our fellow-creatures. We conceive this blessed affection to be, in its purest, its consummate excellence in God, who the scriptures tell us is *love* or benevolence—an unwearied *will* to do good, and to bless. And there is nothing more observable in the New Testament, than the *tender compassion*, which on all occasions shewed itself in the Son of God. Now, doubtless, the nearer we approach in similitude to the deity,

the

the nearer we approach to perfection. 'The more we excel in mercy, the more godlike we are.— An heathen * could say, *homines ad Deos nulla re propius accedunt, quam salutem hominibus dando.* Almost the immediate translation of which is given us, by *Shakespear*, whose words I quoted before :

*Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods ?
Draw near them then in being merciful.
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.*

And now that I have mentioned this writer, I cannot omit another passage from him on the subject, which is so fine, that it deserves a place in every memory.

*'The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed ;
It blesteth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown ;
His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy, is above the scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the heart of kings :
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power, doth then shew likest gods,
When mercy seasons justice.*

And as mercy is thus divine and excellent ; so it is pleasing to remark, the universal complacency

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H

placency

* Cicero. See the beauties of *Shakespear*, vol. ii. pag. 235.

placency and delight, which all men shew, either in the sight or in the relation of acts of mercy. Nothing gives such general satisfaction in the characters of great men; and nothing is so frequently spoken of, as those acts of clemency, by which they have distinguished themselves. We admire the victorious conqueror, and behold him with a kind of terrific approbation; but the humane and compassionate hero, we hold to our hearts, and glow with love to the man. *Alexander* never appears to such advantage as in the tent of *Darius*: While we there behold him soothing the distresses of the widow and the wife, and with the utmost clemency and moderation alleviating their sorrows, we are almost ready with the captives, to fall down at his feet, and embrace the illustrious hero! A hero, then indeed; for what can be wanting to finish his character? If he had died soon after this action, what a reputation had he established,—how great, how honourable!

Cæsar was not less celebrated for his humanity and mildness, than for his unparalleled courage and conduct. With what clemency did he always receive his submissive enemies! We never observe any tendency in him to take vengeance: those who had most obstinately and ungratefully opposed, had but to apply, and the mercy of *Cæsar* ever welcomed them with open arms. Innumerable instances might be produced: That of *Brutus* is striking, whom he received with the highest marks of friendship, after he had fought against him, under the banners of *Pompey*; little suspecting that this tenderness would not suffice to melt his heart, nor prevent him, from drenching his dagger in his amiable benefactor's blood.

Cyrus

Cyrus stands first of all the heroes in antiquity for superiority in this virtue: his whole history is an example of it. But there is a modern hero, *Peter the Great of Russia*, I mean, in whom one would not have expected, from the barbarity of his nation, such delicate touches of this divine temper; yet, I confess, his behaviour at *Narva*, always affects me, as one of the noblest instances of humanity to the vanquished. *Voltaire* tells us, "that as soon as the soldiers were masters of the town of *Narva*, they fell to plunder, and gave themselves up to the most enormous barbarities. The *Czar* ran from place to place to put a stop to this disorder and massacre. He was even obliged to kill with his own hands several *Muscovites*, who did not hearken to his orders." How gloriously severe! How much must the grateful citizens of *Narva*; how much must all posterity admire the steady attachment of his soul to generous clemency!

I will readily grant you, that under a dispensation like the christian, the grand and ruling commandment of which is *mutual benevolence*, is mercy, is compassion—we may justly expect higher instances of these virtues, than in a less enlightened state. And I am pleased to remark, that higher instances may be produced; many, in the course of this present war: in which our gallant countrymen have not more distinguished themselves by their *valour*, than by their *humanity*; a practice which we must surely wish to prevail, as it is the most probable method to secure his protection, who commands us to be *merciful even as he is merciful*, and who is able to crown their endeavours with success, who court his aid;—for he is omnipotent.—Under such commanders what may we not expect?

Under commanders, whose letters speak in such affecting and noble terms as these; "*I found the inhabitants of the parish of Sorrel had deserted their habitations and were in arms: I was therefore under the CRUEL NECESSITY of burning the greatest part of these poor people's houses. I PRAY GOD, this example may suffice: For MY NATURE REVOLTS, when this becomes a necessary part of my duty.*" *

Who that reads this can doubt of the virtue and excellence of the heart that dictated? Every Briton hath heard of the courage of the hand that wrote it; and must read with a generous concern, that *the effects of last winter have lamed this amiable man, so that it is with difficulty, he can write at present*—lamed him in the cause of his country, and to secure to his countrymen the most valuable acquisitions!—A perfect stranger as is the writer of these lines to the worthy personage referred to, he begs leave only to observe, that as this part of his letter occasioned the thoughts foregoing, so he hopes his reader will apply them: apply them to him who so justly merits the universal esteem of his fellow subjects:—An esteem, which certainly we can never withhold from all those *illustrious commanders*, who forsake the bed of ease and satisfaction, for the fatigues and hardships of a difficult war; from all those *honest countrymen* of ours, who endure the severities of long and dangerous campaigns, to secure to us at home the happy possession of blessings, superior to what any other nation hath to boast.

N U M B E R

* See Gen. Murray's letter to Mr. Pitt, on the taking of Montreal.

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*Of Fishes next—I wou'd enquire :
 From the small fry that glide on Jordan's stream,
 Unmark'd, a multitude without a name :
 To that Leviathan who o'er the seas,
 Immense rolls onward his impetuous ways :
 And mocks the wind, and in the tempest plays.*

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 PRIOR.

THE *Animal and vegetable productions of the Ocean*, are not less marvellous in themselves, nor less declarative of the wisdom and goodness of the great Designer, than the particulars which we have already considered : of this we shall be abundantly convinced, if we contemplate the *frame*, the *variety*, the *utility* of the former.—Some of them are wrapped up in *scales*, which are at the same time *light* enough to buoy them up in the water, and *solid* enough to prevent external evils : *scales* which adhere closely to their bodies, and are always laid in a kind of natural oil ; while their *fins* serve instead of wings, to bear them with an amazing rapidity through the liquid element. Indeed, their whole structure is curious, and would well repay a more accurate investigation than can be used in a paper of this kind. But I must not omit to mention, as a peculiar provision of Providence, that curious instrument the *air-bladder*, wherewith they are furnished ; by contracting or dilating which, they increase or diminish their specific gravity, and either sink or rise in the waters, as they please.—A firmer covering than *scales* is provided for others : they are secured in *shells*, exquisite in their workmanship, amazingly elegant in their symmetry, and superior to the finest ena-

mel in their polish: shells which serve as a kind of impregnable bulwark, and are a natural defence to them, against the depredations of their ravenous foes.

But while we admire the workmanship in the *scaly* or *shelly* generation: the *variety*, so obvious to our view, must immediately occur to us: though it no sooner occurs, than we are lost in the astonishing speculation. Could we read over the distinct catalogue of the different kinds, from the huge *Leviathan*, monarch of the deep, to the minute and almost indiscernible inhabitant of the waters, to the *Smelt*, or the *Minnow*: we should perceive, that neither the animal nor the feathered creation could boast either a more numerous, or a more diversified race. The peculiarity of shapes observable in some, the wonderful qualities discovered in others, still enhance our surprize at the inexhaustible wisdom of the Creator. The *Sword-fish*, and the *Polypus*; the *Torpedo*, the *Cuttle-fish*, and the *Nautilus*, are instances amongst a thousand: and serve to prove to us, that the Deity is confined to no one mode of action; but that he is no less diversified in the manner than in the matter of his productions.—For the variety in the *shelly* tribe, we refer our inquisitive readers to the cabinets of the curious, and to the grottos of the polite—so much the taste of our present times, and properly the taste, if the survey of such beautiful and variegated productions tend to elevate the mind, and to lift the soul in grateful adoration to that God of wonder and wisdom, who formed all these things, and gave them to man, as a glass wherein he might see lively traces of his almighty Creator! How amiable will it be, if while the fair hands of our British ladies dispose their various and polished shells, with all the elegance of fancy; they

they remember at the same time, whose unparalleled wisdom produced these beauties of nature ; and admonished hereby of his excellence, resolve to be most *excellent* themselves, by paying him unremitted honour.

But the Deity (though never neglectful of beauty and harmony in his works) is not used to consult variety and elegance alone : *Utility* is the great end of his creation : and where is it more discernible than in that part, which we at present contemplate ? The inhabitants of the deep not only supply the tables of the rich and wealthy with a continual repast ; but afford the poorer children of the earth a happy provision, which in many cases they attain, with the utmost ease, and which in all cases they attain at the smallest expence. And not only *food*, but other advantages are derived from the watery race : the *Whale* is a sufficient proof : industry and commerce can also bring instances from *fishes*, of a size contemptible, though not in advantage inferior even to the *Whale* !

There is one particular more respecting the natives of the deep, which deserves to be mentioned, and that is their amazing increase. As they live upon each other, prodigious devastations ensue : and therefore the Creator hath ordained, that their reparation should be as prodigious. They bring forth by thousands and millions ! Mr. *Petit* found 342,144 eggs in the hard roe of a carp, sixteen inches long : and Mr. *Lewenboeck* counted in a cod of an ordinary size 9,384,000 eggs ! how wonderful a fecundity ! and how well adapted to the exigencies of the watery world, where so great depredations are made continually, not only by the inhabitants one upon another, but also by *man*, who spreads universal havoc through creation, to supply his necessities !

With

With respect to the vegetable productions of the deep, the stony coral, the pellucid amber, the fibrous sea-weed, &c. we shall only observe, that the manner of their growth is peculiar: they shoot not, as other vegetables, their fibres into the soil, and thence drink their support: but fed by the circumambient waters, they adhere even to the most solid rocks, and are tacked, as it were, to the hardest flints, only to be secured from the random agitation of the waves. Such is the diversity of the divine works! a diversity, observable in his dealings with men, who, endued with different talents, appear in different stations, and are called to different employs, each concurring, with consummate harmony, to the proper conduct and perfection of the great Creator's plan! — We may also just observe, that to the *productions* of the ocean, as well as to the *waters* of it, health oweth many obligations: for many things useful and efficacious in medicine are derived from thence.

But while I stand on the shore, and behold the waters on one hand thundering with impetuous violence against the vast cliffs, which rear their mighty heads, as it were in contempt, over the insolent waves: and on the other hand, behold the foaming billows die away, not daring to advance on the level sand; I am in doubt which most to admire, the greatness of the former, or the weakness of the latter, by which this restless element is controuled! It would seem most consonant to our ideas, that impregnable cliffs and precipices should be the boundary of the vast deep: but cliffs and precipices seem, in many cases, rather a providential defence of the shore, than limits appointed to the waves: the sand is the barrier affixed by omnipotence. — The *sand*, impotent

tent and weak, yet, through God's ordination, rendered more forcible than a wall of brass! and thus he constantly displays his power: making things in appearance most impotent, productive of the greatest effects! *Fear ye not me, saith the Lord, will ye not tremble at my presence, who have placed the sand for the bound of the sea, by a perpetual decree, that it cannot pass it; and though the waves thereof toss themselves, yet can they not prevail: though they roar, yet can they not pass over it!*—So let the waves of wickedness and infidelity roar against that church, which was founded in weakness, by the crucifixion of a *despised Galilean*, yet shall they not prevail: God's strength is made perfect in weakness.

The Scriptures present the sea to us, in its troubled state, as an emblem of the wicked man: *The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest: whose waters cast up mire and dirt.* And a stronger emblem cannot well be imagined: for the foul deeds of iniquity are noxious as the offensive weeds and filth of the sea, and the conscience, continually in terrors, knows nothing of that placid calm and smiling repose, which lodges in the good man's breast. Let the passionate and iniquitous contemplate the ocean, in this view; and intreat him, who commanded the winds and the waves into peace, to hush their tempestuous disorders, and to introduce the sweet calm of virtue into their souls.

Many moralists have compared life to the ocean: which how smooth soever it may seem to invite us to its surface; the calm is deceitful, and will not long continue; storms and tempests will arise and toss the troubled vessel. While we sail through life, we must not expect a perpetual serenity: Difficulties, trials and afflictions await
all

all mankind; and happy they, who can steer their vessel safe amidst them into the harbour of everlasting rest!

Thither are we tending; thither time is bearing us along, however we may not perceive the steady motion: and like the river descending adown its channel, with a constant and unwearied pace, to discharge its waters into the ocean, so are we hastening to the great ocean of eternity, which must receive all the streams of this life, and in the end, swallow up even *time* itself! Through whatever windings and intricacies they pass, the rivers still keep on an unvaried course, and travel with regular uniformity to the destined end. But alas, how different is the human conduct! Assured though we are, that the important day is approaching, we forget to prepare, nay, we live in practices which are immediately opposite to preparation. We turn our streams backward, as it were, and strive all we can not only to forget eternity, but to forget it, by such methods, as will render it horrible, when we are compelled to launch into it. Wise men will pursue a different method; and remembering, that no human arts or efforts can save from death; like the stream, gliding uniformly to the ocean, they will in all their actions maintain a constant respect to their end, and move on with time, in the unwearied practice of all those duties, which, through their Redeemer, will infallibly render *eternity* blessed.

NUMBER LVI.

Qui non vetat peccare, cum possit, jubet.

SENECA.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

THE business of a periodical writer, is not only to amuse but to instruct. Not only to instruct, but to benefit. Not only "to catch the manners living as they rise," to decypher the reigning characters, and develope the reigning follies of his times; but also to offer such hints, and propose such schemes, as may be useful to the public, and tend to the advantage of the community. As you profess yourself not only a man of *Candour*, but a *Philanthropist*; I am satisfied you will be watchful of what may concern the public good, so far as it is connected with your province; and therefore will not refuse admittance to the remarks which I take the liberty to send you.

I am pleased, Sir, to observe, that in our days, such a spirit for improvement prevails, that we rise superior to the prejudices of former times, and can, without remorse, knock down our old incommodious gates, and widen our many inconvenient passages. This spirit, I hope, will carry us much farther, than merely external accommodations. It seems already to be operating; and it must be a satisfaction to every inhabitant of this opulent city, to find that some methods are taking to deliver us from those nuisances

sances in our streets, which are a scandal to our police and religion.

The word *Police* immediately reminds me of a magistrate, who, if he were indeed zealous for the reformation of Evil, would by all means strike at this *πορνειον ψευδος*, this detestable pollution, which opens the flood gates to every evil. I will frankly acknowledge, that I have a good opinion of this person, and would not willingly change it: As I have also of another, who, though his rival in magistracy, is not less interested, I persuade myself, in the public good. But I must own, it strangely alarms and shocks me to think, that harlotry and impudence should abound most under these gentlemen's noses, and that houses should be licensed so near them, which are defiled continually with the most infernal iniquity. Impudence no longer courts the shade. Let any man walk up a certain street leading from the *Strand*, and he will see numbers of unhappy prostitutes, in the broad daylight, plying their miserable trade! Cannot this be prevented?—If not, where is decency? If it can, where are our magistrates? They are not ignorant of these things.

We hear with horror of the increase of murders; but we shall hear of more with the increase of prostitutes: and prostitutes will increase, if they are not discouraged.—Watchful, as they esteem themselves for the interest of the state, some I know will cry out, “What then, would you allow no prostitutes,—or would you have licensed stews; in the former case, greater evils probably will ensue; the latter is inconsistent with Christianity!” O wondrous zeal for Christianity! You can talk of the inconsistency of stews with that holy religion, when you know, that

that our very respectable gravity admits of bagnio's and bawdy-houses innumerable ; and of houses professedly such :—let us hear then no more of your religious scrupulosity. As to the total removal of *barlots*, that is neither possible to be effected, nor is it at all intended. We only wish that they might not be suffered to triumph in the eye of the sun, and to molest the capital streets of our metropolis, to the destruction of many, and the nuisance of all.

While I write, a mournful instance of their pernicious malignity is before me. An instance which I fear might easily be paralleled. The wife of my neighbour * * *, lies in all the distress of that disease, which was communicated to her by her husband, by means of an accidental commerce with one of these daughters of poison. He is a man of as much sobriety, worth, and integrity, as most men ; but one night spending his evening not far from *Temple Bar*, he was overcome with wine ; and in his way home picked up by one of these women, whom, when ignorant, alas ! of right or wrong—he unhappily attended. The consequence was terrible, more terrible still, as his wife shared in it ; more terrible as he concealed, and she did not know the cause of her complaint, which neglected, and striking in with other disorders, hath ruined her, and made him the most wretched of human beings ! If there were only one such case as this, surely it well deserves the attention of the community, to route these women from their public haunts, and to confine them to the out-lets of the city : But how many such instances might daily be produced ? and how many parents unite with me in the request to all concerned, that they would use their best efforts, and secure their sons from that de-

struction, which threatens them so much at present, and in which so many young people have been over-whelmed, to the inexpressible anguish of their broken-hearted parents.

It is certain these common street-walkers merit no compassion, as the benevolence of our times hath provided a resource for them, from this miserable way of life. Before the institution of the *Magdalen-house*, we used to say, and they used to tell us,—“Alas! where can we go—how can we get free from this way of life?”—Now they have the impudence to cry—“Oh, there is the *Magdalen* for them by and bye, and it is time enough to repent.” Which plainly proves, they are vile upon principle; and therefore deserving more contempt than the beast that perishes. The *Magdalen* certainly is not meant for such as these: and that excellent charity can never be serviceable to wretches, who take a delight in the foulest vices, in the filth of prostitution, in drunkenness, blasphemy and obscenity.—And can men take delight in such women! Ye sons of lewdness, know your own advantage better, and leave such unworthy objects, while you court the inexpressibly superior pleasure of virtuous affection!

As this, Sir, seemed a proper time to throw in these hints, I was willing not to let it slip: men seem to be thinking of these things, and therefore every observation may be of service: I earnestly wish, that to the honour of our present times, we may add this also: and that we may be as zealous to promote the dominion of virtue, and good manners at home, as our brave countrymen are to promote our glory abroad.

And now that I am upon the subject, suffer me just to add, that in clearing the streets of prostitutes,

prostitutes, we should also endeavour to clear them of that shameless tribe called *ballad-singers*, who are a kind of *pandar* to thieves, and who go about to summon attentive gaping circles; that these gentlemen may serve their own purposes.—*Common beggars* too ought by no means to be suffered: they have all *parish provisions*. I know the objections made to these, and I may possibly send you some hints on *parish* work-houses, officers, &c, if you insert this. One way to deliver us from the pain and importunity of beggars, would be an universal resolution not to give them any thing. If we imagine we are doing good, and are charitable in giving to them, we grievously err. We are not doing good but evil, supporting idleness and vice, and this cannot be charity.

Sir, I have long had the honour to be a merchant of this respectable city; and as I have seen with pleasure many excellent schemes for public benevolence planned and perfected; so I have no doubt but there is so much zeal in my countrymen, as to animate them to the execution of these useful improvements also.

I am with much esteem,

Yours, &c.

NUMBER

NUMBER LVII.

— — — — — Only add
*Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add faith;
 Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love
 By name to come, call'd charity, the Soul
 Of all the rest; then wilt thou not be loath
 To leave this paradise, but shalt possess
 A paradise, within thee, happier far.*

MILTON.

To the VISITOR.

S I R,

IN my former letters, wherein I have proposed to delineate, in some measure, the *excellence* of the christian religion, it hath been observed, that the perfection of its laws; the persuasiveness of its motives to obedience; and the very awful nature of its sanctions," are high recommendations of it, and strong proofs of its excellence.

If you compare the *morality* of the christian system, with that of the wisest and best of the heathen philosophers, with that of *Socrates* or *Cicero*, who indisputably claim the pre-eminence in the school of antient philosophy, you will not hesitate a moment, where to ascribe the superiority. Indeed there neither is, nor can be properly any comparison. Since the perfection of moral laws depends, not only upon a right knowledge of ourselves, but also of God; and as the heathens had the most improper and inadequate idea of the Deity, it was impossible that their laws respecting piety towards him, could have any degree of perfection. The christian revelation

tion which hath given us a just notion of the omnipotent Ruler of the world, hath also given us just notions of that duty, which we owe to Him — of that *love, fear, reverence, worship, humility, dependence, and resignation*, and all those other offices of piety, which are at once so reasonable in their own nature, and so conducive to the perfection of ours.

And as to that morality, which concerns either *ourselves* or the *public*, which tends to the peace of individuals; or the happiness of society; it is not easy to conceive any scheme wrought up to a greater degree of excellence; or more beautifully calculated to promote the great ends designed. Unlike, very unlike the heathen moralists, the great christian Lawgiver lays the foundation of our private happiness and duty, in a temper and disposition, to which the wisest of antient times were so much strangers, that they had not even a word in their language to express it. * *Humility* is the virtue I mean; that *poverty of spirit*, upon which the first blessing is pronounced, in our Saviour's sermon on the Mount, which singly may well be esteemed superior to all the ethics of antiquity.

We may here again observe, that as the heathens were no less ignorant of the true nature of man, than of God; of his originally perfect and now fallen state; it was no less impossible, that their morality should be right, with respect to him, than with respect to God. For as the duties we owe to God, are certainly founded upon the nature of God; so the duties we owe to ourselves, and our obligations to virtue, certainly depend upon the right knowledge of our own nature,

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circumstances

* See Jortin's Disc. 7th ad fin.

circumstances and relations. Hence a knowledge of ourselves is and hath been generally esteemed the first step in the path of virtue. On which account that ancient saying, *Know thyself*, though so little understood, was so generally prized, and esteemed so full of wisdom, that nothing less than a God was imagined capable of delivering it. "*We very justly suppose that saying, Know thyself, says Cicero, to have been delivered to us from the gods themselves.*"

But if the heathen morality was deficient in this first branch of the christian, and never dreamt of so elevated a perfection, as that which is but the first step in the school of Christ; what shall we say, of their total ignorance of that *internal purity*, which the laws of Christ so exactly enjoin! For not the outward act only, but the inward intention is directed and regulated by his holy precepts, who sees, who knows, and who estimates men by the thoughts of their hearts. This is going to the root of the matter, and establishing virtue and holiness upon the most solid basis. It is not enough for the christian to abstain from external violence, impurity and intemperance: the vices must be eradicated; the very inclinations mortified; and the contrary virtues cultivated in their utmost extent. Thus a method is divinely proposed to heal all the evils of disordered, and to introduce all the blessings and harmony of regulated affections. For as all vice is productive of misery, afflictive to the conscience, painful in the recollection, and destructive of the nobler faculties of the soul; so an uniform and inward attachment to virtue, a love of her ways, and a steady perseverance in them, diffuses the softest calm of serenity, supplies the sweetness of perfect content, and gives the most

satisfactory

satisfactory foretaste of celestial and consummate felicity.—

We observe, that no other system but the christian was adequate to the production of this heart-felt felicity. The heathens indeed, with much propriety, have talked of the beauty of virtue, and the deformity of vice. But as they never knew the sublime precepts of humility, of forgiveness, of universal love; it was impossible, that the soul could enjoy unruffled felicity, since whatever of *pride*, of *malice*, or of *envy*, remains unsubdued in the heart, so much of misery and unhappiness unavoidably must remain. Christianity therefore, whose first precepts teach the conquest of these, is not only superlatively excellent in itself, but above all things worthy the acceptance of every wise and rational man.

But if the morality of Christ is calculated to produce the truest piety towards God, and the most perfect private felicity, so is it equally calculated to promote the peace of society, and to advance the public tranquility and happiness. That one single rule invariably pursued (if the evil passions of men would suffer them invariably to pursue it) *Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them*; could not fail to render society delightful. Why it is not invariably pursued, may too easily be accounted for. But this is no objection to the rule itself; and we are only speaking now, of the nature and tendency of the *Christian laws*. I must confess however, that I never think upon this subject, without a pleasing admiration of the divine wisdom, which hath so amiably and so excellently comprised our duty to each other, in that one word—*Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself*! How

How plain to every comprehension; yet so perfect, that all the united wisdom of man can contrive nothing more complete! How lovely also, to win us to our duty by the most endearing affection, and to derive our obligations to mutual good will, from the mutual relation we bear to each other. How vain, how useless, would be the long labours of casuists, and all the precision of moral theorists; if men would bear this divine precept, engraved as it were on their honest hearts; and unite in a brotherly concern, and sympathetic tenderness for each other's welfare! *Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself*—canst thou then injure, revile, defraud, oppress and ruin him,—canst thou work any ill to him?—nay, canst thou with-hold thy hand from doing him all the good in thy power;—wilt thou not readily assist, comfort, serve, support, and render him all the services thou art able? Certainly, if you are a Christian indeed; if you believe the word of Christ, if you expect a future reward: if you have any dependence upon him, whose *love to you* constrained him to die for you: certainly if you have any reverence for the word of God, or any love for yourself, you will not only remember, but constantly conduct yourself by that complete precept—of *universal love*.

An attention to this single precept, and a serious consideration of its extensive utility, will suffice abundantly to shew the superlative *excellence* of the morality of Christ, above that of all other teachers; and consequently will suggest to us a very strong and convincing argument in proof of his Messiahship. But this by the way.—I should now proceed to speak of the persuasive *motives* and awful *sanctions*, which
invite

invite and persuade us to a conformity with these sacred laws. But for this, I must intreat the favourable allowance of a future admission into your paper.

Suffer me at present, only briefly to remark, that those men, who presume to discountenance the morality of Christ, and who take upon them to oppose and revile his sacred precepts, even under a notion of doing greater honour to his *free grace* as they call it, certainly deserve the severest reproofs, and merit the universal disapprobation of mankind. There is nothing plainer, than that the absolute necessity of moral duties is inculcated, throughout the writings of Christ and his apostles; and woe be to them, who endeavour to loosen the solemn obligations; who, under strange ideas of *righteousness externally imputed*, would infer the non-importance of an internal righteousness, wrought in the heart, and displayed in the life; who under wild notions of *legal dependencies* would explode the pure and holy love of the Christian gospel; who would introduce all the impurity and defilement of heathenism, under the hypocritical pretence of superior sanctity; and all the filth of accursed *Antinomianism*, under the cloak of zeal for the grace of Christ!

But while we justly abhor such abominable maxims and destructive doctrines, let us take care, that we do not condemn ourselves; and vainly boast of the *excellence* and superiority of the christian morality, while we ourselves are yet not so exemplary, as good heathens. It is indeed unpleasing to remark how very many Christians fall short of the morality of the heathens, in *temperance, justice, chastity, piety, meekness, benevolence*! What avails it to you, who profess your-
self

self a Christian, that no laws are so *pure, elevated, extensive, divine*, as the laws of Christ, while you never think of directing your conduct by them ! Oh ridiculous and shocking ; you boast of the christian morality, and are yourself immoral. In the name of sober reflection, ask yourself, I beseech you, “ Wherefore did Christ deliver these laws ? ” And, “ What shall I be able to answer the great Judge, when he reminds me, that he plainly said to me, in the gospel—*These words are to judge you at the last day.* ”

I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

M.

NUMBER LVIII.

King's, who are fathers, live but in their people,
 DRYDEN.

*Such Kings, like stars, with influence unconfin'd
 Shine with propitious aspect on mankind :
 Favour the innocent, repress the bold ;
 And while they flourish, make an age of gold*

WALLER.

WHEN the inimitable author of that fine allegoric poem of *Telemachus*, introduces his young hero to the future place of rewards and punishments, he takes especial care to mark out to him the miserable fate of *bad*, and the superlative felicity of *good Kings* ; of *Kings*, renowned for their wisdom, justice, and beneficence ; whom he places in honour and bliss, far above the heroes renowned for their valour and military achievements.

ments. " Those who have reigned with justice, and have had a tender love for their people (says he *) were the favourites of the gods, while *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*, full of their quarrels and battles, do still even here retain their turbid dispositions, and discontented pride.—*Just Kings*, purified by the divine light which feeds them, have nothing more to desire to complete their happiness: with eyes of compassion they behold the restlessness of mortals; and the great designs, which distract the thoughts of ambitious men, appear to them, like the sports of children; their hearts are replenished with truth and virtue, which they draw at the fountain-head; they have nothing more to suffer either from themselves or from others; no more uneasy appetites, no more necessities, no more fears! every thing is at an end with them, except *their joy*, which is *endless*!

Yes, † gracious *Monarch*; yes, thou *Father* of thy people; yes, universally-beloved *Sovereign*; the tender tears of thy subjects, thy *children*; the unaffected concern, which throbs at every heart, and melts in every eye, pathetically express their venerable esteem, their filial love of thee; their silent and dejected grief, more speakingly than all the powers of eloquence, proclaim thy title to that blissful region, where good Kings rest in undisturbed pleasure; where cares, and fears, and anxieties cease; where honours fade not, and where *joy is endless*!

Oh how pleasing to yield our breath, and pay the last sad necessary debt, lamented by the voice of general love; bewailed by the tear of universal affection;

* See the *Adventures of Telemachus*, B. 19.

† This paper was written the morning after the late King's death.

affection; embalmed in the precious memory of reverential, grateful esteem! How pleasing to die, as it were, in the arms of regretful weeping anxiety; to leave a longing desire of us behind, and to cease to exist, ere we cease to be valuable and necessary!—This was the happy lot of our departed *Sovereign*: on whom the favour of heaven seems to have shed its choicest blessings. Formed by nature for royalty, he early shewed those great and shining qualities, which adorn the princely diadem. Undaunted courage distinguished him in the field; firmness and fortitude, tempered with mild clemency, and melting compassion, bespoke him worthy to sustain the difficulties of empire. It is true, the glaring acts of conquest, and the sounding eclat of military prowess fill the trumpet of fame with the loudest breath: but the still and noble virtues, which cultivate and bless a people, as they merit the highest honour, so do they add the truest dignity to the man. *George the 4th*, had enough of the fire of heroism to have won him immortal renown in the tented field, had he been lustful of such glory: but he was happy enough to move in another, and a better sphere; and to shine, like a good star, with a benign influence, on mankind. He was a friend of liberty; and though born a King, he was not only anxious to secure that first of blessings to his own subjects, but he may be justly stiled the general assertor of human liberty; and it may be said of him with the strictest truth, that he never drew the sword in any other cause. No other cause could have prevailed with a Prince of his generous nature to draw the destructive sword. For can we imagine, that HE, who scarce ever signed the necessary instrument of condemned malefactors execution, without tears and the

the most uneasy reluctance; can we imagine, that HE, who could shed the pitying drops over his brave young *General's* grave;—that HE could commission the instruments of ruin, without concern; or send forth the ministers of devastation, without the most pressing necessity?

The splendid virtues of heroism may render us eminent in the tongues of men; the endearing virtues of humanity can alone render us beloved by our nearest friends and domestics. Ask them, and they will tell you, if their brimful hearts will allow them utterance, that their gracious *master* was not more great, than good; that every social excellency adorned the *man*; that they have lost the friend, the father, the benefactor! Uniform and regular in his actions; steady in his attachments; grave, calm, and magnanimous in his disposition; and admirable for his moderation and strict temperance.

The sun rarely found him asleep on his pillow; but with its rising rays saluted the illustrious *King*, bending the suppliant knee before the throne of the King of Kings! And it deserves remarking, that at *this hour*, when he had just performed his morning-duty, and fitted himself, as it were, for heaven; the call to glory came; and without a pang, almost without a groan, the kind hand of his heavenly Father, received his soul to himself! *Received* him, after having indulged him to us, for a long series of important years: and blest him with such felicities, as have rarely *fell* to the lot of Kings, to the lot of the most favoured and happy of Princes. For it was his, to see his people united in the firmest concord, and most friendly union; such as *Britain* never before experienced, such as her annals cannot parallel, in her most fortunate days! It was

his to see *indignant faction* perish, and languishing *party* waste diminished into death ! It was his to see a thankful harmonious people joyfully concurring with all his commendable measures ; and contending how most to express their zeal and their love ! It was his to see the *flag* of his kingdom ride triumphant over the subject *deep* ; it was his to behold the *British Lion* roused to unusual courage, and victorious in every quarter of the globe. It was his, to receive valuable acquisitions to his crown ; and conquests of the most important nature ; made still more important and more valuable, by the notable conduct and unequalled bravery of those who gained them ! For, to the glory of our King, and of our times, let it be remembered, that no period can produce a more plentiful harvest of truly gallant and heroic actions. But let us add, to the peculiar felicity of our deceased monarch : It was his, to see his subjects of these happy islands, rejoicing amidst all the delights and blessings of peace, while war's dreadful terrors shook almost the world around ! It was his to see *commerce* flourish with unwonted vigour, to see the riches of nations poured into his *barbours*, and his *Exchange* the grand mart of the globe ! To see wealth abound ; the arts flourish ; and benevolence rear aloft her celestial head, executing plans of humanity, which would add a superlative lustre to every age !

Happier still, if heaven had indulged him with the sight of honourable peace restored to oppressed mankind — There had then remained little of felicity more to have been presented to his view. — But this pleasing sight, this gentle and all-inviting *peace* is reserved, we trust, for his eyes, to whom the sceptre of his fathers descends ; and to whom the monarch of our love must have resigned

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ed it with peculiar satisfaction. For, once more ; it was his to see, not only a numerous posterity, to secure happy and uninterrupted succession in his line ; but to behold a truly royal *grandson*, heir of his virtues, and of his crown ; and early manifesting all those qualifications, which are necessary to constitute the good King, and the great man ! So that we may truly apply to *him* the words of the sacred writer, *Thou shalt know also that thy seed shall be great, and thine offspring as the grass of the earth. Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in its season !*

Oh may'st thou live, ever live, gracious Sovereign, in the faithful remembrance of thy people ! and can we fail to *remember thee* with tenderest esteem, who for so many years hast ruled over us, our general father ; and secured to us the most invaluable blessings ! Rest, rest, blessed shade ; may the fullest joys of immortality reward thee ! while the tears of thy people,—tears shed amidst the loudest acclamations of joy * — bespeak their sorrows, and confirm thy goodness : happier far to die, amidst such silent witnesses of undisssembled regard, than amidst the wordy adulations of an applauding universe !—While for ourselves we will transfer our allegiance and affection to the heir of thy throne, and of thy glories—whose princely virtues we contemplate with an heart-felt delight : virtues, which bloom so early, and so fair, that we doubt not, but the favour of

K 2

Providence

* It was observable, that amidst the triumph of the proclamation, many eyes were wet with tears ; and in particular some of those concerned in the joyful part of the ceremony, could not withhold the natural and affectionate drops, while their hands administered to the chorus of congratulation.

Providence will continue to bless us, under his auspicious reign; and secure to us that *unanimity, credit, honour*, and all those important felicities, which dignify and distinguish the glorious æra!

“Animated with the tenderest affection for this *his native country* (our rising monarch graciously assures us, in words that are *felt* by every British breast) that he enters, with cheerfulness, into his arduous situation; and will make it—not only his endeavour to prosecute the present just and necessary war, in a manner the most likely to bring on an honourable and lasting peace—But—he will make it *the business of his life to promote in every thing the glory and happiness of these kingdoms, to preserve and STRENGTHEN the constitution both in church and state!*”

Oh may the favour of *omnipotent wisdom* continually dwell with him, and graciously assist him in all his royal designs! long may He live and reign in the hearts of his approving subjects; long may the choicest comforts pitch their delighted tents around Him! and late, very late, full of days and full of glory, like his illustrious grandfire of blessed memory, may HE exchange a *temporal* for an *eternal* crown, amidst the tender tears of a numerous posterity, of an unanimous and affectionate people!

N U M B E R

NUMBER LIX.

*Artes quomodo florere possunt, artium si magistri
nullo habeantur in honore? ——— BOETH.*

To the VISITOR,

Nov. 3, 1760, Audley-square.

SIR,

I HAVE read with satisfaction your papers from the beginning. You seem a friend to religion and your country. Pray God, give you good success. I could not help shedding tears over your last *Saturday's* paper. Perhaps those tears were selfish; for I have seen almost as many suns rise and set, as his late most sacred Majesty. But if sorrow moistened my eyes, on perusing your paper; believe me, joy had the same effect on reading the present King's proclamation "for the encouragement of *Piety and Virtue*, and for preventing and punishing of Vice, Profane-ness, and Immorality."—It would be too long for me to mention the particular delight I found in each part of it: suffer me to dwell a little on the topic, which hath been the frequent subject of my thoughts; and a heavy burden to my mind. It recurred to me strongly on reading this proclamation, especially where his gracious Majesty declares, "That for the encouragement of *Religion and Morality*, he will, upon all occasions, distinguish persons of *PIETY and VIRTUE*, by marks of his royal favour."—Invariably to pursue this resolution, will be to make himself a great

King, and his people a good and happy people. But I may be permitted to observe, that this is above all things necessary, with respect to the *Clergy*; the ministers of religion.

It is absurd to suppose, that religion and piety should flourish, if the immediate ministers of it are *despised* and *despicable*. Their case calls for consideration. In some particulars it is deplorable; in others, it is scandalous. The *Clergy* are a venerable body of men. I am jealous for their honours; anxious for their welfare; and heartily desirous they should adorn their holy profession in all things!—But, good God, how is, how can this be the case, in the present circumstances of many? Look at several in this great city, who *let* themselves out for wretched and low pay: and what veneration for religion do they inspire? They preach over porter-pots in dirty ale-houses; and talk of orthodoxy, amongst the lowest of the people!—Others cannot rise above the world, and many little meannesses, through the straitness of their scanty preferment. They have a living of an hundred, perhaps an hundred and fifty pounds per annum: they have a family to maintain: they are to appear according to their station: they know not how to appear otherwise; their birth and education have raised them above the sordid ideas of penury. Distressed on all sides, and dejected, how can they elevate an oppressed mind?—Nay, many of them are forced to perform the duties of their function, perhaps through their whole lives, for less wages than are paid to a common *Excise-man*: less than almost any journeyman mechanic can procure; What wonder, that such men are obliged to mingle with improper company; that they fall into vices; into contempt?—

Of

Of the superior Clergy, what shall I say ! I know many of them truly worthy. But again ; how many seem to forget, that they have the care of souls ; rarely visiting their charges, or perhaps giving them occasionally a dry harangue,—while too, too often they carry themselves with a loftiness, ill-besuiting the humility of their function ; and from their over-grown revenues allow a scanty pittance to a worthy man (a *brother*) to perform the labour !—I will not go higher. Let me only observe, that as clergymen of all degrees and distinctions are as lights set upon an hill ; so deficiencies in their conduct are more observable ; and consequently they are called to greater caution.

By these means and the like (which I need not enumerate) the clergy are brought into contempt : thus they have given the most prevailing handle to sectaries. The ill examples of the clergy, are a common topic with them ; and it is much to be wished, there were no truth in their remarks. When they speak of *proud, lazy, immoral* clergymen, it is a bitter reproach. God wipe it from our land, and stop the mouths of these men. I am convinced, nothing will tend so much to stop their mouths, and stem their progress, as zeal and activity in our clergy. There is a strong attachment in the people to the regular clergy ; where such are active and exemplary, there are found but few *Methodists* or Dissenters.—What then, you may say, is to be done ? Hear an old man for once ; it is the last time perhaps I may ever deliver my thoughts to the public : my sun is just about to set, and the days of darkness are hastening upon me : may my last words (if these be such) prove serviceable to religion and my country !

Our

Our gracious Monarch hath assured us, that he “will on all occasions, *distinguish* persons of Piety and Virtue.” This is the first and surest method, to promote Piety and Virtue amongst the clergy, as well as all orders of men. What encouragement hath man to apply himself to the labour of learning, and the toils of the ministerial function—(if we abate the inselt satisfaction arising from conscious duty) when he is well-assured, that he shall neither meet with regard nor attention: nay, perhaps, shall rather meet with sneers and neglect. When he sees, that to preferment other roads lie open; and that the advanced station, is not the well earned purchase of real merit? But should the serious clergyman, whose blameless and shining conduct; whose earnest and constant labours in the pulpit, and in other parts of his duty; whose abilities, sincerity, and piety are evident; should he, should such men be called out and distinguished; should the royal favour mark out such; we should soon see a harvest of good men, diligent in their ministerial functions, and cheered with the pleasing reflection, that they were securing their best interests, while they were recommending themselves to their *princes* on their *bishops* favour!—The lukewarm and the worthless would thus be ashamed into duty; and we should see virtue and religion assume the fairest appearance.—God assist and strengthen our gracious King in this good work.

A second method to serve religion, by assisting its ministers, would be, to render their lives more free from the uneasy distraction of worldly anxieties, by giving them a more comfortable subsistence. I do not take upon me, either to direct or suggest, how this may be accomplished. It deserves the attention of our superiors. In
this

this charitable age, no considerations could be more charitable. Mark me, I do not plead for wealthy supplies, or the means of luxurious living: I ask (and no man can say it is unreasonable) that those who minister to us in holy things, should not be *starved*—should have a *competency*. Those who administer to our *pleasures, players, singers, dancers, &c.* are not satisfied, but with their *thousands* per annum! Countrymen and fellow Christians, is not this the greatest reproach upon us? we give these men such sums, to spend in the vilest manner;—and our clergy, men of liberal education, and, for the most part (where necessity is not too powerful) men of good lives—have not *fifty*, not an hundred pounds a year to support themselves and families! ought these things so to be?—“But many of them, you say, have their thousands a year: accumulate preferments upon preferments: and, like the horse-leech, still cry, *Give, give?* these too are often hardest upon their inferior brethren—what would you say of these?”—Truly, nothing: I will only refer you to my last remark, concerning the *first* method to promote *Piety and Virtue*!—This will suffice for an answer to any objections from the *trifling or immoral* conduct of the clergy.

One method more, I would offer, “Ordain fewer, ordain none who have not been of the university; or, are not very *shining* exceptions.” As to the latter branch of this advice, it may sure, easily, be complied with. It is a shame to see so many *illiterate mechanics* in our city pulpits. I heard *one*, reading prayers the other day, who miscalled every proper name in the lessons, and mis-pronounced half the words in the service.—Not long since there were *five* of these men *candidates*,—(Fratres eheu dilectissimi!) for a city-lecture:

lecture: *shoemakers* formerly, *weavers*, *bakers*, &c. now right good and reverend divines! This is a grievous nuisance: a sad offence and opprobrium to religion. And what is worse, some of these interlopers have been *apostles*, and wandering prophets among the *methodists*! I know that it is said, there is a scarcity in the northern counties; and therefore the Bishops are obliged to ordain men not regularly bred. This may be some excuse, in these cases: but let not such northern men disgust us in the pulpits of our *capital*; and let not mechanics be ordained for the service of the metropolis. Hence the shabby gown and tattered cassock, which pains us, dragging in the streets; hence prating in the ale-house, &c.

But how, “*Ordain fewer?*” Fewer, who come with regular testimonials from universities? It is cruel to disappoint young men, whose parents have fitted them for this occupation; spent much money in *their* education, and thus incapacitated them from any other means of living. The humanity of our right reverend Bishops cannot do this. Some more *early* remedy therefore must be applied. Parents should be advised of the difficulties of the clerical employ, and not think of educating their children in that way.—And I humbly ask, could not the affair of *false titles*, so commonly given, be rectified; and is it not possible, for our superiors to ordain no man, but where there is a real want of him, for the business of his function?—If this were universally known and declared; it might possibly prevent many a young man from entering into a profession, for which he is, at the best, but ill qualified; and the disappointments of which will perhaps render him truly miserable.

Possibly

Possibly you may expect that I should say something of the *noblemen*, who bring up *their* sons to the church. Many object greatly; I do not; reserving what hath been remarked under the first head. If men of *merit* are invariably preferred, I shall rejoice to see sons of noble families distinguish themselves. This will raise a laudable emulation, and have a very benign influence on religion in general, and in the higher sphere of life especially.

However, Sir, let what will be the issue; methinks, if clergymen would seriously consider the importance of their office; the influence of *their* example; and the solemn account they must one day give;—it would, separately from all other considerations, make them holy, humble, zealous, and laborious. If it pleases God to inspire our King with resolution and ability to distinguish such men, we shall see piety and virtue abound. For suffer an old man to repeat; “It is ridiculous to think, that religion should flourish, while its ministers are *despicable* or *despised*.”

I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

J. B. Senex.

P. S. I forgot to mention, that *residence* is much called for. I know the objections; and in some cases admit them, till better provision is made. But many of those clergy, who come to town, and take *lectures*, &c. and some of those, who are the *backneys* of their profession, have *cures* in the country, which loudly call for their attention and presence; for they are left, in many cases,

cases, to poor creatures, who *ride* or *walk* with all speed from church to church; hurry over the service; (and that perhaps three or four times in a Sunday) to the great scandal and offence of sober and thinking people in the country. This calls for redress.

NUMBER LX.

——— *To censure trade,
Or hold her busy people in contempt,
Let none presume.*

DYER.

IT must give every lover of his country a very high and sincere pleasure, to read over such a list of respectable names, as appeared after the *Merchants* address, in our public papers. Nor can it fail to dignify our nation abroad, and to afford a striking proof of our credit and happiness; when so many men of known wealth and worth, with unanimity unparalleled, offer their best services to their beloved young monarch. In this list we read the names of our most considerable *Merchants*, names well known abroad; and though by some inadvertence, a few forward and improper men have officiously thrust in their names, and made themselves ridiculous; yet the list in general is so truly respectable, that our enemies must despair at the sight; and our friends rejoice at our strength and concord.

I must freely confess for my own part, that as I have the highest veneration for *commerce*, which is the grand pillar of our nation; so have I,—and with the utmost reason,—the truest esteem for those worthy gentlemen, who are concerned in it.

Whose

Whose Merchants are Princes, may be applied to them with as great propriety as to those of *Tyre* heretofore; *Princes*, in generosity and acts of benevolence, to many of which, of a public nature, our present times can witness; *Princes*, in elegance and magnificence; *Princes*, in private bounty, in the greatness of their designs, and the abundance of their wealth.

What a blessing are they to our nation, and how much are we all interested in their welfare? I cannot give my reader a better idea of *trade*, than is already given by a *foreigner* in one of his letters, which I always read with pleasure, (though this is far from being the case with his writings in general) and which I dare say, will be very acceptable: "As trade, says he, enriched the citizens of England, so it contributed to their *freedom*; and this freedom on the other side extended their *commerce*: whence arose the *grandeur* of the state. Trade raised by insensible degrees the naval power which gives the *English* a superiority over the seas, and they now are masters of very near two hundred ships of war. (N. B. This was written several years ago.) Posterity will very possibly be surprized to hear, that an island, whose only produce is a little lead, tin, fullers-earth and *coarse wool*. (N. B. In this the writer is mistaken, he did not understand the British *wool*)—should become so powerful by its commerce, as to be able to send in 1723, three fleets at the same time to three different and far distanced parts of the globe. One to *Gibraltar*, which was conquered and is still possessed by the English; a second to *Porto Bello*, to dispossess the King of Spain of the treasures of the *West-Indies*; and a third into the *Baltic*, to prevent the northern powers, from coming to an engagement.

At the time when *Lewis* the fourteenth made all *Italy* tremble; and that his armies, which had already possessed themselves of *Savoy* and *Piedmont*, were upon the point of taking *Turin*; Prince *Eugene* was obliged to march from the middle of Germany, in order to succour *Savoy*. Having no money, without which cities cannot be either taken or defended, he addressed himself to some *English* Merchants*. These, at an hour and half's warning, lent him *five millions* †,—whereby he was enabled to deliver *Turin*, and to beat the *French*: after which he wrote the following short letter to the persons, who had disbursed him the above-mentioned sums: “Gentlemen, I have received your money, and flatter myself, that I have laid it out to your satisfaction.”—Such a circumstance as this raises a just pride in an *English* Merchant, and makes him presume, (not without some reason) to compare himself to a *Roman* citizen; and indeed a *Peer*'s brother does not think traffic beneath him.

“When

* This puts me in mind of a story I have read, respecting some foreign Merchants, named *Fuggers*, who were very illustrious by their liberalities to men of letters, and who could raise more money, we are told, than any prince in Europe. To testify their gratitude to *Charles V.* who had done them the honour to lodge at their house, when he passed through *Augsburgh*: they one day, amongst other acts of magnificence, laid upon the hearth a large bundle of cinnamon, a merchandize then (about the year 1528) of great price; and lighted it with a note of hand of the emperor, for a very considerable sum which they had lent him. This it must be owned was a very genteel way of discharging the imperial debtor. See *Bayle's Dictionary*, *Fugger* and *Charles V.*

† As this author writes in French, we suppose this was of French money.

“ When the Lord *Townshend* was minister of State, a brother of his was content to be a city merchant. And at the time, that the Earl of *Oxford* governed *Great Britain*, his younger brother was no more than a factor at *Aleppo*, where he chose to live, and where he died. This custom appears monstrous to *Germans*, vainly puffed up with their extraction. They think it morally impossible, that the son of an English *Peer* should be no more than a rich and powerful citizen:—for all are *Princes* in Germany! There have been *thirty bigbnesses* of the same name; all whose patrimony consisted only in *their escutcheons*, and—their pride.

“ In France the title of *Marquis* is given *gratis*, to any one who will accept of it; and whosoever arrives at *Paris* from the midst of the most remote provinces with *money* in his purse, and a name terminating in *ac* or *ille*, may strut about and cry, *Such a man as I! A man of my rank and figure!* And may look down upon a *trader* with sovereign contempt; whilst the trader on the other side, by often hearing his profession treated thus disdainfully, is fool enough to blush at it.—However I need not say, which is most *useful* to a nation; a *Marquis* powdered in the tip of the mode, who knows exactly at what o’clock the King rises and goes to bed; and who gives himself airs of grandeur and state, at the same time, that he is acting the slave in the anti-chamber of some prime minister:—Or a *merchant*, who enriches his country; dispatches orders from his counting-house to *Surat*, *Grand Cairo*, &c, and contributes to the felicity of the world *

L 2

Trade

* Voltaire’s Tenth Letter.

Trade however is a delicate and fluctuating thing: An ingenious writer † of our times hath traced its course, and well observes upon it, (after remarking the fate of *Tyre*, once the most famous city of the world for trade and commerce :) “ It passed from *Tyre* to *Alexandria*, from *Alexandria* to *Venice*, from *Venice* to *Antwerp*, from *Antwerp* to *Amsterdam*, and *London*, the English rivalling the Dutch, as the French are now rivalling both. (N. B. This was written before the present war) All nations almost are wisely applying themselves to trade; and it behoves those who are in possession of it, to take the greatest care, that they do not lose it. It is a plant of tender growth, and requires sun, and soil, and fine seasons, to make it thrive and flourish. It will not grow like the palm-tree, which with the more weight and pressure, rises the more. *Liberty* is a friend to it, as it is a friend to liberty.—But nothing will support and promote it more than virtue, and what virtue teacheth, sobriety, industry, frugality, modesty, honesty, punctuality, humanity, charity; the love of our country, and the fear of God—The want of these ruined *Tyre*, that crowning city, whose merchants were princes, and whose traffickers the honourable of the earth. See Isa. xxiii. 8. Ezek. xxviii. 5. &c.”

There can be no reason to doubt that this fine and useful *plant of commerce*, will want any tendence or advantages, which it can enjoy, under the present auspicious reign, under a King of such excellent hopes, who hath graciously told his worthy subjects of this order, that “ They may be assured of his constant protection and favour; and that he has nothing nearer to his heart, than the

† Dr. Newton in his Eleventh Dissertation on the Prophecies.

the maintaining them, and all his trading subjects, in the full and free enjoyments of their rights, liberties, and privileges."—Nor can we doubt, that it will want the support of *virtue*, and all her amiable *attendants*, while we reflect upon the many instances of *humanity* and *charity*, which so much distinguish our present times, and add such a dignity to the *metropolis*; acts, which must extort praise from the most backward to bestow it, and praise to the *merchants* in particular; whose great beneficence every charitable *list* abundantly testifies.

Mr. *Dyer's* encomium upon *trade*, from the second book of his inimitable poem the *Fleece*, will be no improper conclusion, especially as it contains so instructive an admonition.

He is speaking of the *drugs* for dying, which are supplied by commerce; and adds,

——Nor *tints* alone:

TRADE to the good physician gives his balms,
Gives chearing cordials to th' afflicted heart;
Gives to the wealthy, delicacies high:
Gives to the curious, works of nature rare;
And when the priest displays in just discourse
Him, the all-wise *Creator*, and declares
His presence, pow'r, and goodness unconfin'd,
'Tis trade, attentive voyager, who fills
His lips with argument. To censure trade,
Or hold her busy people in contempt,
Let none presume. The dignity and grace,
And weal of human life, their fountains owe
To seeming imperfections, to vain wants,
Or real exigencies; passions swift
Forerunning reason; strong contrarious bents
The steps of men dispersing wide abroad,
O'er realms and seas. There in the solemn scene,

Infinite wonders glare before their eyes,
Humiliating the mind enlarg'd; for they
The clearest sense of deity receive,
Who view the widest prospect of his works,
Ranging the globe with trade, thro' various
climes:

Who see the signatures of boundless love,
Nor less the judgments of Almighty pow'r,
That warn the wicked, and the wretch, who
escapes

From human justice: who, astonish'd, view
Ætna's loud thunders, and tempestuous fires;
The dust of Carthage, desert shores of Nile;
Or Tyre's abandon'd summit, crown'd of old
With stately tow'rs; whose merchants from their
isles,

And radiant thrones, assembled in her marts;
Whither Arabia, whither Kedar, brought
Their shaggy goats, their flocks and bleating
lambs;

Where rich Damascus pil'd his fleeces white,
Prepar'd, and thirsty for the double tint,
And flow'ring shuttle. While the admiring
world

Crouded her streets; ah! then the hand of pride
Sow'd imperceptible his pois'nous weed,
Which crept destructive up her lofty domes,
As ivy creeps around the graceful trunk
Of some tall oak. Her lofty domes no more,
Nor ev'n the ruins of her pomp, remain;
Not even the dust they sunk in, by the breath
Of the omnipotent offended hurl'd
Down to the bottom of the stormy deep.
Only the solitary rock remains,
Her ancient scite; a monument to those
Who *toil* and *wealth* exchange for *sloth* and *pride*!

NUMBER LXI.

Mountains, *who clouds beneath you can despise,*
Earth's pillars, who triumphant arches form;
Unshaken objects of perpetual storm,
Old stately monuments of nature's birth;
Whether you overlook the sea,
And point to mariners their way,
Or else with various gifts enrich the earth,
Ripen the minerals, and gems and ore,
And wealthy rivers unexhausted pour,
Fix'd land-marks, friendly umpires of debates,
Ramparts of wars, and boundaries of states;
Bless Him, who makes your pride to fail,
Whose presence, when provok'd, you fly,
Lighter than dust within his scale,
Less than nothing in his eye!

LE PLA's Song of the Three Children.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

IN your fifty-first Number, wherein you spoke of the origin of *springs*, you mentioned with great propriety the concurrence of the *mountains* to that end. Now though this consideration alone might be sufficient to obviate their objections, who imagine the *mountains* and *bills*, to be *defects* and *deformities* in our globe, the consequence of its eruption at the deluge, the wrecks of the old world, and eminent marks of the present disordered state of the earth;—yet in order to remove more fully this imputation upon the divine goodness, and to shew, that this part of his creation is excellently

cellently calculated to serve the general plan; permit me, by the channel of your instructive paper, to point out some of the particulars in which mountains are useful and necessary. I shall advance nothing but upon the best authority: however I leave it with you to add or abridge, to correct or amend, whatever you think proper.

It cannot be denied, that *mountains* and *bills*, contribute greatly to the beauty of prospect, and to that variety in the face of the earth, which charms us so much. If the earth was perfectly round and flat, our views would be contracted, similar, and disgusting. This is evident, from the prospect in those countries which are *flat* and *level*; and therefore disesteemed: whereas the beautiful interchange of hill and valley, of mountain and dale, renders the situation delightful, and gives at once the finest entertainment to the eye, and the noblest ideas to the mind.

But the Creator doth not consult *beauty* only in his works, though this is never neglected: and by the way, a stronger proof of it cannot well be produced than the present; from which we learn, that what some superficial observers term *blemishes* and *deformities*, are in reality the means of the greatest ornament and pleasure.—The mountains however are useful as well as ornamental: they contribute to the *health* of the human species; many of whom would die in the grosser air of the vallies, who enjoy life with much satisfaction, amidst the finer air of the hills. Some constitutions indeed are so happily tempered, that they are indifferent to any place or air — But “this opportunity (as a judicious writer observes) of shifting our abode from the warmer and more vaporous air of the valleys, to the colder and more subtle air of the hills, or from the hills to the
vales,

vales, is an admirable refreshment, and great benefit to the valetudinarian part of mankind, affording them an easy, comfortable life, who would otherwise live miserably, languish and pine away."

Mountains serve too for the production of a great variety of *vegetables* and *minerals*, which are not found in any other soil, and which are eminently beneficial to man. With respect to vegetables, Mr. Ray (who hath treated this subject with his usual accuracy) observes, "That mountains do especially abound with different species of them, because of the great diversity of soils, that are found there, every *vertex* or eminence almost, affording new kinds. Now these plants serve partly for the food and sustenance of such animals as are proper to the mountains; partly for medicinal uses; the *chief* physical herbs and roots, and the *best* in *their* kinds growing there."

And as the mountains are thus serviceable to man, so are they no less so to the animal race; a great variety of which harbour and live amongst the hills. The highest tops of the *Alps* themselves, Mr. Ray tells us, are not destitute of *their* inhabitants: The *Ibex* and *Chamois* amongst quadrupeds, the *Lagopus* amongst birds; and I myself, says he, have seen *papilios* and store of other insects, upon the tops of some of the *Alpine* mountains. Nay the highest ridges of many of these mountains, serve for the maintenance of cattle, and for the service of the inhabitants of the adjacent vallies.

It is observable, that those long ridges of lofty mountains which run through whole continents, always run *East* and *West*, by which appointment of the Creator, they serve to stop the evagation of the vapours to the *North* and *South*, in hot countries,

countries, condensing them like Alembic heads into water, and so by a kind of external distillation giving original to springs and rivers: and likewise by amassing, cooling and constipating of them, turn them into rain; by these means rendering the regions of the *torrid Zone* habitable.

Other uses of the mountains might perhaps be assigned, as that they serve for screens to keep off the cold and nipping blasts of the northern and eastern winds; and so render human habitations more comfortable in the winter: that they answer the end of boundaries and bulwarks to various territories and kingdoms of the earth, and the like. But certainly their great and principal use, for which they are absolutely necessary, is that *fountains* owe their rise, and *rivers* their conveyance to them. We are so sensible of the advantage of these, of fountains and rivers, that I have no need to add more instances of the utility of mountains.—But with respect to this last use of them, there are two or three acts of the divine providence observable, as Mr. *Derbam* judiciously remarks: “One is, that all countries throughout the whole world should enjoy this great benefit of mountains, placed at due and proper distances, to afford these several nations, that most necessary element of *water*.—So another plain sign of the same especial providence, in this matter, is, that generally throughout the whole world, the earth is so disposed, that the midland parts, or parts farthest from the sea, are the highest; this is manifest from the descent of rivers. Now this is an admirable provision of the all-wise Creator for the commodious passage of the rivers, and for the draining the several countries, and carrying off the superfluous waters, which would otherwise be as
great

great an annoyance, as they are now a convenience.—Another providential benefit of the hills, supplying the earth with water, is, that they are not only instrumental thereby to the fertility of the vallies, but to their own also; to the verdure of the vegetables without, and to the increment and vigour of the treasures, the fossils, minerals, and metals, within.”

As the mountains then are thus plainly proved not only to be *beautiful* and *pleasant*, but to be highly *beneficial* in some, and in other cases, absolutely *necessary*; every reasonable mind must conclude them not to be rude ruins, and unseemly defects, but noble works of design, and wisely appointed by our great Creator for the good of our sublunary world.

Cease then, nor *order* imperfection name:
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own point; this kind, this due degree,
 Of blindness, weakness, heav'n bestows on thee.
 Submit in this or any other sphere,
 Secure to be as blest, as thou can'st bear:
 Safe in the hand of one disposing pow'r,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
 All *nature* is but *art*, unknown to thee;
 All chance direction, which thou can'st not see;
 All discord, harmony not understood;
 All partial evil, universal good;
 And spight of pride, in erring reason's spite,
 One truth is clear; whatever *is*, is *right*.”

Allow me, Sir, before I take my leave, just to observe, that those fine and most exalted passages in the scriptures, wherein God is said to
weigh

weigh the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance, &c. seem clearly to refer to the work of creation; and of consequence *hills* and *mountains* were part of the primæval and paradisaical earth. Nay, indeed in many parts of the scriptures plain reference is had to the original creation of *mountains*: *Wast thou made before the mountains?*—we read in Job. Before the *mountains* were settled, before the *hills* was I brought forth, says Wisdom, *when there were no fountains abounding with water*;—as upon our plan there could be none, if there were no hills. And once more the Psalmist says, *before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth, &c.*—From all which it seems plainly to follow, that the mountains are coeval with the earth; as doubtless they must have been, if what we have advanced respecting their utility be true. One cannot imagine any thing more sublime than the idea which that passage from *Isaiah*, just produced, gives us of the *Deity*, c. xl. 12.—He hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand—meted out heaven with the span—comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure—*weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance!*—where is the human writer, that can produce any thing equal to this? where is the reader that can fail to contemplate with admiration, so stupendous a Creator and God;—that can fail to glow with gratitude on the recollection, that this God is his Father; that can fail to bow with humility, under the sense of his own weakness and unworthiness; and to live in chearful resignation, under the government and protection of so great, so good, and so wise a ruler?

If

If these thoughts are acceptable to you and your readers, it will be a pleasure, to

S I R,

Your constant reader, &c.

S. T.

N U M B E R L X I I .

————— *Shoot folly as it flies.* POPE.

THE following letters, from my correspondents are inserted for three reasons, first, because I suppose it will oblige those worthy correspondents; 2dly, because I hope it will please my readers, and 3dly, because it will save me the trouble of writing myself.

To the VISITOR.

GOOD Mr. *Visitor* — let me intreat your counsel. I hear a great character of you. The cleverest men in our Club speak prodigiously handsome of you and your writings. And they say you are always ready to hear complaints of public or private grievances. Mine indeed is a private grievance; though upon recollection, I am apt to think, it is more public than we fancy. This *mourning*, Sir; this sad mourning for our good and gracious King! it will certainly go near to ruin me two ways; both in *peace* and in *pocket*. — Sir, I am a *Glazier*, at your service; in no higher occupation: but, by industry and honesty, I have picked up a good livelihood, and saved

some money. I married a *small* Merchant's daughter in the city: (we live at the other end of the town) and to be sure, I must acknowledge, she has always kept up a good appearance. She is very proud of being a gentlewoman, and is careful enough to let it be known, that she has had a *Bishop* and a *Lord Mayor*, and six or seven *Common-council-men* in her family. I have never been wanting in due respect to her, and have kept her as genteel a *chaise-cart*, as neatly made and as well painted, as any travels between *Hyde-Park* and *Brentford* on the *Lord's Day*; and, for the good of the children, I have provided constantly in the summer, a genteel little *country* lodging, in the high road to *Brentford*, about three miles from our house. I cannot say that we have lived always with the harmony of tame pigeons; however we have rubbed on, though I have been forced to own her superiority. But here comes the mischief. Our good King dies. News of it fly to my wife: directly darts she into the shop: "The King's dead, my dear, said she, and we must all go into mourning." You may be sure, I said true, when I told her, "I was heartily *sorry* for his royal Majesty's sudden departure; but, as to the other affair, I thought it might be left alone." It would not be easy to describe her vehement wrath hereat: If you are so happy, Sir, as to be married, and if your lady is now and then somewhat turbulent, you may conceive my situation. The result was, that she declared, "she would go immediately and buy *black cloth*, (for she had been told, that when the King died, *Ladies* would wear nothing else) for herself and two eldest daughters, and bespeak me a suit of black of our neighbour Mr. *Clevercut* the taylor." I prayed her forbearance; and

and in the most suppliant manner entreated her to wait, till we heard how matters would go: I told her, that business had been very slack of late, and that I could not afford *black cloth*; and most humbly represented, that I thought plain Norwich *stuffs* or *crapes* would do for a Glazier's wife. "A Glazier's wife, quoth-a,—said she, reddening deeply; — a Merchant's daughter, I *thinks* you might have said: a gentlewoman born and bred,"—with much more to the same purpose.—In short, Sir, out she went, and not being able to gain clear information that night what the mourning would be, she rested till the dawn of the ensuing morning; upon which she arose, and again sallied forth, and towards the evening returned, with her eldest daughter, loaded with *bargains*! this was worse than all the rest; for I had not only the mortification to see my money thrown away, with terrible profusion, but to find, that whatever she had bought, was so exceeding, so uncommonly cheap, that nothing could equal it. Would you believe it, she had bought *bombazine* for seven, *common crape* for four shillings,—and worst,—far worst of all—*white crape*—oh, the extravagant pride of my dear wife! *white crape* for *ruffles*, &c. at the amazingly *cheap price* of fifteen shillings per yard. When I remonstrated concerning this latter article, she huffed prodigiously; and after bestowing a few cross words upon me, told me, *simpletonian* as I was, that the *Countess* of * * *, was at the same shop, at the same time with her, and gave the same price!—A Glazier's wife, said I, and the *Countess* of * * *. "None of your reflections, man, said she.—But what signifies talking with you? Run *Sarah*; run you, *Jack*, you'll go quickest, to Mrs. *Furbelow*, the *mantua-maker*—tell her, I must see her

her this very moment ; for I would not but have my mourning made against Sunday for all the world." So, Sir, to the expence and plague of purchasing, that of making was added ; and then a worse plague in putting them on : My Madam, great as a Duchess, strutted to church in her *bombazine* : and I was obliged (though heartily ashamed of myself) to *slink* behind in my *sweepers*. For she would put on *weepers* ; and told me, no gentleman could appear without them.

Good Mr. *Visitor*, is this right ? Cannot this evil be redrest ? Is it fitting, that humble tradesmen should thus expensively ape their superiors ? Or is there any need for it ? It seems to me a kind of national evil : and it may be well, if you'll write about it. We talked of it in the club ; and all desire our best wishes to you. I am, Sir, your most obedient servant, and (to please my wife, will take the liberty to sign myself)

Nov. 1760.

A Leaden Merchant.

Shakespear says finely in *Hamlet*, " These three years I have taken note of it, the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the *peasant* comes so near the heel of the *courtier*,—he galls his *kibe*." Act V. Scene I.

To the VISITOR.

A Lady sends her compliments to the *Visitor*. She is very much surprized and astonished at him. What not a word yet about the charming scheme at C——le House ! Bless me ; sure the man does not live in this world. He's an inhabitant,

habitant, I suppose, of some of the planetary worlds ; or, what's more probable, of an ærial citadel, guarded by catch-poles.—Am I right ? Nay, don't answer. For the only answer, positively, that I shall take, and the only way to convince me, that you are a man of taste, (as Lord—— says you are) will be to write some immensely pretty things concerning this seat of politeness, this court of pleasure, transport, joy—oh, you dear creature, let me whisper in your ear ; *Signora Trilliletta* has only the name ; Miss C**,—Angelic Being, and the Duke of——and the Duke of——and Lords innumerable, and Duchesses, and Countesses, and Ladies, and Maids of Honour, world without end ! are of the party. Tell every body. Teize the poor creatures, who can't make one with us ! Now for your city balls ! ah poor *Cits* ! I could die with laughing.—Well, my card is quite full—So your servant. But be sure you write. Adieu.

Soho-square, Monday Noon.

The *Visitor's* compliments to this Lady : It may be proper for him to wait a little ; he proposes to visit this gay assembly ; and shall be able then to do greater justice to his subject.

To the VISITOR.

S I R,

I AM fond of conversation, and love to go among my fellow beings, but I generally return disgusted to my own home ; as I am tired beyond measure with my companions perpetually talking about themselves, and their own affairs. Surely nothing can be more tiresome or

more ridiculous, yet I find nothing more common. *I* is made the little hero of every tale. Do, Sir, just insert it in your useful paper, as a general *bint*, that the worst and most unpleasing subject a man can dwell upon (except in very particular cases) is *himself*. I am,

Your's, &c.

SIMON SOCIABLE.

It is unlucky, says a sensible writer, that the very reason that makes *Eugenio* think his stories entertaining, should make me think them tiresome—their being about *himself*.

To the VISITOR.

S I R,

I AM one of the respectable company of *parish-clerks* in the city of London, and though I say it, few men have appeared in that office with greater dignity. I have never degenerated into the common neglect of my band and gown, and as I have not only an excellent ear for music, but am an extraordinary good poet, I have been always admired for my choice of psalms, and for adapting them to the sermon. My loyalty was concerned upon the death of the King, and I composed a psalm or hymn, to be sung in our church upon that occasion. But conceiving it meet to shew it first to our *Doctor*, would you believe it, Sir, he forbad the rehearsal of it! Verily it occasioned great indignation in my heart. For why should he be allowed to say what he pleases in the pulpit, and the clerk be debarred from offering his thoughts, as occasion may serve,

serve, from the desk?—I do request you, Sir, to set this matter in a proper light, and to plead somewhat for our privileges in respect to it; which I hope you will not fail to do, as I have been your constant reader, and take great delight in your paper.

I am Sir,

Your humble servant,

JOB TWANG.

P. S. To convince you of our Doctor's envy at my merit, as well as his want of judgment, I send you the first stave of my psalm or hymn. It consists of twenty-eight staves. I intended to have sung half in the morning and half in the afternoon.

At seven o'clock the other morn,
To end his woful strife,
The Lord took hence our glorious King,
King *George*, out of this life.

Now he is gone, all's black as night;
Have mercy on us, Lord!
No, neighbours no, don't weep; all's right:
We have got King *George* the *Tbird*!

Is not this good, now; in the true spirit of
praise, and sadness, and joy?

J. T.

NUMBER LXIII.

Can love allure us, or can terror awe?

YOUNG.

To the VISITOR.

S I R,

THE purity and perfection of its laws, we have shewn (No. 57.) is a convincing proof of the excellence of the Christian Religion to enforce these laws, no *motives* can be conceived more persuasive, no *sanctions* more awful than the Christian. The great Lawgiver of the Christians doth not assume the voice of terror, and the threat of Majesty. He speaks in love, and endeavours to engage by the gentlest persuasion. Their own *happiness* is the winning motive, by which he seeks to engage mankind to his laws. It is their own interest to obey them. Every one of them tends to their present peace and tranquility. And what motive can be more cogent? Yes; there is a more cogent motive: the *love* of this divine Lawgiver himself. As his grand law, which comprises all the rest, is *love* of himself, so the motives, whereby we are incited to this love, are the most affecting. He hath demonstrated his *love* to us, by every possible method, lived and died for us: died to redeem us from death; died in the most painful and ignominious manner; died to make us heirs of heaven and eternity.

Talk

Talk they of morals ! oh thou bleeding love !
Thou Maker of new morals to mankind,
The grand morality is love of Thee !

The *love* of Christ, and our own *happiness*, present and future, as they are the most endearing, so are they the most powerful *motives* to obedience. Indeed the Christian religion offers various others : but as these are peculiar to it, and excellent beyond what any other system proposes, I leave a recollection of the rest to my readers.

The *sanctions* of this law, are as awful and important as its *motives* are engaging. A law without sanctions is utterly useless. Rewards and punishments are the grand hinges, upon which all obedience turns. And what law can stand in competition with the Christian in this respect ? Look at the heathen world ; and tho' indeed they talked of *Tartarus* and *Elysium* ; yet both were so childish, nay, and the notions of the wisest concerning the soul's immortality so dark and dubious, that a thinking man could find no sure rest for the sole of his feet with them. But the great Lawgiver of the Christians, as He came from above, could well reveal the future world. He hath left us in no doubt : Life and immortality are brought to light by Him. And behold eternity is proposed to mankind ! eternity, blessed in consequence of obedience ; miserable, in consequence of impenitence and sin. Are not these weighty *sanctions* ? Alarming considerations, to move us to an observance of the laws of Him ; who hath said, *What shall a man be profited, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul !*

Every man will assuredly think, that such alarming informations as these, are sufficient, separate

parate from every other reflection, to encourage him in the practice of virtue ; and to deter him from vice. For in the silent moment of calm recollection—only let a man put it to his conscience.—“ Is there indeed an eternity of bliss or misery awaiting me ; and must one of these be the consequence of my present proper or improper conduct ? Surely nothing can be equally important as a diligent attention to this solemn futurity : nothing equally wise, as a serious, and devout preparation for it ?” He who can despise eternal punishments, deserves not the name of either wise or brave ; and he that is uninterested by the offer of eternal happiness, can never be judged a friend to himself, or a just estimator of things.

It may be objected, that eternal punishments are dreadful, and seem to controvert the Deity’s goodness : I will only reply to this point, in the words of an able and learned writer :

“ That *God is good* seems to be a sufficient answer. At present objections must be impertinent, and solutions imperfect. Let us wait till the righteous Judge appears, and then these and many difficulties will be removed. In the mean time we may rest satisfied with this, that sin shall neither enjoy an impunity irreconcilable with God’s justice and Majesty, nor endure sufferings inconsistent with his mercy and clemency.”

“ It is, I think, generally supposed, that there will be a great variety of punishments. To be deprived of some good, which, by a proper conduct, might have been secured and obtained, if it be attended with dissatisfaction or regret, is certainly a punishment, if it always lasts, an eternal punishment. He who is in this condition, has lost
his

his rank, and is placed far beneath many of those who were once his equals, without a possibility of retrieving the loss."

I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

M.

VERSES, *occasioned by seeing the Countess of H***** in tears at the Magdalen-house.*

BRIGHT *Charity*, as stories say,
Met Britain's genius t'other day;
Both look'd delight, and never wore
A face of greater joy before.
"How false the stories some have spread
(The last began)—immortal Maid!
How false the tale, that never times
Were spotted with such numerous crimes;
That never days, like these, were known,
With such degenerate weeds o'ergrown;
Hear them,—and *Virtue* prostrate lies,
While *Vice* and *Folly* tyrannize;
Religion's lamp hath lost its light;
No man is good, no deed is right!
But, best of graces, every day
In public while you please to stray
Through my fair realms, you prove full well
The falshood of the tale they tell."

Her cheeks in crimson blushes dyed,
The gentle virgin thus replied:

"Bright genius of the happiest isle,
That lives in heav'n's auspicious smile:
Ah! wonder not, that thus carest
I leave the mansions of the blest,
Delighted through thy realms to rove;
For love, thou know'st, engages love.

And

And whereso'er I pass along,
 In private or amidst the throng,
 Whether the palace of the great
 I visit, or the humbler seat ;
 A pleasing welcome still attends,
 And all rejoice to be my friends !
 Thus I diffuse my comforts round,
 And offer balm to ev'ry wound :
 Thus universal good supply,
 And wipe the tear from every eye !"

" Ah no, the Genius smiling said,
 I saw but now, immortal Maid,
 The tender tears in plenty flow —
 (Tears drawn by Pity and by *you* !)
 From her fair eyes, whom, at first look,
 I frankly own that I mistook
 For you yourself ; though pleas'd to see
 'Twas one so near and dear to me."

" I know her well (the Grace rejoin'd)
 My sister, Pity, form'd her mind ;
 She long has our familiar been :
 —'Tis H***'s countess, that you mean.
 I know the place, the time I know,
 —'Twas at my favourite house below :
 Where many a bright and noble eye
 Have paid their debt to *charity* :
 Where e'en your Prince, * you must confess,
 Touch'd with the tender soft distress,
 Cou'd not refrain the melting tear,
 But own'd, that I indeed liv'd there !"

" Yes, Charity — with loftier tone,
 Britannia's genius then went on ;
 That prince I call with pleasure mine,
 The more, my friend, as he is thine !

His

* Prince Edward, who was at the Chapel at the same time with several other of the Nobility.

His brother too, — (Thou know'st him well,
 What need for me his worth to tell?)
 Thy Patron * shines! and long will be
 (If heav'n indulge or thee or me)
 The friend, the guardian, the defence,
 Of *Briton*, virtue, innocence!
 " Under his illustrious reign,
 " Mistress of the subject main,
 " Glory shall my sails unfurl;
 " Courage shall my thunders hurl;
 " Peace at home my plains shall bless;
 " Freedom range with happiness:
 " Labour his sounding anvil ply;
 " Through the loom the shuttle fly;
 " Arts their wreath-crown'd head shall rear;
 " Virtue their reward shall bear;
 " Bright religion through the land,
 " Pleas'd shall wave her olive wand;
 " Whilst thou, immortal maid, shalt be
 " An undivided friend to me;
 " And suppliant win th'eternal smile,
 " That gives its glory to each isle."

NUMBER LXIV.

Ingratum si dixeris, omnia dixeris.

I CALLED the other morning upon my friend *Hasty*, and found him and his lady in no small pet, much discomposed, and very indignant. The common compliments had scarce passed, and I had but just taken my chair, when he

VOL. II. N began.

* His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, our present most gracious Sovereign, has condescended to become the Patron of that excellent Charity, "The Small-Pox Hospital."

began. "You may be surprized perhaps at seeing me and my wife a little disordered—But such ingratitude—Few men I believe could bear it.—It is rather too much for human nature."—He delivered this with some *pathos*; and was seconded by the good lady his wife, who *turtled* up, and reddening with indignation, found breath to say,—"Indeed it is too much; but people now-a-days, if they can get their own turn served, care little for—They will use the ladder, till they have got up, and then throw it away." I was obliged to remark very meekly, that "to be sure ingratitude was a very base and odious crime; the growth of a bad soil; universally and justly abhorred: but I took the liberty to hint, that on that very account, we ought to be the more careful how we lay the charge of it against any man; which should never be urged in general terms, but proved by the clearest evidence." "Read that then, Sir, said Mr. *Hasty*, giving me a letter, and you'll find, that we have pretty clear evidence." I read the letter, and perceived, that it was an apology from a young gentleman of our mutual acquaintance, for omitting his visits to Mr. and Mrs. *Hasty*, who had done him some services; but which they had been mutually and industriously careful to proclaim; with many diminishing strictures on the young gentleman's character, and as many aggrandizing remarks on their own generosity and benevolence. I remember he concluded his letter in these or in terms very similar to them.—"That you have done me some services, I do not, I never did deny. But these services have been returned and repaid; with all proper acknowledgments: nor have I ever been wanting in all due respect, or in any grateful remembrance. But certainly, Sir, were not this the case, you have
fully

fully acquitted me of all obligation. Since every sensible man will agree, that a public proclamation of obligations conferred on the part of the obliger, entirely releases the person obliged. As therefore you and your wife have been pleased so frequently to set forth the services you have done me, and have set them forth in a much stronger light than truth will warrant, I hope you will henceforth conclude me free of all debt, and not at all liable to the odious charge, you lay against me,—the charge of ingratitude. Yet this notwithstanding, allow me to add, that I shall always be ready to do you or yours any agreeable service; and I dare say, upon reflection you will be persuaded, that you have too rashly expected the slavish attachment of a man's whole life, for some few benefits conferred, which a generous mind would scorn to mention."

"There, said Mr. *Hasty*, when I had read the letter—There's an ungrateful fellow! Did you ever read the like? Why, Sir, I saved this man from perdition; I raised him from the dunghill; I gave him bread to eat; and now he is grown great, see his baseness." Soft, my dear Sir, quoth I; you know I am no stranger to Mr. *Lodmell*, or his character. You know too, that I have often heard of your friendship to him, as well from him as yourself. I never heard him express himself concerning you without respect; I have often heard you, in cool conversation, advance as much as you have done now. And permit me to say, it is too much by far; nay, if it were not, if it were strictly true, it doth not become you to say it. Let others speak it to your praise. On your side, it appears with a very ill grace."

"What then, said Mrs. *Hasty*, are you too an advocate for Ingratitude?" God forbid, Madam, re-

plied I, I detest the crime. But suffer me to ask you what you mean by *Ingratitude*." "Mean, quoth my friend; there's no need for her to explain that; all the world knows what is meant by *Ingratitude*; and all the world is agreed to hate the man, who is guilty of it; and I'll take care, that *Lodmell's* behaviour shall be no secret."—"Oh, Sir, said I, you are warm; or you would soon see, that *Resentment*, *Passion*, and *Pride*, are crimes as well as *Ingratitude*. But pray, be cool a little; and only tell me, Do you think a benefit conferred, can never be equalled by any return? Or do you conceive benefits immortal, and acknowledgments endless? There certainly is an adequate return for many, for general favours; and that made, we conceive the balance equal. For example, you have lent me, in a time of distress, a thousand pounds, for which I have paid you five per cent. and at length have returned the whole money, with grateful thanks and acknowledgments to you; and with a mind well disposed to do any thing in my power, that may serve or oblige you. Can it be said, that I am wanting in gratitude?" "Doubtless no, replied *Hasty*; but how different is *Lodmell's* behaviour?" "Suffer me, Sir, said I, to proceed:—Should the man, who hath done me this favour, proclaim it improperly, and let the world know, as far as he is able, that he hath *saved* me from *poverty* and *ruin*; (though this be far from the truth) should he, thus insinuate my eternal obligations to him, and moreover expect me to pay the most humble court to him: let reason answer, whether I should not be justifiable in the sight of God and man, if I conceived my debt amply discharged, and myself fully acquitted from all obligation." "Sir, said Mrs. *Hasty*, I am sorry to hear you plead in so bad a cause; I thought

thought *you* especially would have never undertaken the defence of such a wretch as *Lodmell*; nor have spoken against so amiable a virtue as *gratitude*."

"Madam, replied I, I have only to say, that with all mankind I agree in admiring and revering *gratitude*: nor would I have any connections with, or regard for the man, who is insensible to its charms, and injurious to his benefactor. Nay, I would subscribe to Mr. *Dryden's* fine lines on this subject:

Take away this (*gratitude*:)
 Why then no bond is left on human kind;
 Distrusts, debates, immortal strifes ensue;
 Children may murder parents, wives their
 husbands,
 All must be rapine, wars and desolation,
 When trust and gratitude no longer bind.

But tho' I thus reverence gratitude, I cannot easily believe all those *ungrateful*, whom their benefactors call so: Men are apt to conceive too high an opinion of the benefits they confer: they view them in too strong a light; and expect more in return, than reason or justice will warrant. This is peculiarly the case with *little* minds; and most unhappy is that man, who is under the necessity of receiving favours from such. A whole life of gratitude is not sufficient to return their obligations; which, in the general, *insolence* and *contempt* fully cancel. The great mind, as it finds the most satisfactory delight in obliging, is never hurt more, than when its kindnesses are repeatedly mentioned; it enjoys greater pleasure from the noble reflection on the good it does, than from the selfish pride of the return it receives. And he who

is so fortunate as to have favours conferred by men of such minds, will never fail in *gratitude*; for he will never meet with *vanity* and *insolence*; and *vanity* and *insolence* are the bane of *gratitude*."

N U M B E R LXV.

And one false step entirely damns her fame.

ROWE.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

THOUGH the most exquisite delights, and the highest gratifications arise from the fair sex, it is too certain that we often treat their characters with disrespect, and censure them with a severity, which our own conduct will by no means justify. Perhaps that peculiar delicacy, with which we conceive the female virtue is to be preserved, and that unforgiving austerity, with which we look upon their once blasted reputation, may arise from a sense of the superior satisfactions they afford; from a confession of the excellence and utility of their amiable and tender endearments. Conscious how necessary their affectionate and pleasing society is to soften the rough journey of life; we are jealous of the minutest stain, which may lessen them in our esteem, and deprive us of the comforts flowing from their virtuous friendship.—This however is the best apology, whether true or false, that we can offer to the fair sex, for condemning so grossly liberties in them which we ourselves indulge so licentiously.

I do not mean, on any account, to plead for such *liberties* on their side; virtue is the distinguishing

guishing excellence of a woman; and she, who can live easy under the loss of it, deserves as little estimation as she will find. But while we *think ourselves* above censure, and perhaps *without blame*, in our constant pursuit of unlawful pleasures, and in our continued gratification of sensual appetites, shall we either condemn to everlasting infamy the *woman*, who (by what means I enquire not) hath unhappily made a false step, and been subdued by that passion, whose strength and universality ought much to alleviate its guilt (at least in our judgment?) or shall we suppose that she, who hath once been led into the path of evil, is so much, so totally corrupted, as to have no single ray of virtue yet remaining in her mind, to enlighten her in her return, and to shew her the foulness of indulged vice?—It were to be wished that the men who judge thus, would inform us, in what particulars they suppose the *female* mind to differ from their own; and upon what principles they conclude that the *women* have less sensibility, generosity, resolution and virtue than the men. For my part, I verily believe, if the matter were brought to the test, and examples on either side produced, it would perplex the most sagacious lawyer to make an equitable decision.

I know, that the men are very fond of believing that the softer sex are more prone to love;—shall I say, more *prompt*, than their own: the men of pleasure, who converse with the miserable part of the sex, may believe this; the men of virtue, who are happy in their acquaintance with women of a different sort, will universally proclaim the contrary. And let me observe, that the *man of pleasure* is no adequate judge; since the *prostitute* for hire is compelled to an *affectation* of lust, which possibly
her

her heart at the same time abhors; a heart, which often is compelled to assume the greatest gaiety when oppressed with the deepest distress.—But supposing the passion equally strong on both sides, shall the man find no taint on his reputation, no prejudice in his connections, from an acknowledged and continual gratification of his desires; and shall the woman (to enflame whose affections possibly all methods have been used) shall she be the constant mark of unforgiving reproach; and never be allowed to recover her character by a series of the most blameless conduct? surely we act here not only with great inconsistency, but with a cruelty ill becoming our mutual humanity.

However, the lovely part of the creation, whose cause we thus far have undertaken to plead, may and ought to learn one lesson, and that of high importance, under the present circumstances: Which is, “that since so fatal, and almost irremediable is the loss of reputation, they can never be too careful of their conduct, or too delicate in their behaviour. They should consider, that with their virtue, they will lose all things valuable; and therefore should arm themselves against the softnesses of nature, and the arts of seduction. While they remember, that not only the preservation of virtue, but the appearance too, is always necessary. Many women, truly virtuous, lose their reputation, by not attending sufficiently to those *appearances*, which their own innocence leads them to esteem indifferent; but which the severity of censure will construe into criminal.”

To shew us, that a woman is capable of the highest *virtue*, who hath unhappily wandered from the fair and happy path; as well as to teach us more lenity to the sex, and to inspire us with desires to forward every scheme calculated to aid
the

the *reformation* of the more wretched amongst them ; I shall conclude with an account of the behaviour of *Madam de la Valiere*, the first mistress of *Lewis* the XIVth. " His connection (*Lewis's*) says my historian, with *Madam de la Valiere*, always continued, notwithstanding the frequent infidelities he was guilty of. These infidelities cost him but little trouble ; and he always returned to her, who by her engaging conversation and sweetness of temper, by an undissembled love, and even by the force of habit, had made herself mistress of his heart, without the help of artifice. But in the year 1669, she perceived that *Madam de Montespan* had gained the ascendant ; she opposed her with her usual softness, and supported a long time, almost without complaint, the mortification of seeing her rival's triumph. She thought herself happy in her misfortune, as she was still treated with respect by the King, whom she continued to love, and still enjoyed his presence, though she was no longer beloved by him.

At length, in 1675, she had recourse to the last relief of tender minds, which are not subdued but by profound reflections. She thought that the *heart* which had been engaged by her lover, ought henceforth to be dedicated only to heaven. Her conversion was as eminent as her fondness : She turned Carmelite at Paris ; and steadily continued to wear a hair-cloth, to walk barefoot, to fast with great severity, and to sing whole nights in the choir ; all which was borne without shrinking, by the delicacy of a woman (then in the pride of beauty) who had long lived in much splendor, luxury and pleasure. In these austerities she continued from 1675, to 1710, under the name of sister *Louisa de la Misericorde*.—A King who should punish the most atrocious criminal in this manner, would

would be guilty of tyranny ; yet *many* women have voluntarily sentenced themselves to this punishment for the crime of love. There are few instances of politicians, who have taken this rigorous course, and yet the crimes of state seem to require greater expiations than the weaknesses of love.— I will only add, that when she was told of the death of the Duke de Vermandois, whom she had by the King, she said, *I have reason to lament his birth, more than his death.*”

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant.

N U M B E R LXVI.

Οἷον περ φύλλων γαίῃ, τοιηδὲ καὶ αἰδῶνι.

Simonides.

WHEN I walk along my garden, and see the trees late so blooming and verdant, now divested of their honours, and naked of those leaves which lie withering on the ground ; it reminds me of the transitory state of mortals, and the fleeting succession of all things below. Nor can I help looking upon my fellow creatures, without melancholy concern ; when full of these thoughts I exchange the sweets of retirement for the busy scenes of this populous city. Thronged with multitudes innumerable as the leaves upon a flourishing tree, not one of its present inhabitants shall in a few years remain ; every individual must fall, as a leaf ; when a new generation shall spring forth ; occupy their places ; be busied for a while in the same manner ;
and

and then fade away, like their forefathers, and leave their places and possessions to others! important as we may think ourselves, nothing in nature will witness our departure; every thing in life will proceed in its usual channel. A little, very little time, will wipe us entirely from the tables of human memory: and the streets, which we now crowd so busily, will not be less thronged for our absence.

What an important lesson should this reflection teach us; and how much ought it to diminish, in our esteem, the transitory pursuits and possessions of this present world! But when we consider further, that as soon as this passing moment of life is done, an immortality awaits us, when eternal good or evil must be the consequence of our good or evil conduct in this life; how absurd, as well as criminal, does it render the actions of those who, with unwearied anxiety, labour to gratify their worldly or sensual passions! There is a beautiful passage in the *Psalms*, which, under the finest image, sets to view the folly of such behaviour. “*I myself, says the sacred writer, have seen the ungodly in great power, and flourishing like a green bay-tree. I went by—and lo! he was gone!—I sought him, but his place could no where be found.*” Nothing can be imagined more picturesque, nervous and expressive: nor can any moral be drawn with greater beauty and propriety, than that in the following verse—*Keep innocency, and take heed to the thing which is right; for that shall bring a man peace at the last.*

This allusion of human honours, and human life, to trees, leaves, &c. is familiar with our best poets; the speech which *Shakespeare* puts into the mouth of *Cardinal Wolsey*, on his fall, is particularly excellent;

This

ent poet, *Musæus*, the following fragment from whom *Clemens Alexandrinus* in the 6th book of his *Stromata* has preserved.

Ως δ' αὐτως καὶ φύλλα φρεὶ Ζεῖδωρος ἀερεῖ,
 Ἀλλὰ μὲν ἐν μελίσσιν ἀποφθίνει, ἀλλὰ δὲ φρεὶ,
 Ως δὲ καὶ ἀνθρώπων γένεθ καὶ φύλλων εἰσσι.

Which is so similar to Homer, that there is no need to translate it.—

Though this comparison be justly admired for its beauty in this obvious application to the mortality and succession of human life; it seems, however, designed by the poet (in this place) as a proper emblem of the transitory state, not of *men* but of *families*; which being by their misfortunes, or follies, fallen and decayed, do again, in a happier season, revive and flourish in the fame and virtues of their posterity. And in this view it hath an additional beauty.

Homer is so fond of this allusion, that he applies it again in his 21st Book, v. 537; and indeed the thought is at once so natural and just, that one cannot wonder it should recur to a moralising mind: and perhaps, on that account, we may consider each of the passages produced, rather as *originals*, than *imitations*; since nothing is more common, than for the same thought (especially if *just* and *natural*) to occur to different minds; and it seems not agreeable to *critical equity*, to give him, who hath the right of first possession, the whole merit of every successor. The last mentioned passage in *Homer* runs thus:

For what are men? Calamitous by birth,
 They owe their life and nourishment to earth?

VOL. II.

O

Like

Like yearly leaves, that now, with beauty crown'd,
Smile on the sun ; now wither on the ground.

I will conclude this paper and these quotations, with a translation of the fine fragment of *Simonides*, mentioned above, of which I have given a line for my motto, and which contains such good instruction, as I would wish to leave on the mind of my readers.

Wise was the *Chian*, when he said, to shew
The instability of men below ;
“ Ah ! what a wond'rous likeness may we trace
Between the falling leaves, and mortal race !”
Yet, yet how few the solemn truth receive !
Vain in pursuit, and high in hope they live ;
A thousand fruitless schemes their thoughts
engage,
Alike forgetful, or of death or age ;
Toiling, while health and strength their pow'rs
supply,
With busy, restless, fond anxiety !
Ah fools and vain ! and will they not be wise ?
Nor know, that youth's fair flower soon fades
and dies ;
And life's quick moment, like a shuttle flies !
But thou, my friend, a better lesson learn,
And hence instructed, mind thy great concern ;
To virtue's generous acts thy soul apply,
In good more active,—as so soon to die !

NUMBER

NUMBER LXVII.

*Ladies supreme among amusements reign,
By nature born to sooth and entertain:
Their prudence in a share of folly lies;
Why will they be so weak as to be wise?*

YOUNG.

MISS *Selima Seeker's* most respectful compliments to the *Visitor*—she has a great many apologies to make for her long silence; but has no manner of doubt, that a gentleman of Mr. *Candid's* politeness will readily pardon her, when she unfolds to him the immensity of reasons and causes, which have engrossed her attention, and rendered it morally impossible and impracticable for her to think of the *Ledger*, the *Visitor*, and indeed of any thing respecting the city.—One word in your ear, dear Sir, before I enter upon apologies, or any sort of business,—I am going to be *married*!—Is not that of itself reason sufficient for my total neglect of you? For what, do you think I took upon me the office of a public author in your paper?—for what do you think I attended the city-assembly——(pardon me, the *metropolitan ball*)—for what does your wisdom suppose, good *Vis.*—that I set up the *seeking* assembly, and took upon me the trouble of conducting the whole affair.—For what do you think I visited *Tunbridge*, *Brightbelmstone*, &c. &c. this last summer? Why, surely your sagacity is not puzzled—Dear creature, I'll be frank with you; it was all for what I have—(I *hope* I have)—got pretty sure,—thank the Gods and Goddesses, *Selima* hath not fought in vain!

Well, but what a prodigious variety of events have happened, since I wrote to you last!—His *Majesty*! why, to be sure, he was an excellent King! poor man! I am most *immoderately concerned* for his death! and I am so *excessively glad*, that we have such a sweet *young King*.—Do you know, that I had the honour of a kiss from his charming lips, there, that Sunday! I was at court, you must know: and he kissed us all: For my part, I thought, I could have very well dispensed with all his kisses myself.—But what of that, Mr. *Visitor*,—I think, I remember, my favourite *Voltaire* somewhere says, that there was not a Lady in France, that *could* or *would* have resisted *Lewis the Fourteenth*. I have been reading his “*Age of Lewis the Fourteenth*,” you must know, this summer: What a heavenly creature that *Lewis* was in his younger days! well, I profess, that I am an immense advocate for a French Court.—I love *French* things profoundly! There is such an amazing politeness! Your *English* are nothing to them; the *Irish gentlemen*, to be sure come the nearest to them—But what of that? You would not conclude, I hope, from thence, that I am going to marry a gentleman of *Ireland*? But suppose I was;—pray, where is the difference? Have you not heard that gallant song which the dear *royal volunteers*, who are gone on this great expedition—Oh, my heart is with them! they are some of the finest gentlemen in the universal system of nature:—Every body says so—But their song, “*Scotch, English, Welch, Irish, are one, are one, &c.*” That’s the chorus; how my heart beat, when I heard some of them sing it!—and amongst the rest my dear Sir, the handsomest, finest man in the world—Lady C——, who is dead and gone—Poor soul, how happy

happy would it have been, if she had but lived a year or two longer—Why, she said, that he was as handsome for a man, as she for a woman; and, besides, he's a man of spirit, the very first that went upon the French coast,—when Sir John M—— *would* not, or *could* not go—I don't know which; I don't understand politics—Lord bless me, Mr. *Visitor*, but I must put in a word about them,—why, my dear papa talks and thinks of nothing else: politics for breakfast, politics for dinner, politics at tea, politics for supper—politics in the city, politics in the country, politics asleep, politics awake;—nothing but politics;—and there's a book that I have been obliged to read to him; all the world reads it; I heartily wish the author had been better employed. It has cost me no small trouble with him and his *German war*.—What has the King of Prussia (a man that I would go a thousand miles to see) what has he done to this *considerate* gentleman, that he must pick so many holes in his coat? What care I, whether he's a *Papist* or *Protestant*, a *Deist* or an *Atheist*; whether he builds churches for Roman Catholics or Calvinists; who is so narrow-spirited as to care for that political stalking-horse, *religion*? He's a great man to be sure, and we do well to give him all the money we can; what's a *million of money* to Englishmen? and what does the man talk of his doing us good—why, to be sure, he *never can* do us good: But he's too sweet natured a man ever to do any *woman* amongst us any hurt. Fie upon this writer! fie upon him! I am quite ashamed of the poor creature.

But—“angels and ministers of grace defend us”—whither am I running! well, to be sure, I have such a pen! I never write less than two sheets, full on all sides, to any of my common

acquaintance; and I assure you I have near four and twenty sheets written at different times, respecting myself, and the transactions of this last summer, which I propose to send you, and you may send it, if you will, to your friend Mr. *Manysheets*, and make a book of it—I'll answer for it, it will sell;—But that's not the point—I'll tell you then. As to the *Seeking-assembly*, you may remember, I sent you word, that they chose me Queen; I sent you a copy of my speech; much admired it was; every thing went on very well; *Seekers* in abundance offered; their various wants were registered,—and there was an appearance of amazing good consequences from this institution of ours:—It does not require the penetration of a Lord Chancellor or a Minister of state to find out, what was most generally enquired after by the ladies of our assembly—To be open, *Husbands* were the principal want; proper husbands, men of taste and spirit—I hate your hum-drum, see-saw, stay-at-home, prudence-faced things? give me a man of gallantry; never entertain a thought, Mr. Visitor—but my admirer is such a one. There was a wrinkled old maid, who had passed her grand climacteric, and was very sick for a husband: she entered—she *would* enter herself amongst us—and she spoiled all—but I can't stay at present to tell you all about that; I will write in a few days again;—I must hasten to more important matters.

My papa would needs go to *Tunbridge*; I could not object; I had my fore-bodings; some dreams especially of a very promising nature; and thither accordingly we went! I had not been there long, before the particular attention of the most agreeable man by a thousand, thousand times, was conferred upon me,—Oh, if I was tell you all—
but

but bless me, I hear his chariot at the door! so adieu, dear Visitor: I am in an astonishing hurry — You shall hear more indeed very soon: — after our *ball* depend upon it: don't you know, that to-morrow is our first *ball*, at the *merchants-assembly*! we shall have exceeding good company. I'll tell you as a secret, *twenty, thirty, forty* guineas have been offered for an annual ticket! but in vain! — what a great character our assembly has. — By the way, *papa* has just given a *hundred* guineas for a room for us to see the *coronation*. — You shall hear of it be assured! But it is a monstrous thing, this mourning; it chagrines one to death! positively I hate these miserable fables! If it was not for a little white crape and *Italian* gauze, one should be quite out of one's senses! I love every thing *Italian*! Have not you a vast idea of that people? I sing nothing but *Italian*. That charming song, *Voi Amante*, how I die with rapture when I hear it! Exquisite, delightful *Giardini*, — what a ravishing voice, what a creature that is! I would give the world to understand the language, it is so soft and expressive: It is said to be the only fit language for love. — Well, but still I ramble: You must know, we shall be extremely crowded. — But have you heard of the affair at the other end of the town? — At C — e House? You see, the great folks there have followed our example. But sure never was such an assembly! Stars and Garters, Dukes and Duchesses innumerable. I shall inevitably die, if I think of it: human nature can't support it. — And besides, Mr. *Macnamara* calls loudly for me. — Rest assured that you shall hear soon again, if I don't take a little trip to Scotland; which, *entre nous*, I should like immensely. Adieu.

Wednesday Evening,

S: S.
NUMBER

NUMBER LXVIII.

*God made thee perfect, not immutable;
 And good he made thee, but to persevere
 He left it in thy pow'r; ordain'd thy will
 By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate
 Inextricable, or strict necessity;
 Our voluntary service He requires,
 Not our necessitated: such with Him
 Finds no acceptance, nor can find: for how
 Can hearts, not free, be try'd, whether they serve
 Willing or no; who will but what they must
 By destiny, and can no other choose?*

Parad. Lost. B. V.

S I R,

OF all the extravagant opinions which have been invented and propagated amongst mankind, there is perhaps scarce any one of a more pernicious nature than that which would reduce them to the condition of mere machines, by denying them to be invested with a power of self-determination. A notion at first, set on foot by some philosophers under the name of *fate*; which, tho' sufficiently and often exploded, has been revived again with little other alteration than that of a name, by the *Predestinarians*, of former and latter times.

The substance of what these latter affirm is, "that in consequence of the fall of our first parents, all mankind are entirely divested of *all* power to do any action, properly good; and have no other liberty but to *will evil* only (as they phrase it) and that in this condition they must

must inevitably remain, a few chosen ones only excepted; who, by virtue of an *irresistible* impulse of God's holy spirit, are so acted upon, as to make them walk in the ways of righteousness."

An opinion utterly destructive of all religion and virtue; which puts mankind not on a level only, but even sinks them far below the beasts that perish: it being evident, that if this account be true, they are of all creatures in this lower world, by far the most miserable.

Could it have been possible to have reasoned *a priori*, one should doubtless have pronounced, that whatever strange opinions might happen to take place amongst the human species concerning other articles, they would always have entertained proper sentiments with regard to human liberty; as perhaps there is no instance in which the conduct of mankind appears so manifestly absurd and inconsistent, as in respect to this particular. For to hear persons discoursing very gravely concerning virtue and vice, religion and piety, rewards and punishments; to observe them perpetually censuring and condemning each other; declaring, this person deserves this thing, another that; and, in almost the same breath, declaiming against *freedom of will*;—what is inconsistency and self-contradiction if this be not?—It is evident that 'tis *freedom of will*, and that only, which can make any one an accountable Being, and render him capable of these things; and without this, virtue and vice, religion and piety, rewards and punishments are mere sounds; downright chimeras which neither have, nor can have any existence but in a distempered imagination only.

But the mistakes of these persons can never alter the nature of things; and whatever they may may affirm, there is no truth more incontestibly certain,

certain, than that the human species are endowed with a power of self-determination. I enter not here on the question, whether this power (where religion is concerned) is derived from *nature* or *grace*; that belongs to another subject; but only design to shew, that such a power they really have, which may be proved by a variety of arguments.

The nature of man in the first place, as a reasonable creature, proves this: the idea of *rationality* necessarily inferring that of *liberty*: there being no reason assignable why he should be endowed with the knowledge of moral good and evil, unless it be that he might practice the one and avoid the other.

Secondly, The same thing is farther evident, from that self-approving and self-condemning power in man, called *conscience*; which it is certain can answer no end at all, if he is not endowed with freedom of will, unless that of a deceiver and tormentor: for why am I approved and commended, why am I accused and disquieted in vain, for that which I can no more prevent, if I have no liberty, than I can the circulation of my blood and the pulsation of my heart? it is manifest there can be no ground for self-approbation or self-accusation, where there is no voluntary action: formal well or evil doing in such a case being utterly impossible.

A farther proof of this particular, arises from the consideration of the human species, as subjects of religion; which it is on all hands allowed they are; now it must be obvious, that unless man is a moral agent, religion with him can never have any, even the least existence. For what is religion, but *voluntary* homage and obedience to the great Creator; take away liberty, and the religion

religion of mankind and that of the brute creation, nay and even of clocks and watches, must stand entirely on the same foot.

But among various arguments which may be brought in support of this truth, there is none more convincing than that which may be drawn from certain matter of fact; namely, the consciousness which every individual possesses of a power of self-determination in his own breast; for that there is such a consciousness, is evident from hence, that all mankind, of their own accord, suppose not only their own, but the actions of others also, to be the voluntary productions of their own minds; hence both themselves and others become almost continually the subjects either of commendation or censure: a thing utterly unaccountable on any other supposition, than that of a consciousness of liberty. For however they might be supposed, from a principle of pride, to claim the honour of doing good actions to their own persons, yet that can never be the case with respect to others; whom nevertheless we find them no less ready to commend on certain occasions than themselves; and with regard to those actions, which are evil, though they might either from the forementioned principle or resentment only, ascribe them to other persons; it is manifest that this cannot be the motive on which they place them to their own accounts: and that they do thus place them, is evident, since it is for that reason, and that only, that they are often very uneasy; and sometimes to such a degree, as to be an insupportable burden even to themselves.

Thus a consciousness of liberty is manifest: and certainly an infinitely wise and good being would never endow any creature with an actual consciousness of a power, which he really has not;

not ; indeed the thing is impossible in itself ; an actual perception necessarily implying the real existence of the thing perceived.

Thus from these considerations alone it is sufficiently apparent, that the human species are really invested with a power of self-determination capable of chusing moral good, and refusing evil. But for the farther establishment of this important truth, I will beg leave to engage some future paper, when I will produce the authority of holy scripture, together with that of the ancient fathers of the Christian church : a few passages from each of which, together with some observations, will, I hope, be sufficient to establish this fundamental tenet.

I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

T.

The BEE, the ANT, and the SPARROW.

A F A B L E.

Address'd to Miss *Phæbe* and *Kitty C——n*, at
Boarding-school.

MY dears, 'tis said, in days of old,
That beasts could talk, and birds could
scold.

But now it seems the human race
Alone engross the speaker's place.

Yet lately, if report be true,
(And much the tale relates to you)

There met a Sparrow, Ant, and Bee,
Which reason'd and convers'd as we.

Who

Who reads my page will doubtless grant,
That *Phe*'s the wise industrious Ant.
And all with half an eye may see,
That *Kitty* is the busy Bee.
Here then are two—but where's the third?
Go, search your School, you'll find the bird.
Your school! I ask your pardon, fair,
I'm sure you'll find no Sparrow there.

Now to my tale—One Summer's morn
A Bee rang'd o'er the verdant lawn;
Studious to husband every hour,
And make the most of every flow'r.
Nimble from stalk to stalk she flies,
And loads with yellow wax her thighs:
With which the artist builds her comb,
And keeps all tight and warm at home.
Or from the cowslip's golden bells
Sucks honey to enrich her cells;
Or every tempting rose pursues,
Or sips the lilly's fragrant dew;
Yet never robs the shining bloom,
Or of its beauty or perfume.
Thus she discharg'd in every way
The various duties of the day.

It chanc'd a frugal Ant was near,
Whose brow was wrinkled o'er by care.
A great œconomist was she,
Nor less laborious than the Bee;
By pensive parents often taught
What ills arise from want of thought:
That poverty on sloth depends;
On poverty the loss of friends.
Hence every day the Ant is found
With anxious steps to tread the ground;
With curious search to trace the grain,
And drag the cumb'rous load with pain.

The active Bee with pleasure saw
The Ant fulfil her parents law :
Ah ! Sister labourer, says she,
How very fortunate are we !
Who, taught in infancy to know
The comforts which from labour flow,
Are independent of the great,
Nor know the wants of pride and state.

Why is our food so very sweet ?
Because we earn before we eat.
Why are our wants so very few ?
Because we nature's calls pursue.
Whence our complacency of mind ?
Because we act our parts assign'd.
Have we incessant tasks to do ?
Is not all nature busy too !
Doth not the sun with constant pace,
Persist to run his annual race ?
Do not the stars which shine so bright,
Renew their courses every night ?
Doth not the ox obedient bow
His patient neck, and draw the plough ?
Or when did e'er the generous steed
With-hold his labour or his speed ?
If you all nature's system scan,
The only idle thing is MAN !

A wanton Sparrow long'd to hear
Their sage discourse, and strait drew near.
The bird was talkative and loud,
And very pert and very proud.
As worthless and as vain a thing
Perhaps, as ever wore a wing.
She found, as on a spray she sat,
The little friends were deep in chat ;
That virtue was their favourite theme,
And toil and probity their scheme :

Such

Such talk was hateful to her breast,
She thought them errant prudes at best.
When, to display her haughty mind,
Hunger with cruelty combin'd ;
She view'd the Ant with cruel eyes,
And hopt and hopt to snatch her prize.
The Bee who watch'd her opening bill,
And guess'd her fell design to kill ;
Ask'd her from what her anger rose,
And why she treated Ants as foes ?
The Sparrow her reply began,
And thus the conversation ran.

Whenever I'm dispos'd to dine,
I think the whole creation mine :
That I'm a bird of high degree,
And every insect made for me.
Hence oft I search the Emmet brood,
For Emmets are delicious food ;
And oft in wantonness and play,
I slay ten thousand in a day.
For truth it is, without disguise,
That I love mischief as my eyes.

Oh ! fie, the honest Bee reply'd,
I fear you make base Man your guide ;
Of every creature sure the worst,
Tho' in creation's scale the first !
Ungrateful man ! 'tis strange he thrives,
Who burns the Bees to rob their hives !
I hate his vile administration,
And so do all the Emmet nation.
What fatal foes to birds are men,
Quite to the Eagle from the Wren !
Oh ! do not men's example take,
Who mischief do for mischief's sake ;
But spare the Ant—Her worth demands
Esteem and friendship at your hands.

A mind with every virtue blest
Must raise compassion in your breast.

Virtue! rejoin'd the sneering bird,
Where did you learn that gothic word?
Since I was hatch'd I never heard
That virtue was at all rever'd.
But say it was the ancients' claim,
Yet moderns disavow the name.
Unless, my dear, you read romances,
I cannot reconcile your fancies.
Virtue in fairy tales is seen
To play the goddess or the queen.
But what's a queen without the pow'r,
Or beauty, child, without a dow'r?
Yet this is all that virtue brags;
At best 'tis only worth in rags;
Such whims my very heart derides;
Indeed you make me burst my sides.
Trust me, Miss Bee, to speak the truth,
I've copied men from earliest youth,
The same our taste, the same our school,
Passion and appetite our rule.
And call me bird, or call me sinner,
I'll ne'er forgo my sport or dinner.

A prowling Cat the miscreant spies,
And wide expands her amber eyes.
Near and more near Grimalkin draws,
She wags her tail, protends her paws:
Then springing on her thoughtless prey,
She bore the vicious bird away.

Thus, in her cruelty and pride;
The wicked wanton Sparrow dy'd.

N.

NUMBER LXIX.

————Ingrate, be bad of me
 All he could have ; I made him just and right,
 Sufficient to have stood, tho' free to fall :
 Such I created all th' ethereal powers,
 And spirits, both them who stood, and them who
 fail'd ;
 Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
 Not free, what proof could they have giv'n sincere
 Of true allegiance, constant faith and love,
 Where only what they needs must do appear'd,
 Not what they would ? What praise could they
 receive ?
 What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
 When will and reason (reason also is choice)
 Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
 Made passive both, had serv'd necessity,
 Not me ? —————

MILTON.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,
 AMONG the various particulars contain-
 ed in the volume of divine revelation, there
 is nothing more evidently taught, than that the
 human species are invested with a capacity of do-
 ing or abstaining from those things on which their
 final happiness or misery depends. The whole
 book proceeds entirely on the supposition of such
 a power, and were all the several passages, which
 prove the moral agency of mankind to be tran-
 scribed, they would fill a large treatise. The fol-
 lowing few will suffice for our present purpose.

Genesis iv. 7. "If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted." Surely if there is any certainty in language, it is evident from these words, that Cain had it in his power to do those things which were required by his Creator, as the conditions of his eternal happiness.

Genesis vi. 3. "My spirit shall not always strive with man." *Acts* vii. 51. "Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost."

The particulars taught by these passages are, that the holy spirit does strive with mankind to induce them to do those things, which are necessary to their eternal well being; but that his operations were not irresistible, and with some were actually resisted: and what can prove that mankind are capable of chusing good, and refusing evil, if this does not? Surely it is impossible for the Blessed Spirit ever to excite men to do those things, which he knows they are utterly incapable of performing; and to complain of, and reproach them for non-compliance with his solicitations, when he knew it was not possible for them ever to act in any other manner, than that in which they did act.

Deuteronomy xxx. 19. "I call heaven and earth to record against you this day, that I have set before you life and death—therefore chuse life, &c."

This scripture does most clearly and certainly teach, that mankind are endowed with a power of chusing good and refusing evil, and cannot possibly be true in any respect on the contrary supposition; for if the one part of men are so acted upon, as to be under an invincible necessity of doing those things which are requisite to their eternal happiness, it cannot, with the least degree of truth, be affirmed, that death has ever been

been set before any of them: and if the rest are under an utter incapacity of avoiding those things which will infallibly procure their everlasting condemnation, it is impossible to say that life has ever been set before so much as one of them: so that on this hypothesis, the whole passage is entirely false in all its parts; death and life having never been set before any person since Adam's fall.

Isaiab v. 3, &c. "What could have been done more—that I have not done for my vineyard.—Wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?" *Luke* xii. 6, &c. "A certain man had a fig tree—and he came and sought fruit thereon and found none—then said he—cut it down, &c."

What can be more strange than the language of these texts, if it was entirely out of the power of the persons concerned, to prevent that behaviour, which was the cause of these complaints? Ought not the questions on such a supposition to be directly inverted? For what could have been done *less* for them, than absolutely nothing at all? How could any other than wild grapes be expected, if the nature of the vine was such, as to produce them only, and no other? With what reason could expectations be formed, of gathering figs from a tree, which was known to have perished so soon as it was planted? It is evident therefore from these passages, that mankind are still endowed with power to do those things which are expected from them by their Creator.

Ezek. xviii. 30. xxxvi. 11. "Repent and turn yourselves from all your transgressions; as I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live; turn ye, turn ye from your

your evil ways, for why will ye die, O house of Israel?"

Can any thing more clearly and incontestibly prove the liberty of the human will than these texts of scripture, in which Almighty God declares, even upon oath, that he would have every one turn from the evil of their doings, that they may escape the punishment which otherwise would be the certain consequence thereof: but what is there in all this more than a cruel insult on mankind, if they are as utterly incapable of doing the thing required, as of transforming themselves into another species of creatures? As to the wretched evasions so often made use of on other occasions, of a power given them in Adam to do what was commanded, it is obvious that it can have no place here, the thing required being of a different nature from any duty expected from him antecedently to the fall. For repentance could not have been enjoined them, neither was any power given to perform it; that was an after requirement, and implies a new and different covenant, which of consequence infers a power of performing the conditions; and accordingly mankind are here called upon by God himself so to do: which if it does not prove that they are really invested with the power contended for, nothing can.

Luke xix. 41, 42. "When he was come near he beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, O that thou hadst known the things which belong to thy peace."—*Matth.* xxiii. 37. "O Jerusalem thou that killest the prophets—how often would I have gathered thy children—and ye would not."

It is evident from these words, that those to whom they were addressed, were invested with sufficient power to secure their own eternal well being;

ing; for otherwise, what propriety can there be in this pathetic upbraiding? and must it not be added, what sincerity in this appearing tender concern? certainly no one can ever be a proper subject of blame and complaint, that was always under an inevitable necessity of acting just in the same manner that he does, and could not possibly act in any other. Therefore, to charge such a one with having refused offers of salvation, and to pretend to weep over him on that account, would be hypocritical to the last degree; as offers on impossible conditions, are no offers at all. So that if there is any certainty in language, these passages again incontestibly prove, that mankind are capable of doing those things which are required of them by their Creator, in order to their eternal felicity.

From these few foregoing texts, it is sufficiently manifest what the Scripture doctrine is concerning the freedom of the human will: it remains only to shew, that the sentiments of the first ancient writers of the Christian Church were entirely agreeable to those maintained above. That they were unanimously so till the time of *St. Austin* is notorious.

Justin Martyr.—"Though in our creation we had no choice, yet in our regeneration we have; for God persuades only, and draws us gently by co-operating with our rational powers."—"If all things are determined by fate, then farewell freedom of will;—unless man has it in his power to chuse the good, and refuse the evil, no one can be accountable for any actions whatsoever."

Clement Alexandrinus.—"Neither praises or reprehensions, rewards or punishments could be just, if the soul had not the power of chusing and refusing."

Tertullian.

Tertullian.—"An entire liberty of the will is granted to man on every side, that he may always appear to be master of himself, by doing of his own accord that which is good, and avoiding of his own accord that which is evil.—Man who is in other respects subject to the determination of God, ought to do that which is just, out of the good pleasure of his own free will."

Origen.—"You destroy the nature of virtue, if you take away liberty—how could God require of man, that which he hath not in his power to offer him?—a man cannot be made guilty by that which happeneth not by his own will."

Methodius.—"To do evil, or not to do it, depends on our own will, otherwise we should not receive punishment for our evil actions or reward for our good ones."

Macarius.—"A law is given to him who hath a free will; but no law is given to a nature bound or fixed to one; you take away liberty, by saying man is of a nature bound to one."

Jerome.—"What God commands must be possible to be observed: Where a possibility of action is taken away, there is no sin: for no man is condemned for that which he could not do."

Theodoret.—"How can he be just who punisheth a nature not able to do good? The Counsel of *Arles*, pronounceth an Anathema on those who say that he that perisheth hath not received means whereby he might be saved."

These are a few out of the many testimonies which might be produced. Thus from *reason*, *scripture*, and *antiquity*, it evidently appears, that mankind are invested with sufficient power to do those things which are required of them by their Creator, as the conditions of their eternal happiness.

It

It is to be hoped, that the passages, which I have prefixed to these papers, from our inimitable poet, will also have some weight, especially with those who claim him as a friend to their sentiments in religion.

I am, Sir,

Your constant Reader,

And occasional Correspondent,

T.

NUMBER LXX.

*Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas;
Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.*

VIRGIL.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

AS the end, for which the blessed Redeemer came into the world, gives us the most pleasing idea of the divine Philanthropy: so a review of those preparatory dispensations, and of that chain of prophecies, which, for so many ages, awakened the expectations of mankind to his coming, serves abundantly to shew the importance of his errand, and the greatness of that event, which, at this season, we commemorate. The *Messiah*, promised to our first parents, and stipulated anew to the faithful patriarchs, for many hundred years, with-held his personal appearance in the flesh; but at length, in the ful-
ness

ness of time (as the sacred writer expresses it) assumed human nature, and completed the promises.

The works of God are all wrought in such consummate wisdom, that we may be certain this *greatest* of all his works was finished in every part, with the most perfect design: and therefore may well conclude, that the *time*, when our Saviour appeared in the world, was of all others most proper, and, in all respects, most fitting. It is true, the sacred writers do not say much on this head: but we may collect enough to satisfy us of the propriety of the time of our Saviour's appearance, and to shew, that he was manifested, when the world most needed, and, in many particulars, was best prepared to receive him.

For there was, in the first place, a general and prevailing expectation of him, not only among the *Jews*, and in the *eastern* parts of the world, but also in the *west*: where an opinion strongly propagated itself, that some great personage was to arise, and to assume the reins of universal dominion. The testimonies of *Suetonius* and *Tacitus*, are so well known, that I shall not produce them; and that celebrated eclogue of *Virgil's*, whence I have taken the motto to this paper, is an incontestible proof of the prevalence of such an opinion.—And as thus, many were waiting in *Israel* for the consolation of God, for the appearance of the *Messiah*; this not only rendered his appearance more acceptable, but afforded an evidence to his divine mission. For we may ask, how came such an expectation universally to prevail, at and about that time? It must have had some foundation. The writings of the prophets afford the Christian a sufficient answer. But separate from them, no sufficient answer can be given.

But

But further, the state of the world, in many respects was well adapted to this great event. The Roman arms had at this time almost over-run the world: or at least had brought under their rule, all the considerable parts of it. United thus under one head, nation easily communicated with nation: and commerce and intelligence, before impracticable, now became easy. Besides, fatigued with wars, and satiated with blood, the temple of *Janus* at length was closed, and the ambition of Rome consented that the world should have *peace*. Under these favourable circumstances the Prince of Peace, and the universal Lord was born; and these circumstances rendered the propagation of his faith much more easy and expeditious, than it could possibly have been, had kingdom been divided against kingdom, and had wars prevented a friendly intercourse: Indeed we find, that, under these advantages, the gospel spread with amazing rapidity, insomuch, that about thirty years after our Saviour's ascension, St. Paul could assert, that it had been *preached to every creature under heaven*, that is, it had been preached in all the known world.—How little did the *Romans* suppose, that while they were anxious to fix their *eagles* in every region of the earth, they were only *instruments* in the hands of the All-wise; and victorious, only to prepare the way for the knowledge of his eternal Son!

If we consider the *moral* state of the world, we shall see again the propriety of the time of our Saviour's appearance, and be convinced that it was never more necessary. “The alliance between *morals* and *government*, says an able writer, was now broken: and an influence hitherto so friendly to virtue, became altogether malignant, and was exerted, with most fatal success, to poison and de-

bate the human mind. Together with *despotic* power, entered all those odious vices, which are usually found in its train; and in a short time, they grew to an incredible pitch. The colours are not too strong which the Apostle employs in drawing the character of that age: Cotemporary historians justify him, when he describes it to be *alienated from the life of God, walking in vanity through blindness of mind; to be past feeling, given up to lasciviousness, and to work all uncleanness with greediness*. In this time of universal corruption did the wisdom of God manifest the Christian revelation to the world; not to re-establish virtue upon the same insecure foundation of *civil government*; but to erect it upon the eternal and immoveable basis of a religion, which teacheth righteousness by the authority of God. What the wisdom of men could do for the encouragement of virtue in a corrupt world had been tried, during several ages; and all human devices were found by experience to be of very small avail; so that no juncture could be more proper for publishing a religion, which, independant on human laws and institutions, explains the principles of morals with admirable perspicuity, and enforces the practice of them by most persuasive arguments. Had not Christianity appeared to check and mitigate the pernicious effects of despotic unlimited empire, it is hard to say how far they might have gone, towards extinguishing the name and exercise of virtue amongst men. This we know, that in a most dissolute age, and under the worst government, the primitive Christians attained, in every virtue, to an eminence of which there is no example, in the history of mankind. The spirit of their religion, superior to the corrupt genius of the age, continued pure and vigorous; and men saw with admiration, that when
every

every other foundation of virtue was overthrown, the foundation of God still *stood sure* and immovable."

Now, if further we take a view of the *religious* state of the world at our Saviour's appearance, it will serve to convince us yet more of the wisdom of God, and of the necessity of Christ's coming to give light to the darkness of deluded mankind. But you must indulge me with future admission into your useful paper for this purpose, when I will conclude my subject. I am at all times,

Sir,

Your sincere friend,

M.

NUMBER LXXI.

*We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man.* YOUNG.

AS time glides on in so imperceptible a manner, in order the better to distinguish the several periods of life, it hath been divided into smaller or larger portions; and as the memory of *particular* facts would, perhaps, speedily be obliterated by a general notice, *particular* days and times have therefore been appointed, upon which to commemorate peculiar and important incidents. Again the *day* has closed upon us, which admits us into a new year, and which should lead our reflections to a serious review of the past, and to wise resolutions with respect to the future time. Our friends are continually reminding us, and we mutually are reminding our friends of this perpetual

tual vicissitude of human things, by wishes and gratulations of happiness for the coming year: and if we duly estimate human life, of what vast importance is this addition to our span! of what infinite utility might be the instructions, which these friendly congratulations suggest! The year is past—the days, the weeks, the months are flown; gone, for ever, and irrevocably gone; and with them all opportunity to alter or undo, whatever in this period, we have done! If our actions have been virtuous and amiable; if humanity and benevolence have conducted our steps; if justice and honesty have directed our dealings; if religion and truth have influenced our behaviour: what a joy shall we find in the retrospect; we shall have no cause to regret that we are now another year nearer to eternity!—If, on the other hand, blackness and darkness involve our proceedings; if guilt and shame, if vice and folly only mark the former days—alas, how sad, how unpleasing the review! For what have we lived? Nay, rather let us ask, for what *do* we live? And upon this enquiry we may well rejoice in the gracious permission of providence, to see another year before us; in which we may redeem the past, in which we may treasure up a happy store for our future comfort and review; if perhaps we may be allowed to see another year succeeding.

But, as rational creatures, should we not seriously put it to our hearts—“Can I promise myself another year? can I insure my life for the next twelve returning months? can I certainly say, that my existence shall be prolonged during the next annual circuit of the sun?” alas! we want little information on this head. And certainly should want as little instruction, if, amidst
the

the clamorous importunity of the passions, or the noisy tumult of the world, we would listen to the still voice of reason; would consider, determine, and be wise. For surely the single view of the past would teach us the importance of the coming hours. With the past all our pleasures are dead; of our guilty ones, the dire remembrance only survives: A faint memory alone, dark and doubtful traces, of our transactions remain: that which pained us most nearly, is well nigh forgotten, as much as that which most highly pleased us; and we seem in part dead to the foregoing, while entering, with all the glow of life, into the rising year. And as with years, so shortly will it be with our whole life: ere long, the solemn summons will approach, and we shall be called to that world and that state, where time shall be no more; where days, and months, and years, shall never again fall and rise; but one eternal day shall shine upon us. Can any thing be of equal concern? and can any reflection so well suit our entrance upon the present time? this neglected, every other pursuit, every other acquisition will be lighter than vanity: this eternity secured, every other loss will be perfectly insignificant?

Again, when we look back upon the past year, and see so many of our fellow-creatures vanished from the scene; so many of our friends taken from our embraces, and lost to our love; when we see the havoc which time and death, in twelve short months have made: the consideration must awaken our attention, and arouse us to a due preparation for that solemn departure, from which no human being is exempt. And, if we rightly reflect, the goodness of God in extending our span, and allowing us yet a little more time, will appear in the most pleasing

view : — especially since the Christian religion inspires us with such glorious expectations. For we may conceive this divine dispensation thus addressing us : The past is over, and it is irretrievable : the present is yours, and it is highly improveable : your actions heretofore render you obnoxious to God : a change of conduct will, through faith, in the merits of the Redeemer, restore you to his favour, and obtain for you his protection. Consider then the unspeakable importance of the time before you : consider what an eternity is, an eternity, passed either in exquisite happiness or misery ! and, as a reasonable being, so act, and so improve the present moment, as to secure the blessings of an happy eternity.”

My friend *Eugenio* has, for many years past, made it his custom to retire from all the world on *New-Year's Day* ; and to dedicate it to a serious review of the past year, and to a careful provision, and proper concern for the coming one. He always keeps an exact list of the friends he has lost, within the annual circle, and provides himself with the bills of mortality, for the year past ; which, he says, afford him more instruction than an hundred lectures on morality. I was once indulged with a view of the reflections which he made on reading over one of these lists ; and it would give me much pleasure, if I could prevail on him to enrich my papers with them.—But so far is this day's retirement from damping the vigour, or darkening the serenity of *Eugenio's* mind ; that he comes from it into the world with a degree of cheerfulness, so much the more pleasing, as it is even, continued, and founded upon the best principle, a good and approving conscience. *Eugenio*, by this means, preserves a proper regard
for

for the present time ; keeps his faith stedfast and resigned ; tenderly remembers the friends taken from him, and acts with the most winning kindness to those remaining : is happy in life, and not uneasy at the thoughts of death ; considers every new year, as an addition to the exertion of his benevolence ; and hopes for the arrival of that great year, when time, and change, and grief, and death, shall be no more.

To this paper, I must beg leave to subjoin the following little poem, for the advantage of my younger readers ; the repetition of which I dare say their parents will reward with a proper *New-Year's Gift*.

On the NEW-YEAR.

GOD of my life, thy constant care
With blessings crowns the op'ning year ;
This guilty life dost thou prolong,
And wake anew mine annual song.

How many precious souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since from this day the changing sun
Through his last yearly period run.

We yet survive, but who can say,
Or through the year, or month, or day,
“ I will retain this vital breath ;
“ Thus far at least, in league with death.”

That breath is thine, eternal God ;
'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode :
It holds its life from thee alone
On earth, or in the world unknown.

To thee our spirits we resign;
 Make them and own them still as thine;
 So shall they smile secure from fear,
 Tho' death should blast the rising year.

Thy children, eager to be gone,
 Bid Time's impetuous tide roll on,
 And land them on that blooming shore,
 Where years and death are known no more.

NUMBER LXXII.

*Aggredere, o magnos,—aderit jam tempus—
 honores,
 Cara Deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum.*
 VIRGIL.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,
 THE general expectation of the *Messiah* amongst the *Jews*; of some extraordinary *personage*, amongst other nations, at that time to appear:—the establishment of the *universal* monarchy of the Romans, and the general *peace* which then prevailed, we observed, in a former paper, serve to shew the fitness of the time, when our Saviour came upon earth. The state of the *moral* world too was such, that it rendered the appearance of a divine legislator necessary. And, if ever the *religious* state of the world needed a reformer, certainly it was when Christianity was established.—The Jews, with whom remained what little truth and divine knowledge there was yet amongst men, had so confounded the criteria of virtue, that it was difficult to say, wherein true

true piety consisted. The hypocrisy of the *Pharisees*, the infidelity of the *Sadduces*, the enthusiasm of the *Essenes*, entirely destroyed the power and knowledge of sincere religion. And to such an height of impiety did they soon after arrive, that their historian *Josepbus* declares, he verily believes the earth would have opened and swallowed them up (such monsters were they in iniquity) if God had not destroyed them by the hand of the Romans.

For the *Gentiles*, it is well known, that their deities were folly, and their ceremonies and services weak, superstitious, and, in many cases, most abominable. They were totally ignorant of the true God, and in consequence totally ignorant of that true religion and only rational service, which a spiritual Being can approve — “the religion of the heart.”—The deities whom they worshipped were of such a sort, that they could never dream of recommending themselves to them by the practice of virtue and goodness: and hence vice was beheld with indifference, and crimes, which we shudder to mention, were even celebrated by their best poets. The most execrable sacrifices and services were paid to their gods; and, literally speaking, *they sat in darkness and the shadow of death.*

Their philosophers too had reasoned so long, that the wisest and the best amongst them were content to profess themselves *Sceptics*, universal doubters, though anxious to satisfy their minds, and unwearied in their investigations of truth. It cannot therefore seem strange, that a revelation from God should be gladly accepted, and that so many thousands should embrace the faith of Christ, at the time, when their profession of this faith and martyrdom were immediately connected.

Let

Let us observe (for it tends to shew how weak human reason is, *unassisted* and *unenlightened*, even in its best state) that knowledge and science of every other sort, were at that time in a state more flourishing than perhaps they have been at almost any other period. Christianity did not make its way in an ignorant and barbarous age, amongst ignorant and barbarous people : But at a time when human *wisdom* was in its meridian of splendor, and amongst those people, who were most celebrated for this wisdom, amongst the learned at *Rome*, at *Corinth*, at *Athens*, at *Ephesus*, &c. "The teachers of the gospel had adversaries, who wanted neither inclination nor abilities to oppose it. To make its way at such a time, and to bring over not only the lower sort of people, but also some of the most learned, who turned its own weapons against *Paganism*, is at once an honour to the Christian religion, and a proof of its divine original and truth."

No man, upon this view, can help remarking the ridiculous absurdity of our deists and modern rejectors of Christianity, who pretend to oppose mere natural religion and human reason to it : The efficacy of these had been sufficiently tried before the coming of Christ : And they were found wholly wanting, unable to satisfy the anxious enquirer, unable to calm the doubting mind, or to secure the interests of virtue. Why then should we hear more of them now, than as humble handmaids, and willing servants to the most glorious dispensation of Jesus Christ ?

To this short view of the *political*, *moral*, and *religious* world, suffer me to add one or two particulars respecting the *domestic* world, which called for reformation, and which, as it seems, nothing less than a divine revelation could have regulated.

gulated. The first concerns the matter of *polygamy* and *divorce*; the second, the condition of *servants* and *slaves*; it is well known to what a height of corruption domestic connections were carried by those means; and how much the felicity of life was poisoned in this its sweetest fountain. Our Saviour reduced marriage to its original institution, and rendered the union at once the most friendly and endearing, if *begun* and cemented by mutual affection. — The case of *slaves* was deplorable; they were under the most grievous bondage: Christ introduced a more happy equality: and we treat our inferior fellow creatures no longer, as *animals* or *savages*, but as *brethren*. — I am sorry, that those who object to our religion, have it in their power to retort this argument: But let them be told, that tho', in some of our colonies, slavery is practised, yet our religion testifies against it; it must be charged upon the degeneracy and corruption of the human heart, not upon Christianity, which totally disclaims and remonstrates against the practice. I should have been glad to have enlarged upon these two topics; since a review of them serves greatly to shew the necessity of our Saviour's *appearance*, as well as the great advantages derived to mankind from it. But I must hold my pen.

These scattered hints may serve to shew, that our blessed Redeemer came into the world, at a season most proper, and when his coming was on all accounts necessary. We reap the blessings of his coming in a thousand temporal as well as spiritual mercies. For his religion hath served, above all things, to humanize mankind. Indeed such is the temper of it, that wherever it is truly embraced, it must humanize and make happy. Conscious of which, now that we commemorate this
first

first instance of redeeming love, let us study the disposition, which the *nativity* peculiarly recommends, *humility* I mean; perfectly satisfied, that the *bumble* mind is the happy one; and that in proportion as our self-esteem and vanity decay, our peace and serenity will encrease, together with our confidence in God, and our grateful acknowledgments to the Redeemer——

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

M.

NUMBER LXXIII.

*O think you are a father : soft indulgence
Becomes that name ; tho' nature give you pow'r
To bind her duty, 'tis with silken cords :
Command her, then, as you command yourself ;
She is as much a part of you, as are
Your appetite and will : and these you force not,
But gently bend, and make them pliant to your
reason.*

DRYDEN.

To the Author of the VISITOR.

S I R,

AS you have been so kind as to admit my friend's narrative into your paper, and have given one *grateful Magdalen* leave to tell her sad story: I flatter myself that you will not refuse the like favour to *another*. Unskilled in the ways of writing, I am unable to polish what I pen; nothing but the artlessness of my tale, and my sincere

cere wish to warn, and to profit my unhappy sisters in sorrow and shame, can apologize for me. I have often heard and read of *light-houses* and *beacons* erected for the use of sailors, to direct them in their voyages, and to preserve them from sands, and shelves, and rocks. And as I have fatally shipwrecked myself, my hearty desire is, to hold up a *light* to warn and direct others from those rocks and sands to which I owe my ruin.

I am that person, Sir, of whom *Sally M—*, the *grateful Magdalen*, speaks in her first letter, as a comfortable instance of the blessings of the *Magdalen charity*; my reception into which, has, under God, saved a poor mother's life, who before was hastening to the grave, beneath a load of anguish and misery.—Blessed, for ever blessed be the day, on which I first heard of that humane provision for such wretched outcasts as myself: blessed, for ever blessed be the hour, on which I entered those doors of mercy, of comfort, and peace! Oh, Sir, believe me, when I say, that had it not been for this house of refuge, most probably my miserable existence on earth had been long since ended, and my fate irrecoverably sealed in the regions of punishment: the grey hairs of my widowed mother had been brought down with sorrow to the grave; each of us strangers to that divine mercy, which now fills our hearts with the most cheering hope.

I am one of those who can verify the poet's remark, with respect to our sex,—“that one false step entirely damns our fame.” Since to one false step I owe the long chain of calamities, which were linked together from that unhappy error. But at the same time that I avow my own fault; I cannot but say that the severity of my father occasioned my worst distress, and rendered my ruin

irretrievable. Surely there is some medium between the implacability of unforgiveness, and the too easy lenity, which invites to offend. Surely there are wise parents who can discern the happy mean betwixt the *severe* rule, which terrifies; and the weak *indulgence* which produces contempt. Unhappily for me, my dear father was a stranger to this medium. He had very high notions of the parental authority, and was continually extolling to the skies those understanding states, as he called them, which gave into the hands of the parent unlimited power over the child, even the power of life and death. He had not the least idea of governing by love: he thought *fear* the best security of duty, and would constantly complain that the notorious disobedience of children, and their saucy pertness (as he stiled it, though others would have named it only a becoming familiarity) arose from a relaxation of the parental authority; and if parents were so mad (he would continue) as to give the reins out of their own into the hands of their children, they must not be surprized, if their children drove themselves into ruin, and their parents into the deepest gulph of sorrow.

Constantly accustomed to these lessons, never allowed to enter into his presence but with the most reverential courtesy; never permitted to speak to him, but with the solemn appellation of, *Sir*; very rarely indulged in any of those pleasures which were agreeable to my sex and age; and if indulged, sure to suffer for it, by so strict a scrutiny into my conduct, as no child's conduct perhaps would bear; as well as by such remonstrances and tasks, as (I am sorry to say it) rendered my father of all objects the most fearful and unpleasing to me; I grew up to my six-

teenth year (fatal æra of my sorrows) inheriting strong passions from both my parents; and with little hopes of properly gratifying *that*, which in lively young girls, of my age, is generally most predominant. My mother, whom I tenderly loved, and with the justest reason, was no less afraid of my father than myself: she lived under an iron-rule indeed; but had sense enough, and meekness enough, to discern and conform herself to my father's temper, so that she seldom contradicted him; and proved but a sorry advocate for her daughter, when under the harrow, as was almost every day the case. And as she was a breeding woman, her attention was a good deal taken up by the little ones, as nursing was my most agreeable entertainment. But this alone was not sufficient: I was led therefore to frequent the kitchen upon all occasions; and the conversations of the servants became most agreeable to me. For they would often flatter my vanity, and speak well of my person; and one of the maids in particular gave me information of many things, which served to hasten my ruin, by enflaming my desires, already sufficiently warm.

I should have told you, Sir, that my father, originally bred to the law, but neither qualified for, nor fond of his profession, had given over all attention to it, and settled himself in a village not many miles from London; having a sufficient fortune to live in decent retirement. We kept two maids, and a man, who was a kind of *Scrub*, footman, butler, gardener, all things by turns, and nothing well. In the parish church, the most public place I frequented, a gentleman of pleasing appearance one Sunday attracted my notice; attracted it the rather, because I quickly perceived, with no small satisfaction, that I had attracted

his. He was a lodger (I soon found out) for the summer season in our village. This was all I could learn concerning him. I was impatient for the following Sunday. The wished-for day arrived. Again the gentleman was at church. And his whole attention and devotion seemed to be offered to me. But can I express the foolish elation of heart, I felt, when in the evening the maid (whom I mentioned above, as a ready instructress) slipped a letter into my hand, and told me, it was from a gentleman, who had fallen in love with me at church. Thus began our amour.

But I will not tire you with the repetition of circumstances (the writer of *Clarissa* might make a volume of them.) Suffice it to say, that we met again and again, by the interposition of this maid: he vowed eternal faith and constancy; he vowed, and I had not the least doubt of his veracity. My heart was perfectly his. Soon as he perceived this, he pressed for a consummation of our happiness, for which I longed no less ardently, than he professed to do: and declaring his motives wholly honourable, proposed at last, that I should run away with him from my father's house; as there were no hopes of procuring his consent, whose cruel treatment of me he never failed to aggravate; and he declared, that as soon as we got to London, he would make me his wife.—The offer was too pleasing to be rejected; it was a deliverance from worse than Ægyptian bondage; and amidst all his discourses on parental authority, my father had not taught me the obligations of filial duty; I resolved to comply; love strengthened my resolution: my mind applauded it. I had not the least apprehension of aught, but consummate felicity; yet weakly and madly thought, that, come what would come, I could

could never be in a worse or more uneasy situation, than under my father's stern frown. Alas, how hath experience shown me my mistake! Would God, all children might learn from me, that the austerity of a parent is no excuse for disobedience; and that such disobedience very rarely escapes without punishment?

In a word, Sir, I went off with Mr. G***, and left in evil hour the house of my parents. He conveyed me to a lodging prepared for me in town; where I was kept up and concealed with all imaginable secrecy, in the utmost dread of discovery. My lover behaved with the greatest tenderness and regard. And we talked of nothing but the desired moment, when marriage should make us one: but how were all my joys damped, when he told me, on the second morning after my coming to town, that he was under the most perplexing uneasiness: since by means of the *execrable* new marriage act, it was impossible for us to get married! my heart was almost broken, and I had then the first presages of my future sorrow. However he assuaged my grief, by unutterable fondness and the most sincerely-seeming attachment, and promised to use every effort to accomplish the desired end; swearing with the energy of falsehood, that life without the enjoyment of *me* would not be worth having.—A week passed on in this dire suspense; and what added to my uneasiness, was the sight of advertisements in the papers from my disconsolate friends,—an heart-breaking mother, and an anxious father,—who earnestly intreated either my return, or some information concerning me. Filial love, I then found, was not extinguished in my breast, and the pangs I felt myself, from the sense of their *uneasinesses*, abundantly convinced me, of what

they must feel. But to return to them was impossible : I could not, I dared not : I wished to do so, but my very wishes affrightened me. And besides Mr. G***, whom I passionately loved, rejected the thought with the greatest disdain ; and told me, he should construe my entertainment of it, as a disgust to, and disapprobation of him. This was sufficient to expel it entirely. He grew every day more and more assiduous : but every day he advanced in freedoms, which I did not *much* disapprove. At length he began to talk in a strain, I was obliged to dislike, and to express my dislike of.—For, God knows, I had no thoughts but of the most virtuous sort : and therefore when he began to declaim concerning the uselessness of priests, the union of hearts, the freedom of love, and the like ; I boldly told him, that as he had engaged to make me his wife, and as I had taken such a step in proof of my affection, I expected, that he would soon complete his promise, or I must be obliged, terrible as it was, to return to my father.—What followed you shall hear in my next.

I am,

S I R,

Your's, &c.

M A R I A

N U M B E R

NUMBER LXXIV.

*What better can we do, than prostrate fall
Before him reverent; and then confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Wat'ring the ground; and with our sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.*

MILTON.

To the VISITOR.

S I R,

MY resolution had (as I fancied) the desired effect. Mr. G*** told me, he would exert all his endeavours to accomplish our wishes; and swearing eternal faith, constancy and love, professed the most honourable intentions. The next evening he came to me with the highest gaiety of soul; and scarce entered the room before he produced a paper, which had all the appearance and form of a *licence*. A special one, he assured me, it was; and a clergyman, he added, would soon attend to join our hands, and give me to his arms. I had scruples, but he removed them: for, alas! how readily do we credit what we wish to be true; and how easy was it to impose on a young girl who knew nothing of these matters? A clergyman came in less than an hour; but I must freely confess, that his miserable appearance shocked and alarmed me: though I have often since seen many such, deplorable to behold, in the streets of this city. Mr. G*** told me, "That he was an assistant to the parish curate's *assistant*; and, as his pay was

was but small, his *wigs* could not be expected to abound with *curl*, nor his *gowns* with *blackness*. But that his poverty made no difference; the ceremony was as valid, when performed by him, as by the best powdered dean, or most downy doctor in England."——Mr. G**'s good humour and sprightliness, which I attributed to his passion, dispelled every idea of doubt or apprehension from my breast: the mumbling priest muttered over the ceremony; my maid and Mr. G**'s man were our attendants; the priest was dismissed; reluctance was no more: and we were—for I had no consciousness of guilt—we were most blest.

Mr. G** continued faithful and fond; but I must freely confess I was far from happy, saving when my sadder reflections were dissipated by his company, which I rarely enjoyed till the evening. The remembrance of my parents haunted me continually; and though I wrote to let them know I was well, "safe," and married, yet I wanted something more; I wanted to see them and be reconciled. This Mr. G** convinced me was impossible; for I now was informed by him, that his own was a state of perfect dependance; that an uncle, his only friend, had procured him a place in one of the public offices, and was using his interest to advance him: but that if he should be informed of his marriage, he would utterly reject him; and thus he should lose all his future prospects—His interest was so much mine, that I readily acquiesced; but the knowledge of his circumstances rendered me anxious and careful; and few women in my state, I believe, would have lived with greater œconomy.

Indeed I had very little reason to be expensive; for I saw, I could see, no company. I found that I was generally esteemed by the sober neighbourhood

hood in an offensive character; and, therefore, I could make no acquaintance with them: and I had no inclination to associate with the abandoned, and lost to reputation; since I knew (or at least imagined) there was no blot upon my own. My maid, and the good woman of the house where I lodged, were all my acquaintance; and a walk, in the dusk of the evening, my only refreshment and recreation. Mr. G** would now and then bring a gentleman to pass the evening; but their conversation was generally too loose for me *then* to relish! and I was apt to be displeased with him, for allowing his friends some liberties with me, which I thought did not agree with the delicacy of a husband. Mr. S* in particular seemed my husband's favourite; came with him the most frequently; was most assiduous to attract my notice; and was by far the most agreeable man that visited us.

In this manner a twelvemonth passed away; and as I had brought Mr. G** a fine little girl, the necessary attention to this sweet babe rendered my situation much more comfortable. But one evening Mr. G**, by hint following hint, alarmed my suspicions; and at length led me to know, that his uncle had procured a considerable place for him, somewhere in *America*, whither he must speedily sail, though not without hopes, he added, of a happy return to me in proper time.—Judge, Sir, what I felt upon this information.—My blood grew cold; my heart was ready to burst; my limbs trembled; I fainted away! Oh that I had died? would God, that I had died that moment! Oh that I had never more recovered from that swoon—recovered to misery and guilt, to poverty and woe, to sin and sorrow! Oh that my eyes
never

never more opened to the scene of anguish before me!——

It was to no purpose that I entreated or complained; that I upbraided or besought; that I pleaded the calls of the *mother*, or the *wife*; respecting each, he dropped some things which shocked my inmost soul; and, after a night, a night of such horror, as I wish no poor young woman may ever experience, he left me; and I was undone!

For not many hours after his departure, Mr. S* his friend (whom I mentioned before) brought me the following letter, which I will give you in his own words.

My dear Molly,

I AM sorry our hard fates oblige us to part; but there is no remedy. If I had stay'd in England, you would have still kept me constant; but as it is, you must endeavour to make the best on't. I make Mr. S** the bearer, and recommend him to your kindness; he will deserve it: and he brings you the last present I shall be able to send you. You have been under a great mistake in supposing yourself my wife. That could not be. Mr. S** will set you right in that affair. I would advise you to send the child you have had to the Foundling Hospital: and if you don't approve Mr. S**, your best way will be to reconcile yourself to your parents. You may make up a good story enough, and lay all the blame on the *faithless* man. Though I hope you will at all times do me the justice to own, that if you had not run away with me from your father's, the rest could not have followed. You are young, and may

may yet make your fortune, which will be a pleasure to me to hear, in the most distant parts of the world.

I am your former lover,

T. G**.

Every word of this letter was keener than a dagger; and all this from the man I *loved* above all things!—who could support it? However, there is a curiosity even in sorrow, we are anxious to know the *worst*. Mr. S* informed me that the licence was forged; and the *priest*, a vile pander, who, at Mr. G**'s solicitation, had hired the *wig* and *habit* of an old clergyman for a pot of porter; and that the whole was a device to conquer my virtue. Worthy conquest truly! Inhuman savage, boast thy subtlety and success!

You cannot wonder that abhorrence took the place of affection; and that no monster in nature appeared equally shocking, equally meriting detestation, in my judgment, with this cruel, cruel man! Mr. S* found little satisfaction in my company, for I was distracted:—I wept, I raved; reason was lost, hope seemed to have forsaken me; I gave myself up to all the anguish of despair.

But as nothing violent can last long, my sad reflections began to calm; and indeed I was summoned by necessity to serious deliberation. For as Mr. G**'s income never supplied me with much affluence, so my want of money soon shewed itself to my maid and my landlady. The former gave me warning and left me; and to increase my troubles, took off with her several of my best things. The latter grew clamorous for
her

her rent, and gave me to know, that she must be obliged to part with me. I refused, in my raving, the last money from G**, which Mr. S* offered: and he kept from me for some time, the better, I suppose, to prey upon my necessities. In this distress I wrote to my father: and not willing to describe my real case, sued for a reconciliation: he sent me an answer (the first I had received, after several letters to him) full of the most severe upbraidings: and soon after I received one, not much less severe, from my mother; in which she gave me but very poor hopes of my father's forgiveness, adding how unable, as I knew, she was to do any thing on my behalf: and giving me much advice, which, alas, was weak and impracticable.

In this situation my landlady found me one day, weeping over my sweet unhappy babe, and feeding it, while, God knows, I had scarce any food for myself; when, untouched by compassion, she told me, that I must leave her house the next morning, as she had let the lodgings to some people of credit. My spirits were gone, and while tears filled my eyes, I told her, "It was very well: I would prepare." She left me to my sorrow. I bedewed my dear child (who smiled, unconscious of distress, upon me) bedewed her with my tears: and resolved, as a wretched outcast, to take my babe, and throw myself with it at my father's door. This was the resolution of despair.

It was at this time of distress, that Mr. S* returned; whom I had not seen for near three weeks: you may easily imagine, that the present he brought, was welcome, and not refused *now*: he made many apologies for his absence; told me, he had been on a journey, which kept him so long

long from me; began to talk much of love, and to make me such offers, as I fear, many women, in my sad state, could not have refused. The severe, I know, will condemn me; they cannot condemn me so much as I condemn myself. But any alternative was preferable to a return to my parents, as I had no hopes of any success, or admission. And I could not bear to see my pretty innocent either taken from me, or ill-treated: much less could I bear to see it under the miseries of want. However I held out, as long as my money remained, and then the prospect of bitter necessity, and being again turned from my lodgings, (for I had quitted the former at the time appointed, nor could I have stayed with the savage landlady on any account) this sad and terrifying prospect got the better of my resolution; and I made the first step in *known* and *voluntary* guilt.

When this is the case, the conscience begins to grow hardened, or however we are less disgusted at vice, and are not afraid to grow familiar with it. Mr. S* was very loose in his principles: and I grew loose, as himself. The company of women in my own circumstances, once detestable, was now coveted by me, and became agreeable. I dressed, I talked, I appeared like them. I began to have no objection to more wine than usual; and, in short, made hasty and large steps in the broad road to destruction. Mr. S*, when he came to our lodgings, frequently found me from home, and frequently in company, which he did not seem to approve. Imagining I could better my fortune, I grew regardless of him. He cast me off: and I set up for myself! Miserable and thoughtless!—As I was agreeable, I wanted not what we call company! But I soon found, that this way of life was beyond imagination hor-

rible ! Riot, intemperance, surfeit and disease, soon became my familiars ! and amidst all, I was a prisoner ; for, having contracted some debts, I was seized and conveyed to a spunging-house ; the master of which made up matters for me, as he pretended, and I gave him my note. A note, I never could pay, and therefore I took up my abode with him, and became a common wretch, a public nuisance.

My little girl had shared her mother's fortune, and was with me in this horrid house ; but whenever I beheld her, it was with unutterable sorrow, through dread that her fate should be like mine ! At length, Sir, to consummate my misery, after a life of the most execrable sufferings for four months, during which time I was obliged frequently, in rain, or snow, frost or cold, to appear in the streets ; at length, diseased and distressed, my master turned me out with my child ! and pinched with hunger and distemper, I commenced beggar ! Reflection then began powerfully to do its work, and heaven and earth seemed shut up ; every avenue of relief or compassion seemed closed against a wretched sinner, sinking beneath a load of horror and guilt upon her head ; against a most wretched mother, with an helpless innocent babe, about to perish with hunger !

As near four years had passed since I left my father's house, and my attempts had proved fruitless to reconcile myself, in better days ; I dared not, I could not even admit the thought of going thither ; in this my state of beggary, nakedness and disease, I doubted whether I should be known ; I did not doubt that I should be rejected, if known, with indignation. My distress was at its height ; though indeed the fierce demands of hunger, especially of my child's hunger, almost suspended

suspended every other sensation.—It was in this sad situation, it was in these doleful circumstances that the gentleman saw me, to whom I owe, under God, life, salvation, all things.—If I might be allowed, with what joy would I mention; if I were able, with what gratitude would I write his *name* in letters of gold! How compassionately did he bespeak me, as I sat a spectacle of pity on some steps in the street! and with what benevolent pleasure did he advise me to hasten to the *Magdalen-House*, after I had told my sad tale! indeed there was little need of advising me; for as that was the first time I had ever heard of so blessed a place, so the hearing of it was like opening the gates of Paradise to me. This good man gave me all proper directions; told me where to find him; promised to take care of my poor deserted babe; and in short, under his favour, I petitioned, and was admitted into the *Magdalen-House*, to which I owe the preservation of my life on earth, and the salvation of my soul to eternity.

For as I entered that house with a broken heart and an humbled mind, truly conscious of all my past offences, the good instructions I received entered the more forcibly, and made a deeper impression. And I there found to my comfort, that through penitence, my sins may be done away, as my Redeemer is no less willing than able to save the sincere and contrite; and to pardon our past offences, however great, on true repentance.—But, Sir, I must add, that I had not been long in the house, not long restored (I may say to myself) before, as duty obliged, I wrote in the humblest terms to inform my parents, and to implore their forgiveness. A letter was immediately returned from my mother, but such a letter

as almost broke my heart. In it she acquaints me, that my father had been dead near a twelve-month; and that she herself then lay upon a sick-bed, from whence she had scarce any hopes of being raised. That my behaviour had brought her near to the grave, and that the daily reflection on my shame and misery had well nigh broke her heart. But the information of my repentance had partly revived her; and that as she before suspected I was amongst the most abandoned, so now the continuance of my good behaviour could alone prolong her life.—I need not tell you, Sir, that I replied with all affection to this. Some other letters passed; and in about two months time, my dear, dear mother, came to the *Magdalen-House* to visit me!

But how can I describe that meeting! Shame and sorrow rendered me a statue: maternal affection, mingled grief and joy, stopped all her power of utterance! She clang round my neck, I tenderly embraced her, and fell upon my knees imploring forgiveness! she burst into tears, and all she could say was, “Oh my child, my child! my unhappy child!—oh my dear Maria—my child, my child!”—

Thus, Sir, was I reconciled to the tenderest of mothers: and the account she heard of my behaviour had such an influence upon her health, that she grew every day better and better. But, unable to live without me, as my return (after having given me over for lost) I suppose, rendered me dearer to her;—she requested the gentlemen, to permit me to come to her; and they, ever generous, and ever humane, kindly permitted me to do so, after I had been near eleven months in the house; which I left with regret, as the place of my restoration and recovery to all things desirable;

sirable : and I now live with my mother, studious only to make her happy, and to wipe off all past stains, as much as I may, by the most exact discharge of every duty. While my constant endeavour is and shall be to instil into my poor unhappy child's mind, such principles of religion and virtue, as I am well satisfied, would have preserved me from the distress into which I fell, had I been so happy as to have known them before that fall.

I am, Sir,

Your very respectful servant,

MARIA.

NUMBER LXXV.

Quid purè tranquillet

HOR.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH many and various are the pursuits of Mankind after happiness, yet the greatest felicity is a constant sense of the Divine Favour. The pleasures which arise to the mind from a preheminence of birth, station, and fortune, are of a foreign and extrinsic nature. Hence we daily see multitudes possessed of these benefits, who are utter strangers to solid and permanent satisfactions. But the good man, however destitute of those incidental advantages, hath nevertheless an inexhaustible source of comfort within himself. When he quits the croud, and descends

into his breast, he is sure of meeting with the best of company there, God, and his own heart. While the consciousness of his integrity, and the approbation of his maker, furnish him with a perpetual feast.

Here, methinks, we cannot but pause a while to reflect with gratitude upon the beneficence of our Creator, who hath thus, as it were, annihilated all invidious distinctions among mankind; and either hath placed the descendants of Adam upon a level in point of happiness, or lodged the means thereof within the reach of every man. It is not in the power of every individual to be rich and great in the world; but it is much in the power of every individual to attain an happiness infinitely superior to the joys, which wealth and grandeur can bestow. Wherefore let not the poor cottager complain, that all his labour is expended upon procuring to himself nothing more than the mere necessities of life. Such slender acquisitions are truly valuable and weighty, upon condition that he improves his existence to those purposes, for which it was graciously given to him. If the indigent part of the species did but carefully consider, that to be good is to be happy, and that virtue and religion are accommodated to every situation and capacity, they would see abundant cause for thankfulness, even amid those scenes of servitude and toil, which now perhaps occasion envy, discontent, and murmur.

That frequent intercourses with the Supreme Being constitute the utmost happiness of man, is a proposition, which stands in no need of proof from philosophical enquiries, refined argumentations, and laboured inferences. A very restricted understanding can comprehend this important truth. An arrant peasant, without previous information

formation, is fully aware of the vast emoluments, which accrue from an intimacy with an earthly monarch. What then must be those exalted privileges, which redound from the favour and friendship of the Almighty Sovereign of the universe !

But I shall close this subject with the opinion of the Royal Psalmist upon it ; who discovers the high sense he entertained of the Divine Presence, by that bitterness, with which he bewails the interruption of it.

P S A L M XIII.

Offended Majesty ! how long
Wilt Thou conceal thy face !
How long refuse my fainting soul
The succours of thy grace.

While sorrow wrings my bleeding heart,
And black despondence reigns,
Satan exults at my complaints,
And triumphs o'er my pains.

Let thy returning spirit, Lord,
Dispel the shades of night ;
Smile on my poor deserted soul,
My God, thy smiles are light.

While scoffers at thy sacred word
Deride the pangs I feel,
Deem my religion insincere,
Or call it useless zeal ;

Yet will I ne'er repent my choice,
I'll ne'er withdraw my trust ;
I know Thee, Lord, a pow'rful friend,
And kind, and wise, and just.

To

To doubt Thy goodness wou'd be base
 Ingratitude in me;
 Past favours shall renew my hopes,
 And fix my faith in Thee.

Indulgent God! my willing tongue
 Thy praises shall prolong;
 For oh! Thy bounty fires my breast,
 And rapture swells my song.

N

NUMBER LXXVI.

—————Pursue some nobler aim.

Dismiss your parasites, who praise for hire;
 And earn the fair esteem of honest men,
 Whose praise is fame. Form'd of such clay as
 yours,

The sick, the needy shiver at your gates,
 Even modest want may bless your hand unseen:
 Is there no virgin, grac'd with every charm
 But that, which binds the mercenary vow? &c.

ARMSTRONG.

To the VISITOR.

S I R,

Bath, Dec. 28, 1760.

IT is very pleasing to remark that benevolence
 and charity, which abound amongst us. These
 are the best and most certain fruits of true reli-
 gion. And I am willing to believe, that no age
 hath seen them abound more in our country than
 the present, tho' the numberless royal and other
 charitable institutions in the nation sufficiently
 prove,

prove, that these virtues have heretofore flourished in great beauty and power. When I consider the many excellent institutions in the metropolis, calculated for the relief of almost every sufferer; when I read over the pleasing list of the several benefactors to each, and observe so many of my worthy Countrymen generously contributing to the relief of their suffering fellow-creatures: my heart, I confess, feels a grateful emotion, and I congratulate myself on the felicity of living in an age of such beneficence, and amongst beings of such humanity.

But when from the perusal of lists, and the sequestration of the closet, I betake myself to the more busy haunts of men, and especially to the places consecrated to HEALTH and AMUSEMENT; too frequently my golden ideas are unpleasingly dissipated, and my Philanthropy retains not that amiable perfection I could wish it to preserve. When I see such sums dedicated to pleasure, squandered away in trifles, toss'd about at the gaming table, lavished in delicacies, and dissipated in folly; I no longer think the contributions to charity great, but stand amazed at the absurdity of mankind, who rather choose to employ their wealth in such airy and unsatisfactory gratifications, than in virtuous and noble actions, which would be delightful in present reflection, and great in their future reward. Whereas wealth employed in the service of merely temporal indulgencies, gives no pleasure in the retrospect, and can procure no favour from the just judge of actions.

I do not mean to decry amusements, or to speak with the severity of an enthusiast on the sinfulness of diversions: far from it: they are necessary in a degree; and to urge the contrary, is to combat

bat the universal opinion of mankind, in all ages. But methinks a frugal management of our pleasures might enable us to discharge the debt of mutual benevolence more perfectly, and to make *ourselves happy*, by contributing more abundantly to the happiness of others. You see I put benevolence upon a very selfish principle: but I freely confess to you, that I speak in this respect the undissembled dictates of my heart; which never feels a more divine and elevated pleasure, than in the opportunity and ability to communicate felicity and good. Nor shall I easily be persuaded, that there is any impropriety in indulging that sensation; since *he*, whose dictates I hope always to receive implicitly, used to say, *it is more blessed to give than to receive.*

Now, as the one pursuit of us all is happiness, by whatever different tracts we follow the chace; surely it might be well worth our labour to consult a little for the improvement of that heart-felt satisfaction, which arises from the exercise of humanity and benevolence.—See that poor creature just expiring in the streets for hunger:—As a man you would wish to relieve him; what is a *shilling* to you, who are just going to expend *fifty*, at a tavern?—Go into that cottage—the husband is lately dead; the miserable widow, stunned with the clamours of her little hungry orphans, sits weeping on the ground, in the bitterness of distress! Good heavens! What an exalted joy would it be to feed those hungry; to wipe the tears away from those weeping eyes, to gladden the misery of this desolate family—will it not give you more pleasure to do this, to spare them five or ten guineas, than to buy a new set of *garnets*; to drink champaign for the evening; or to bet high upon the cards!—But let us carry the matter still farther:

farther: Public charities owe their strength to private benefactions. You may be an instrument of more good, by fifty or an hundred pounds given to one of these, than by five times that sum, employed in another way.—Now then, suppose you resolve to separate a sum, saved from your common expences to this end: How easy will it be to accomplish this, and what a satisfaction will it afford you at the close of the year, to find such a sum in your hands, consecrated to such service; which without this frugal charity, had been carried down the stream of general dissipation—You are at a public place; omit to play at the rooms a night now and then, and put into your charity-box, the money it would have cost you for the cards. You are used to a chair, omit that expence now and then, and assign the money to your charitable scheme. Instead of twelve dishes on your table, now and then reduce them to six: instead of Claret and Burgundy, now and then drink humble Port; keep a horse less—spare that elegant piece of furniture—don't purchase, for once, that favourite picture. In short, a few savings from things unnecessary, will shortly produce a considerable sum; and I will dare to answer, that a practice of this sort, will afford so much pleasure at the end of the first year, that it will be enlarged the second; and as it will serve to increase a benevolent temper, so will it lead to the most amiable practices.

You observe, that I speak here only of what are called innocent and necessary expences; but how would the sum accumulate, if men would give to works of virtue, half the profusion they dedicate to vice and self indulgences. I know a friend of mine (though I am sorry to know him in that respect) who pays his mistress ten guineas
a week,

a week, as a fixed stipend, and I am apt to believe, occasional presents are not inconsiderable. Yet could I never persuade this man to give ten guineas to the *Magdalen-House*; a charity, which in honour HE ought, and whiche very motive of humanity calls upon us all, to assist.

It often gives me great dissatisfaction—I have felt it here not many days since—to receive for reply, when soliciting the cause of affliction; “I cannot afford it—I have no money for charity—well, come, take that half-crown.” The lovely *Welfrida* gave me that reply: I bowed and retired. Not many hours after, I saw her squander away five guineas in paper flowers; and three more in little gewgaws at the jewellers! How amiable had we judged *Welfrida*, if, with the sweet glow of compassion, she had given us those eight guineas, and rescued a family from the deepest distress?

I am, Sir,

Your constant Reader,

SYMPATHETICOS.

NUMBER

NUMBER LXXVII.

*'Tis a prime part of happiness, to know
 How much unhappiness must prove our lot :
 A part which few possess ! I'll pay life's tax,
 Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,
 Nor think it misery to be a man ;
 Who thinks it is, shall never be a God.
 Some ills we wish for, when we wish to live.*

YOUNG.

To the VISITOR.

S I R,

IN some former papers, I have shewn the excellency of the Christian religion, as it reveals to us the nature of God more clearly ;—as it gives us a more perfect rule of life,—and as it proposes more powerful motives and sanctions to enforce this rule, than any other religion or institution, ever offered to mankind. I now proceed to shew, as a farther proof of its excellency, that the motives and considerations to patience and content, which it lays before us, are greatly superior to whatever philosophers taught ; and more effectual to silence the complaints of grief, than all the consolations of the wise men, that ever undertook this friendly office.

As the inconveniencies of human life are so many, and its distresses so various and complicated, we find a great part of the heathen philosophy employed in finding out arguments of consolation, and in proposing to mankind reasons for submission and patience, And surely, how feeble soever

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their

their efforts, and how ineffectual and weak soever their cordials, yet they are to be commended, in this respect, for their humanity and generous concern to alleviate the unavoidable evils of this mortal life. But their efforts were feeble, and their cordials weak. How ridiculous, to say no worse of it, was the fundamental position of the Stoicks! who placed patience in apathy, and contradicted all the common sense, and common feelings of mankind. And for the general topics of consolation, which were offered, so far were they from alleviating, that they aggravated afflictions. If I remember right, the Emperor *Augustus* made some such reply to his *miserable* comforters, when they laid before him all the common place sayings of the philosophers, to comfort him under a very severe affliction; "What you say, observed he, are the very things which occasion my uneasiness." For they said, that evils were unavoidable,—that they are fatal and necessary,—that it is vain to be troubled at what we cannot help,—that if evils are long they are but light,—if sharp but short; and so on. "I am apt to imagine, says a fine writer, that it is but a very small comfort which a plain and ordinary man lying under a sharp fit of the stone, for a week together, would receive from such a sentence, as the last. For what pleasure soever men, who are at ease and leisure, may take in being the authors of witty sayings, I doubt it is but poor consolation that a man under great and stinging afflictions finds from them." We may apply to them all, *Shakespeare's* expressive words;

I pray thee peace.—I *will* be *flesh* and *blood*.
 For there was never yet philosopher,
 That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;

However

However they have writ the style of Gods,
And made a pish at chance and sufferance.

I will be flesh and blood, is excellent; similar to which is an expression in another place,—

Dispute it like a man, says one;

I shall do so—says the other;

But I must also feel it as a man.

'Tis absurd to suppose, that any arguments or considerations should divest us of feeling. The philosophers mistook the point in this respect, while they were entirely unacquainted with those arguments, which teach us to bear afflictions and evils with chearfulness and submission, at the same time that they allow us to feel all the burden; allow us to feel as *men*, teach us to bear as *Christians*. Indeed there is no wonder, that the heathen casuists were deficient in their attempts to give consolation; since they were ignorant of the two grand pillars, on which rests the fabric of human hope. They were ignorant of God's moral government of the world; they were ignorant of a future state; and much more were they ignorant of that chief source of comfort to a *Christian*, the love, the dying love of the Prince of sufferers, *Jesus Christ*; of Him, who leads the way thro' sufferings to happiness, and who hath assured his followers, that if *they suffer with Him*; with his temper, and humility, *they shall share of His glory*.

The superlative excellence of the Christian religion is seen in these consolatory and important truths; and surely cannot fail in this view to recommend itself to the attention and reception of all mankind. For who but wishes to secure a safe and happy harbour from the storms and tem-

pests of this troublesome world? on the waves of which, whatever vessel sails, must expect to find many inconveniencies in the voyage. And if with much hazard it escapes rocks and sands, and shipwreck, yet can it not escape a variety of perils, and many dangerous blasts! Who then can fail to desire the best security? Who can fail to seek after the best alleviations of the difficulties of life; the best *hopes* of hereafter, under the ruin of every *hope* here?—And certainly the Christian religion alone affords these cheering hopes. It assures us, that a gracious father, infinite in power, and unerring in wisdom, as good as he is great, and as merciful as he is mighty, rules the whole world of his creatures, and with the most particular and exact providence guides and directs the vast system of things. It assures us, that willing to save, and desirous to bless, he frequently chastens in love, and afflicts in mercy. As a father correcteth his son, so this universal Father corrects with all the affection of parental regard. And, as he willeth only the felicity of his creatures; so we may always infallibly conclude that every affliction is designed for our advantage, and if we properly use it, will tend to the increase of our future glory.—Must not this single reflection cheer our souls, and encourage us, when we droop beneath the heavy hand of temporal chastisement? It comes from a father, superlative in wisdom, goodness, and power: from a God of Love!

But when we view the Son of this eternal God, becoming man for our sakes:—a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief!—when we view the great example, afflicted in life, and more than afflicted in death: when we behold the marvellous and unparalleled patience wherewith he endured the most trying of all human miseries.—
And

And when we reflect, that, perfect innocence, he thus suffered without one single fault or spot, wholly for us, and for our salvation; certainly we can never look to this *Author and Finisher* of our *Faith*, but it must animate us, under every suffering here below; nay, and enable us to bear, not only with submission, but with chearfulness, any temporal evils, as thus we have fellowship with the Son of God; and follow him by the way of the Cross, up to the right hand of God, and and the fulness of bliss!

This is a consideration, which must make all afflictions light and easy to be borne. *They are but for a moment*—(for what is time, *four score* years, to eternity?) but they work out for us a *weight of glory, eternal and exceeding* our utmost conceptions! Who would murmur at any sufferings here, for such an unutterable reward! What heart can despond, what heart can fail to rejoice, when it hears the animated declaration, “*Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life!*” I will give thee perfect felicity, which shall never be interrupted, I will give thee an eternity of substantial delights, adequate to thy nature, and sufficient to fill up all the desires of thy soul!”

Under these consolations, we can never wonder to see the sincere Christian rejoicing in tribulation: a dejected Christian, desponding and complaining, is a much more surprising sight, than a Christian singing praises on a rack, or full of joy and thankfulness, while every limb is consuming in the flames!

The story of *Lipsius* is a good conclusion.. He was an admirer of the *Stoical* philosophy. On his death-bed, his friends told him, “they need not offer any arguments to him, whose philosophy was

sufficient to support him, and teach him patience."

"Ah, said the dying man, lifting up his eyes,
*Dear Lord Jesus Christ, give me the Christian
patience.*" *Domine Jesu, da mihi patientiam
Christianam.*

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

M.

NUMBER LXXVIII.

*Thy watchful Providence o'er all extends,
Thy works obey their great Creator's ends :
And all the ills we feel, or bliss we share,
Are tokens of a heav'nly Father's care.*

DEITY.

To the VISITOR.

S I R,

SUMMON'D again by the voice of *Royal* authority, we are about to humble ourselves before the throne of superlative power and goodness. How awful the thought ! A whole nation, from the mighty Monarch, who fills the throne, to the lowest subject, prostrate together, and with one voice, addressing the everlasting ruler of the world. "Turn thou us, O good Lord, and so shall we be turned. Spare thy people, O Lord, spare them ! After the multitude of thy mercies, look upon us !" We may be confident, that the God, who vouchsafes to cast his eyes upon the concerns of mortals, cannot fail to behold with complacency such a sight ; and to hear with favour, the fervent supplications of such an unanimous multitude. Every idea, which reason leads

us to form of the Deity, assures us, that he is not inattentive, or unconcern'd in such a case: and numberless examples in scripture abundantly convince us, that no acts of real humiliation, no petitions of faith and penitence are indifferent in his sight, or ever escape his gracious notice. Pleas'd with this reflection, which every man's own reading will immediately exemplify, we shall rejoice in our mutual and national act of homage to the Majesty of heaven; and be lead, as one man, to deprecate his wrath, to implore his protection.

For my own part, I will freely confess, that I never review those many and signal successes, wherewith the *British* arms have been crowned, during the present necessary and important war; but my mind immediately presents to me, the days of public *humiliation*, which have been observed through our land with such remarkable strictness, and dedicated so truly to their appointed service! How crowded have we beheld our places of public worship! How serious the deportment of our congregations! How pathetic and animating the discourses of our preachers! How conscientious and exact the solemn celebration of all appointed duties!—"These signal successes, Father of bounty, omnipotent, and all-gracious! these are the fruits of thy favourable acceptance of our public and united petitions—(I am ready to say upon the review)—We see and adore thy blessed interposition! Thou has heard our prayers; thou hast seen our humiliation: Thou hast crowned us with inestimable benefits!"

If we admit a *Providence*,—(and what man in his senses denies a *Providence*—For what man denies the Being of a God? And if there is a *God*, there must be a *Providence*: An *Epicurean* god being to all intents and purposes the

the same as no god at all——If we admit a *Providence*, we must allow, that he is able to direct, according to his good pleasure, the affairs of mortals; and that consequently it is necessary for mortals to invoke his aid, and to submit the disposal of their affairs to his sovereign wisdom and goodness. Nor can we doubt, but that he will graciously interfere in the behalf of those, who make such proper application to him. All his Attributes stand pledged to secure us; and his divine revelation in every page speaks confidence and certainty to us in such circumstances.—We have applied; we do apply; let us be well satisfied, that while we continue to do so, the event will be prosperous.

This consideration may sufficiently answer their cavil, which favours at once of weakness and irreligion, who pretend, that they can see no propriety in any more public fasts; we have humbled ourselves often enough, they think: the end is answered: and there is need of no more acts of humiliation.—But do such people consider, how easily the favour of heaven, averted from us, might blast all our hopes, and ruin all our fair prospects! we are not yet independant; we cannot yet command winds and waves, life and death. These are in the hand of Omnipotence. It well becomes us humbly to acknowledge our dependance, and to deplore our *manifold and yet uncorrected offences*. Indeed this alone were a sufficient reason, why we should annually, at least, unite in common humiliation before God. For what need there is to implore his forgiveness, to entreat his mercy, to deprecate his indignation; no man can be ignorant, who knows the world at all; and who beholds the iniquity, which abounds amongst us; tho', blessed be God, I
hope

hope we may say, with humility, we do not seem to be more atrocious and guilty than many preceding ages. Yet, God knows, we are guilty enough : vice abounds too, too much : the blessed and most excellent faith of our holy Redeemer is but too much profaned and despised ; and every thinking man sees but too much cause to complain, and to cry, “ Spare us, O Lord, for our offences are great, are many ! in mercy remember, and pardon a sinful people ! ”

“ If this be the case, an objector might say, to what end is all your fasting ? Do you imagine that the searcher of hearts will be pleased with merely external humiliation ? Is not this deep hypocrisy ? Hath he not declared, that the prayer, and consequently all the religious duties of the wicked, are his abomination ? ” — This objection might have some force, if it was true, that every person in our nation was thus worthless and hypocritical. Though even then, perhaps it might be confronted with some striking instances of the efficacy of external humiliation. But blessed be God, we are well assured, amongst the vast numbers, that in this populous nation shall fall before the throne of heaven, and unite in earnest supplication for its welfare, thousands and ten thousands will be found, upright in heart, sincere in faith, humbled, truly humbled in soul ; and such observers of a *Fast*, as God, by his prophet hath declared, he will approve. See Isaiah v. 8. Their prayers will arise, like incense before him : and many, we sincerely hope and trust, brought to a serious sense of things, will from these *days*, learn wisdom, rend their hearts and not their garments, and turn with repentance to their Lord and their Saviour. — This alone can make a *Fast* profitable to themselves as individuals : it is hoped,

ped, that so far as concerns the nation, the fervent and humble prayers of the truly righteous, will prevail with the God of glory, to love, to save, and to defend.—*I will not destroy it* (let us remember he once said) *for the sake of TEN righteous.*

It should be the ambition of every *Briton* to be one of those *righteous*, true patriots, and real friends to their country: A country, happy beyond all others, which the light of heaven visits with its gladness. Sensible of the peculiar felicity we enjoy, let us endeavour to secure it, by securing the protection of God, by thankful, humble, holy lives; and now especially, when we are called upon by our *beloved Monarch*, called upon this **FIRST** year of his auspicious reign.—Let us rejoice in the thought, that with *him* we shall kneel, with *him* we shall pray, and with *him*, we do not doubt, be heard, for every desirable blessing, upon him, our country, and ourselves!

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

M.

NUMBER LXXIX.

*To man the bleeding Cross has promis'd all:
The bleeding Cross has sworn eternal grace:
Who gave his life what grace shall he deny?*

YOUNG.

IN my papers of last year, upon the present solemn occasion, * it was shewn at large, that the commemoration of Christ's death and passion

* Good Friday.

passion, is itself a strong proof of Christianity, as well as the most exalted testimony of divine love.—It is very observable, that every particular, in this stupendous act of mercy, was foretold long before the event; a sufficient evidence to the unprejudiced mind, that the whole was under the immediate direction of that God, who alone can foresee future events, and bring them to the determined issue. “Christ was apprehended,” to use the words of an excellent prelate, *The anointed of the Lord*, says Jeremiah long before, *was taken in their nets*. But how; he must be sold; for what? For thirty pieces of silver; and what must be done with these? Buy a field.—See it all foretold! *And they took the thirty pieces, the price of him that was valued, and gave them for the potters field*, saith Zachariah (miswritten Jeremiah, by one letter mistaken in the abbreviation.) By whom? *That child of perdition, that the scripture might be fulfilled*. Which was he? It is foretold: *He that eateth bread with me*, says the Psalmist. And what will his disciples do? Fly away and forsake him: so saith the prophecy, *I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered*. What shall be done to him? He must be scourged and spit upon; *Behold I bid not my face from shame and spitting*, it is said of him by Isaiah, long before. What shall be the issue? he shall be led to death: *The Messiah shall be cut off*, saith Daniel. In what manner? He must be lift up upon a cross; *Like as Moses lift up the serpent in the wilderness, so shall the son of man be lift up*. *They pierced my hands and my feet*, says the prophet David. With what company? He was *numbered with the wicked*, says the prophecy, crucified with two thieves, says the history: Where? *Without the gates*, says the prophecy: What becomes of

of his garments? they cannot so much as cast lots for them, but it is prophesied: *They divided my garments; and for my vesture did they cast lots.* What shall we say, no one action respecting him but is foretold: his very words, his complaint, his resignation, his request:—*Father, forgive them,* said he; *he prayed for the transgressors,* saith the prophet. And now when he saw all these prophecies fulfilled, knowing that one remained, he said, *I thirst;* *Domine, quid sitis,* saith one: O Lord, what thirstest thou for? A wonderful hearing, that a man, yea that God and man dying, should complain of thirst.—Could he endure the wrath of his father, the curse of our sins, those tortures of body, and horrors of soul; and doth he shrink at his thirst? No, it was to fulfil the scripture. It was not the necessity of nature but the necessity of his father's decree, that drew forth this word, *I thirst.* They offered him the draught before; he refused it; whether it were an ordinary *potion* for the condemned to hasten death (as in the story of *M. Antony*, which is the most received construction) or whether it were the Jewish *potion*, whereof the *Rabbis* speak; whose tradition was, that the malefactor to be executed should after some good counsel from two of their teachers be taught to say, *let my death be for the remission of all my sins:* Upon which a bowl of mixt wine was given him, with a grain of frankincense, to bereave him both of reason and pain.—After this he declared, *all is finished,* “the whole work is complete, the scriptures are fulfilled,”—bowed the head, and gave up the ghost.

Nothing affords a stronger attestation to any truth, than plain and clear *prophecies*; of which so many were evidently and undeniably fulfilled in Christ, that one would conceive no man, who
suffers

suffers himself to think at all, could either doubt the truth, or be indifferent to the duties of the Christian religion. Indeed there is one single chapter, the 53d of *Isaiab*, which is alone sufficient to convince every impartial enquirer. Its influence upon the celebrated Earl of *Rochester* is well known; and we cannot but believe, that it must have a similar influence upon every man, who will sit down seriously and read it, and without prejudice, enquire, of whom speaketh the prophet this? *Of himself, or of some other man?*

For my own part, I must confess, that there is one particular which constantly occurs to my observation, when reviewing the ancient world, whether of *Jews*, or *Heathens*, and which seems inexplicable, without reference to the grand expiation made by Jesus Christ: I mean the universal practice of *sacrificing*, which undeniably is as old, if not as the *fall*, yet as the times of *Cain* and *Abel*; which may be traced from their days, down through every period, and into every country and nation under the sun. If this was not typical and significative of Christ's future sacrifice; what could be the intent, what the use? What relation hath the death of an innocent animal to the placating the Deity for the sins of a man? The whole is inexplicable, mysterious, and absurd, upon any other view, than that to which we are led, by the knowledge of his all-sufficient sacrifice, who died to redeem and save, as an holy and all-perfect victim, the fallen human race!

And certainly this wonderful *victim*, so glorious in himself, and so consummately excellent, is well calculated to answer all our wants, and to disperse all our anxieties. "He is infinitely superior to the demerits of sin; and absolves from all guilt, ex-

emptys from all condemnation. His merits afford us a most valid and never-failing plea against the accusations of *Satan*, and the challenges of conscience. They establish an undoubted title to every blessing, whether in time or in eternity, whether in grace or in glory. They are a sure support for the Christian in an hour of desertion, and in the agonies of death. Casting anchor on this bottom, he may dismiss every fear, and ride out every storm. Leaning upon this staff, he may go down to the repose of the grave, and neither be appalled at the solemn harbingers of dissolution, nor terrified at its far more awful consequences. The merit of Christ's sacrifice; and the power of the divine Victim himself will unseal the tomb; will bring forth the sleeping dust from the chambers of putrefaction, and build up the whole man into immortality and glory! By this he will be presented *without spot*; presented *faultless*; yea, be presented *perfect*, and with exceeding joy, before the throne!"

What a gift, then, is this all-sufficient sacrifice of Christ, which we this day commemorate! —Blessed be God, for all the indulgent dispensations of Providence! Blessed be God, for all the beneficial productions of nature! But above all, blessed be God, for the transcendent, the unspeakable gift of Jesus Christ, and him crucified!

M.

NUMBER

NUMBER LXXX.

*Might I from fortune's bounteous hand receive
 Each boon, each blessing, in her pow'r to give:
 Genius and science, morals, and good sense,
 Unenvy'd honours, wit, and eloquence;
 A numerous offspring to the world well-known,
 Both for paternal virtues and their own:
 Even at this mighty price I'd not be bound
 To tread the same dull circle round and round;
 The soul requires enjoyments more sublime,
 By space unbounded, undestroy'd by time.*

JENNYN's translation of H. Browne
 on Immortality.

To the VISITOR.

SIR,

I DO not remember, ever to have seen it observed, amongst the various proofs which arise, in testimony to the soul's immortality, that "a great city is a striking evidence to this capital and important truth." The thought struck me, as I was travelling yesterday through our noble metropolis; and I was so much convinced by it myself, that I determined, by the channel of your truly-valuable paper, to offer the hint to the reflection of the public.

Many excellent writers have deduced useful moral reflections from a survey of the wonderful oeconomy of ants, of bees, of beavers, and the like; their nests, their hives, their houses, have afforded matter for instructive and agreeable speculation. They bespeak much design, they shew

the amazingly strong power of what we call *instinct*; that wonderful *something*, given by the Deity to the animal creation, in the place of our reason — But while we admire and contemplate these, we omit what is nearer to us, the places of our own abode; for however curious and elegant the works of these creatures may be, whatever powers they demonstrate, yet how mean and inconsiderable are they, in comparison with an elegant and commodious dwelling, much more with a whole city, composed of thousands of such *dwellings*; placed in the most regular order, and finished with all the advantages that art and labour can supply? Look down on one of the spacious streets; see it thronged with inhabitants, occupied in their several employs, and crowding along with all the haste of solicitous anxiety, and industrious zeal. Again, survey the noble river which rolls its wealthy current thro' the midst of the city: and see, what the labour of man hath achieved! Across the rapid stream proud bridges stretch their strong arches; and all the burden of trade is conveyed on dry land. But why particularise? You have the object before you; consider it well; and say, can you imagine, that the *minds*, which form and direct such habitations, shall perish, like the habitations themselves? A city, you grant, is a fine and striking object; but the inhabitants of it, how much are they superior to the city itself! It requires infinitely more art and labour to form such a receptacle for the human race, than an ant-hill, or a beaver's lodge: but these, you say, witness wonderful *instinct*: how much more then does a large city bear witness to a power in man; which I could as well suppose formed only to exist in time, as I could suppose a city built to exist eternally.

If

If this argument shall appear as conclusive and striking, as it is new, I shall think myself happy in having pointed out one evidence more of that great truth, which, to mortals, is of all others most important and interesting: a truth, which diminishes the value of sublunary things, as much as it supports the upright soul amidst all the inconveniencies of mortality. Indeed this single truth is sufficient to awaken us into a zealous concern for religion and virtue: for if man is immortal, and must partake of a state unalterable and ever-during, either in happiness or misery, what egregious madness is it to neglect a regard for that state, while enslaved to transitory pursuits! On the other side, if man is not immortal, why any solicitude, why any attention to virtue? A great author says well, "if there is no futurity, I had rather be an oyster than a man:" And who, that thinks at all, is not of the same mind?—But man is immortal; and wretched will his state be, who believing this truth, lives nevertheless in contrariety to it.

I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

Z.

NUMBER LXXXI.

*Intire and sure the monarch's rule must prove,
 Who founds his greatness on his subjects love :
 Who does our homage for our good require,
 And orders that, which we should first desire ;
 Our vanquish'd wills, the pleasing force obey ;
 His Goodness takes our liberty away,
 And haughty Britain yields to arbitrary sway.*

PRIOR.

To the VISITOR.

S I R,

IF the following paragraphs taken from the Dean of *Bristol's* * sermon, preached the last general fast-day before the house of Commons, have the same effect upon you, as they had upon a considerable part of his audience, you will contribute your useful endeavours to make them as public as possible.

Sermon, p. 16. " May this be the happy fate of *Britain*, of her King and her people ! *May the Lord repent of the evil, which he thought to do unto us !* The fate of *Britain* cannot but be happy, if her sons will learn righteousness, and live agreeably to the precepts of their holy religion. The fate of *Britain* cannot but be happy under the auspicious government of **GEORGE THE GOOD**,* if the well regulated piety of the Sovereign, his
 uniform

* *Dr. Squire*, now Bishop of *St. David's*.

* Let it be remembered, that in *France*, and in many other kingdoms, it has generally been a custom to give their Kings expressive appellations,

uniform and exemplary devotion, his sound and upright understanding, his humane, feeling and benevolent heart, his purity and integrity of manners, untouched amidst the flames of youth, can secure the permanent prosperity and happiness of a nation.

Oh! may the imperial robe, so lately put on, continue to sit light, easy and graceful upon his shoulders! may he ever find his subjects dutiful, faithful and obedient! may he see all his vows fulfilled! he will see his most ardent vows fulfilled, if he may behold his people flourishing in domestic union and tranquility; flourishing in credit and reputation among foreign nations, and flourishing in the practice of virtue and religion, the never-failing source of national felicity! may he soon put a good end to the just and necessary, tho' extremely expensive war, in which he finds himself so intricately engaged, and be able to give to his own subjects, to his allies, and to *Europe*, the blessing so devoutly to be wished, the blessing of an honourable, safe and durable peace.—May our latest posterity make the long, happy and glorious reign of **GEORGE THE GOOD**, the common measure of felicitation to all his descendants, sitting upon the throne of these kingdoms, till time shall be no more.

“To these petitions for the happiness of our King, and the peace of our *Jerusalem*, is there a Briton, whose heart, as well as tongue, does not cheerfully say, Amen.”

Was ever prince more happily furnamed? And did ever prince better deserve the appellation of *Good*? Oh! may all his subjects catch the echo of this amiable title, till it find a place in our future

future annals, at well as in our daily conversation.

Why was our King the best, the most loyal and obedient of subjects under his royal grandfather's empire? *Because he was good.*

Why was he formerly, and why is he still, in the midst of royalty, the most dutiful of sons to his affectionate parent? *Because he is good.*

Why has he been even almost adored by those, whose offices have given them the honour to approach his person? *Because he is good.*

What moved him to make that generous, noble and constitutional declaration upon his immediate accession to the throne, which gave such heart-felt pleasure to all his subjects? *His goodness.*

In the tumultuous moment of transition from subject to king, what rendered him so remarkably easy, calm, and in full possession of himself? *His goodness.*

What moved him, even in the first hour of greatness, either personally to assure, or by messages to declare to all his servants, that he would still continue his favour to them, and that his advancement should be no less to them? *His goodness.*

Why has he continued so many of his grandfather's old servants in their employments, or given them pensions equivalent to the posts which the conjuncture would not permit them to hold longer? *Because he is good.*

Why did he surrender the hereditary revenue of his crown to the disposition of parliament for a limited annual income? For an income, probably 200,000*l.* less than would have been given to him, had he demanded it?—Because he loves his subjects; *Because he is good.*

It was the *same goodness of heart*, which prompted him, the very moment the regal power came into his hands, to renew the proclamation against vice, and to declare his resolution to do every thing in his power to discountenance prophaneness in all shapes.

It was the *same goodness of heart*, which in the Dean's words, "animates his well-regulated piety to his God; which directs his uniform and exemplary devotion, and preserves his morals pure and untouched, amidst the flames of youth."

Why has he thrown down the partition walls of faction, and encouraged the freest access of all subjects to his presence, and his favours? *Because he is good.*

Why has he declared his aversion to all sorts of parliamentary corruption, both within the house and out of it? *Because he is good.*

Why hath he made the judges absolutely independent on the crown, both of the successor, as well as of the reigning prince? *Because he is good.*

Let other nations boast of *the greatness* of their princes, of the extent of their encreasing dominions, of their compleat victories and splendid triumphs.—But can there be true greatness, where there is not goodness? Or can there be greatness, which is purchased with the lives and fortunes of myriads of unhappy people? *

GEORGE THE GOOD is our Prince, nor would we exchange him for all the *Alexanders*, the *Julius Cæsars*, and the *Lewis the Greats*, that ever existed.—As our King is *good*, let us know him hereafter

* See a Letter to Lord Hallifax, &c. printed for Newbery.

hereafter by that amiable name, and transmit the title of *George the Good* to all posterity.

I am, Sir, &c.

PHILOBASILEUS.

NUMBER LXXXII.

Quo te celestis sapientia duceret, ires.

HOR.

IN a former paper I observed, that the highest happiness of intellectual creatures consisted in a perpetual intercourse with almighty God. But to prevent mistakes, it may be incumbent upon us to enquire, what is the genuine test and proof of this divine communion. Our blessed Lord hath resolved this important question. "Ye are my Disciples, if ye do whatsoever I command you:" and again, "If a man love me, he will keep my word, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." Whence it follows, that if our actions be not suitable to the laws of God, all our pretences, warmth, and transports are no better than the artifices of hypocrisy, the impositions of fanaticism, or the delusions of the grand enemy of mankind.

On the other hand, we are not to be discouraged at incidental absences, and dejections of spirits, when we are engaged in sacred duties. Man is a composition of soul and body; and during their union here, the former will be often interrupted in her religious performances, by the diseases and imperfections of her associate. Inattention

tention, languors, and dejections many times proceed from a temporary indisposition of the animal œconomy. A relaxation of the nervous system, an inequality in the circulation of the blood, and more especially a depravity of the juices (as the Physicians term it) will have a powerful and surprizing influence upon the mental faculties. I speak this in pity to multitudes; because I daily see pious and worthy persons afflicting themselves beyond measure, thro' their ignorance of this weighty truth.

Besides, they would do well to recollect those gracious allowances, which our compassionate Saviour hath made upon record for the omissions, frailties, and defaults of human nature. Even his Disciples, who accompanied him into the garden the night preceding his crucifixion, could not repress unseasonable slumbers. It is also very observable, that the mild reprehension of our Lord upon this occasion, suggested at the same time a tender apology for their misbehaviour.

Prayer and meditation have a direct tendency to keep open the communication between the Supreme Being and the soul of man. But the public worship of God hath the positive promise of his more immediate presence. What then shall we say to those, who use a thousand little pitiful subterfuges to justify their absence from the house of prayer. I had lately an opportunity of introducing the sentiments and example of the royal Psalmist. With my reader's permission, I will recommend to him another of David's compositions, where he will find this subject remarkably illustrated. I mean the forty-second Psalm; in the beginning whereof the author appears mightily solicitous to express the vehemence of
his

his desire to approach again the ordinances of the sanctuary. The allusion there mentioned, is of stronger import than what perhaps is generally imagined. It may be necessary to notice, that when a deer is closely pursued by the hunters, he *takes soil*, as it is called ; that is, he speeds into the water. This is commonly his dernier resort ; wherefore he makes the most powerful efforts to accomplish his purpose. During such resolution, the natural timidity of his temper yields to a sudden ferocity, which would very much endanger man or horse, who accidentally obstructed his course.

In the next place, the Psalmist pathetically denotes the severity of his sorrows, while the Pagans upbraid him with the inutility of his faith and confidence in the true God. But conscious of the superiority of his religion, he instances to himself that happiness, which resulted from his attendance upon the public worship ; and takes occasion from those prior comforts, to hold up his soul under present sufferings : more particularly under his sore distress of banishment from the temple of God. He not only expostulates with his own heart for its diffidence and fears, but he even reproaches his breast for its inquietude and despondence ; because at that very period, he experienced the sense of God's favour. He likewise calls to mind past mercies, and the signal deliverances which God had wrought for him at a time, when he had as little encouragement to expect the interposition of the Deity, as amidst those troubles which induced him to pen this Psalm. Then he concludes with a striking repetition of a former soliloquy, and of his purposed reliance upon God in all future difficulties that might

might befall him. Thus the struggle terminates, and the religious Monarch goes off triumphant.

The passages which relate to the contumelious invectives of the heathen, are omitted in the subsequent version, that the Psalm may be more extensively applicable to every afflicted individual.

P S A L M XLII.

WITH fierce desire the hunted Hart
Explores the cooling stream ;
Mine is a passion stronger far,
And mine a nobler theme.

Yes, with superior fervors, Lord,
I thirst to see thy face ;
My languid soul would fain approach
The fountains of thy grace.

Oh! the great plenty of thy house !
The rich refreshments there !
To live an exile from thy courts
O'erwhelms me with despair.

In worship when I join'd thy saints,
How sweetly pass'd my days !
Prayer my divine employment then,
And all my pleasure praise.

But now I'm lost to every joy,
Because detain'd from thee ;
Those golden periods ne'er return,
Or ne'er return to me.

Yet, O my soul, why thus deprest,
And whence this anxious fear ?

Let former favours, fix thy trust,
And check the rising tear.

When darkness, and when sorrows rold,
And press'd on every side,
Did not the Lord sustain thy steps,
And was not God thy guide?

Affliction is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Tho' o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

Perhaps before the morning dawns,
He'll reinstate my peace;
For he, who bad the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.

In the dark watches of the night
I'll count his mercies o'er;
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.

Then, O my soul, why thus deprest,
And whence this anxious fear?
Let former favours fix thy trust,
And check the rising tear.

Here will I rest, and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod;
He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my God!

N.

NUMBER

NUMBER LXXXIII.

*Here paint, fair Muse, the worship God requires :
The Soul inflam'd with chaste and holy fires ;
Where love celestial warms the happy breast,
Where from sincerity the thought's express'd :
Where genuine piety and truth refin'd,
Re-consecrate the temple of the mind :
With grateful flames the living altars glow,
And God descends to visit man below.*

DEITY.

To the VISITOR.

S I R,

AT the foot of *Haion Horas*, the Holy Mountain, * (thro' which the proud Persian Monarch, impotent in power, vainly desired to cut an impossible way) lived *Albanus* the hermit. His little hut was almost inaccessible to the tread of mortals ; forty years had rolled away during his residence there ; and he had passed an hundred years of weary pilgrimage upon the earth. The snowy locks which covered his venerable head, were not more pure and white than his conscience ; and his wisdom was celebrated throughout all the neighbouring country ; for he leaned on the staff of experience, and the eye of his mind was clear, unpolluted, and piercing as the eagle's ;

X 2

his

* Mount Athos, so called both by Greeks and Turks. There is no appearance, travellers assure us, of the passage, which some historians say, Xerxes cut through it.

his devotions were born to heaven, on the wings of faith and purity: His hope was firmly fixed as the roots of *Haion Horos* itself; and his intentions strait, and ever pointing to the skies, like the cedars which grew from the mountain's top.

Not far from his hermitage, stood the convent of *Pancratori*; thither *Albanus* was wont frequently to resort, to unite in public prayer, and to listen to the enquiries of the sincere and solicitous. His counsel was like dew to the thirsty soil, like balm to the wounded and afflicted mind. Grief heard him, and forgot to weep: Doubt listened, and behold, it was light: Error approached, and his hand presented the clue to guide her through the mazy labyrinth.

“Son of *Arcadius*,” said the *Hermit*,—when one day he beheld *Sosimenes* waiting in the oratory —“Son of *Arcadius*, to what purpose is this frequent maceration of thy body by *Fasting*? To what end the multitude of thy prayers, and this vain repetition of empty words? Thinkest thou that the EYE of the universe can view with complacence a decorated outside, when the inward parts are defiled and abominable? Lo, he pierceth with brightness tenfold beyond the brightness of the sun, into the very secrets of the soul; the dawning thought, the rising intention are open to his view: Not a word formeth itself on our tongue, not a desire suggesteth itself to our heart, but he knoweth it—the omniscient *Jehovah*!—For he created the heart,—he made the eye!

“Venerable father, replied the son of *Arcadius*, may the eternal wisdom still be thy glory. Thou art as an angel of God! But say, shall we not awfully reverence his commands, who is the messenger of peace and life, the counsellor and everlasting

lasting God? He hath said, and I obey; he spoke, and with trembling I adore!"

"*Sofimenes*, replied the hermit, hear and understand. A certain master had a servant, in whom he reposed great confidence. And being about to take a long journey, he committed to his trust, all that he had, saying, "Take heed to thyself and my household, oh my son; let watchfulness stay by thy side, let diligence lead thee on the way, let sobriety sit down continually at thy table; see that thou bar the gates of my dwelling, when the shadows of night approach, and in the morning be thou first, at the crowing of the cock, to awaken thy fellow servants to industry and labour."—So saying, he took his journey. The servant heard and rejoiced in the trust: But soon forgetting his dependance, as his Lord prolonged his stay, he assumed to himself the whole right and fancied his Lord would no more return. He saw the gates of the household barred at night, he arose in the morning, and awakened the servants to industry and labour. But he drove far from himself, sobriety, diligence, and watchfulness.—What thinkest thou, that the Lord of this servant will do to him, when he returns to claim his own? And when he shall only have to urge in his defence, that he secured the external avenues, while he consumed, within, all his master's substance; will he not deliver him to the Judge, and shall not his life be demanded with torture and ignominy?

Son of *Arcadius*, thou art this servant! Thy heart is full of corruption and deceit: Thou art a slave to this world, though its dependance is weaker than the bruised reed. Thou art thirsty for wealth, and greedy of power, though if thou couldst drink more than the sea before thee, or rise higher than the inac-

cessible top of this Holy Mountain, thou wouldst not be satisfied!—Yet fraught with these passions, thou wouldst place the demon of deceit even before God and thyself! Vain and erring! And knowing that the Omnipotent requires a duteous observance, thou wouldst pay him with base coin, while thou retainest the real gold! But, what shall thy *Fasting* profit thee, if thou dost not humble thy soul, and produce fruits acceptable to the King of Eternity? Is the Fast, that he hath chosen, designed only to cause the head to bow down as a bulrush; to afflict the body with sackcloth and ashes? Is not this the acceptable Fast,—to loose the bands of wickedness; to undo the heavy burdens; to let the afflicted go free? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry? To bring the poor to thy house? And when thou seest the naked, to cover him? This is the Fast, which the Lord will approve: this will make thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness shine as the noon day!

Remember, O son of *Arcadius*, that *purification* of soul, and *spirituality* of affections, are the great ends of the Holy Redeemer's faith: External services profit much, as means to this end; but are empty, as the foam that dasheth on the rocks, and is no more, when they are destitute of these graces; when they are the only reliance of the soul. He that offereth on the altar of an humble heart, faith, penitence, purity, resignation and love, offereth an acceptable service: but what availeth all external sacrifice and pomp devoid of these? Lo, the barren tree, which beareth leaves only on the side of the mountain! It shall speedily be cut down; we have sought for fruit in vain.—Yet remember, that without *leaves* and *blossoms* there can be no *fruit*. Such are the
external

external sacraments, and outward means of religion ; they are nothing, destitute of inward fruits ; yet inward fruits without them are not to be expected. What God hath united, let not man disjoin.

Go thy ways, son of man, repent, and turn to God : think not that thy prayer and fasting shall be remembered, to any other end than thy condemnation, if thou shalt tread again in the paths of folly. “ A man that fasteth for his sins, and goeth again and doeth the same, who will hear his prayer ? and what doth his humbling profit him ? ”

The Almighty hand, which holdeth the golden sceptre of the world, holdeth, oh *Sofimenes*, the keys of life and death ; he abhorreth the hypocrite ; he discerneth the deepest secrets of the soul :—Miserable is that deluded mortal, who compelleth the indignant hand of this unbiassed justice, to unlock the gates of death—to assign the self-deceiver a portion of unalterable punishment, and to shut upon him that door, which no man can open !—Son of *Arcadius*, consider these things, and be wise.”

S.

NUMBER LXXXIV.

*Levius fit patientia
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.*

HOR.

To the VISITOR.

S I R,

THE miseries and misfortunes of life are the subject of continual complaint: We are ever hearing from almost every tongue querulous lamentations, and sorrowful tales of distress. It is certain, that humanity is necessarily connected with trouble; there are many evils and inconveniences, which no philosophy, forecast, or power, can prevent or remove. And it is as certain, that many advantages spring from these evils, whether we consider them with a view to present or temporal concerns.

But it seems strange and unaccountable, that, well satisfied as we all are of the necessary debt of trouble and anxiety, which every man must pay to life, in some way or other, we should yet unwisely aggravate our distresses, and add to our own uneasiness, rather than apply to every wise and rational method of alleviating them. That every human evil will admit of much alleviation; that the method in which we bear misfortunes may increase or diminish their weight, is too plain and palpable a truth to admit of disputation. Why then is it, that we do not study the arts of supporting the necessary inconveniences to which flesh is heir? Why is it that we are such enemies to ourselves? and why is it, that when, confessedly,

fedly, happiness is the one pursuit of us all, we do not study the first principles of attaining it, or as much of it as our present state will admit?

I was lead into these reflections last night, at my friend *Timander*'s, who gave me an invitation, with another friend, to pass the evening with him at his own house. *Timander* is a man in trade, with many amiable qualities; and his wife, for whom he has a good regard, is a woman, of whom we might speak with esteem. But like other people, engaged in the thorny difficulties of trade (where, so far as I have found, perplexities many and various are unavoidable) this couple have met with their perplexities; and surely when they came together they could not expect the contrary. People, with a few grains of prudence, would endeavour, one should imagine, to make the best of evils they could not shun, and to render loads as light to each other's shoulders as possible, which their situation made it necessary to bear. But in direct contradiction to such philosophy, our worthy friends seem mutually agreed to add weight to every load, and thorns to every difficulty. We were scarce sat down to supper, before some unwelcome altercation began: some cross events that day had happened; concerning which, when *Timander* interrogated his wife, she replied with some tartness, and his rejoinder was made with no less acrimony. They went on to teize and whet each other, 'till at length my naughty pride would not permit me to be silent. "Sir, said I, to my friend, I am sorry that I am so unseasonably admitted to your table, when you and your wife have matters of moment to discuss: I must be free to say, I expected different entertainment: I will not be so rude as to interfere
with

with your family differences—so you will excuse me, and I wish you a good night.”

You cannot wonder, that such a remonstrance had its effect: they were both confounded, and made many apologies, entreating my pardon, pleading the situation of things, and insisting upon my stay. I sat down again; for I had taken my hat, and with some gravity told them, “My good friends, you know I love and esteem you both, and wish nothing more sincerely than your felicity. It grieves me to see you both such enemies to yourselves, so weak and absurd. You are under difficulties, great, very great difficulties: I grant it: So am I: So are thousands; what then? Shall we encrease those difficulties by our manner of bearing them: This wou’d be strangely ridiculous. Your peevishness, passion, altercation, and impetuosity, deprive you of all that comfort, which alone makes difficulties light and easy to be borne. You know, that I have lived long and happily with an excellent wife; and you know that we have fought our way through many uneasy circumstances. Now I must freely tell you, that so far have we been from adding to each others evils, which is your case, that we have mutually lightened each others burden. However chagrining our affairs have been, I never concealed the real truth from my faithful and best friend my wife; she never aggravated or considered matters in the worst view, but with smiles and good nature alleviated all my fears, and fixed the eye of my hope on some favourable circumstance. In return, I have always endeavoured to keep up her spirits, with the utmost chearfulness; and in short, we have learnt to take life as it is, and to make the best of it; always determined to sooth each others cares, and to pour balm into
each

each others hearts, not to add fuel to the flame ; —So are we, so have we been long and exquisitely blessed,—and let come what will, we are ever sure of finding consolation, peace, and rest in each others bosom.”

My remarks had their use, at least for that evening ; which we passed in great good nature ; and I hope it may lead my friends to some advantageous reflections. However, as theirs, I believe, is an epidemical distemper, these hints may be generally useful. As so much social happiness depends upon each other, let husband and wife study to soften alternate cares, and learning to take the world as it passes, let them bear with cheerfulness unavoidable evils, and not double those evils by their own impetuosity, imprudence, and absurdity.

I am,

S I R,

Your's, &c: W.

N U M B E R LXXXV.

*Sævit et in lucem Stygiis emissa tenebris
Pallida Tisiphone ; morbos agit ante metumque,
Inque dies avidum surgens caput altius effert.*

VIRGIL.

To the VISITOR.

S I R,

I HAVE often observed with secret concern, that when the *Small-pox* prevails in a community, the families who by a kind interposition of Providence,

Providence, were formerly carried with safety through the distemper, seldom pay a religious regard to this formidable visitation. Although the funeral bell is daily apprising them of the dreadful havock, which the disease is making in the houses of their neighbours—although *death is come up into our windows, and is entered into our palaces, to cut off the children from without, and the young men from the streets*; yet such, as by prior sickness are secured against the present evil, seldom think themselves interested in this general devastation; but pursue their several pleasures with eagerness and alacrity.

Doth not this conduct betray in them the foulest ingratitude for their own deliverance, and a cruel insensibility of the sorrows of others? Methinks the tender laws of humanity, and the common bonds of friendship were alone sufficient to arrest the mind in its giddy career after trifles and vanity; and more than sufficient to repress all licentious sallies of intemperate mirth and jollity. But when this levity and dissipation are beheld with an eye of religion, how exceedingly culpable must they appear to the sober and serious thinker!

Undoubtedly it is one part of the design of Providence, in such melancholy dispensations, to put the whole community upon thought and consideration. We stand impeached of the most flagitious folly in the sight of heaven, when we will not permit the death of our friends to raise in us proper reflections upon that dissolution which awaits ourselves. *Oh! that they were wise; that they would consider their latter end,* was the compassionate exclamation of infinite Wisdom.

That

That the contagious nature of the small-pox often precludes the sick from the attendance of their dearest relations, and thereby aggravates the sufferings of the diseased, is too obvious a truth. But, what is many times of far superior consequence, this sore calamity often debars the minister from the dying bed; who, through a just sense of the danger, arising either perhaps to his own person, or to his family connexions, is compelled to absent himself from the infected chamber. Hence the soul, in the last moments of her separation, is left destitute of spiritual assistance, when her wants and emergencies are the most importunate. Naked and discomforted she now stands upon the beach, eyes the vast ocean of eternity which lies before her, and shudders at the multitude of its terrors. Then with all the tremblings of anxiety, she turns over the register of her former life, marks the numerous sins, errors, and miscarriages of it, and is overwhelmed with confusion at the painful retrospect. In all this tumultuous perplexity of thought, she casts her despairing countenance around, *looking, but there is none to save; wondering, but there is none to uphold.* Surely amidst such distracting scenes, those venerable personages who officiate at the altar of the **LIVING GOD**, might greatly avail the agonizing heart, by the prudent and pious exercise of their functions. The sacred oracles are an inexhaustible source of the best consolations in the worst extremities: *therefore every Scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven* knows where to fetch rich supplies for every exigence.

Is any sick among you? says the apostle St. James *let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him.* Not perhaps that ministers

are always to wait for such invitations. But doubtless they must counteract the soft emotions of nature, and stifle the suggestions of duty, who upon *frivolous pretences* refuse the dying solicitations of the pensive, dejected christian, or of the awakened, enquiring sinner.

It is in some degree incumbent upon every man to attend the couches of those who are languishing under infirmities and pains. The enquiry which will be made at the last day after this sort of charity, demonstrates how important a place it holds in all our practical religion; and those words, *sick and ye visited me, or visited me not*, abundantly shew what a mighty influence it will have upon our sentence, either of absolution or condemnation. But much more does this doctrine concern those whose appropriated office it is to prepare the soul for her entrance upon a new state of existence; who are set as watchmen to the house of *Israel*; and whose *indifference, carelessness* and *neglect* will assuredly render them obnoxious to the severity of the divine displeasure.

N.



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